# THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES

COMPILED, INTRODUCED AND ANNOTATED BY

JULES FEIFFER

BONANZA BOOKS • NEW YORK

SUPERMAN #1 (Origin), SUPERMAN #3 (Superman and The Dam), BATMAN #1 (Origin and Batman Meets the Joker), FLASH #1 (Origin), ALL AMERICAN #16 (Green Lantern), ALL STAR #1 (The Spectre), FLASH #5 (Hawkman), WONDER WOMAN #2 (Wonder Woman Fights Mammotha and Mars), POLICE #1 (Plastic Man) copyright © 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942 by National Periodical Publications, Inc. Reprinted by permission of National Periodical Publications, Inc.

MARVEL #7 (Sub Mariner), CAPTAIN AMERICA #1 (Origin), MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS (The Human Torch) copyright © 1940, 1941 by Marvel Comics Group. Reprinted by permission of Marvel Comics Group.

THE SPIRIT (The Spirit in Damascus) copyrighted © 1950 by Will Eisner. Reprinted by permission of Will Eisner Productions.

WHIZ COMICS (Captain Marvel) copyright © 1939 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

JUMBO COMICS (Sheena) copyright © 1939 by Real Adventures Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission of Real Adventures Publishing Co.

COPYRIGHT © MCMLXV BY THE DIAL PRESS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG NUMBER: 65-23962

DESIGNED BY PAUL BACON

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

This edition Published by Bonanza Books,
a division of Crown Publishers, Inc.,
by arrangement with The Dial Press

d e f g h

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Particular acknowledgment must go to Jerry De Fuccio, who gave unstintingly of his time, his memory, and his old comic book collection, without all of which this book could never have been properly put together.

A tip of the Feiffer hat also to Jerry Robinson for much of the background material that comprises the first pages of Chapter 9 in the introduction, though all emphasis and editorial bias is my own. With the above reservation noted, others to whom I am indebted for background material are Will Eisner, William M. Gaines, Harry Slater, Bob Kane, and David Berg.

Thanks are also due to the people at National Periodical Publications, Inc. who were at all times cooperative and conversational—particularly Sol Harrison, Gerda Gattel, and E. Nelson Bridwell. To John Goldwater and Leonard Darvin of the Comic Magazine Association of America, my thanks for their time, and my hope that they will not be too offended by the use I've made of it.

To my wife and daughter, neither of whom was of any help at all, I refer to page 2, panel 7 of *Batman.*

# TABLE OF CONTENTS


INTRODUCTION · 11

**SUPERMAN** · 56

**CAPTAIN MARVEL** · 68

**BATMAN** · 69

**HUMAN TORCH** · 84

**THE FLASH** · 99

**GREEN LANTERN** · 114

**THE SPECTRE** · 122

**HAWKMAN** · 132

**WONDER WOMAN** · 142

**SUB MARINER** · 153

**CAPTAIN AMERICA** · 163

**PLASTIC MAN** · 171

**THE SPIRIT** · 177

AFTERWORD · 185

I have known many adults who have treasured throughout their lives some of the books they read as children. I have never come across any adult or adolescent who had outgrown comic-book reading who would ever dream of keeping any of these "books" for any sentimental or other reason.

—FREDERIC WERTHAM, *Seduction of the Innocent*

"What th-?"

—SUPERMAN, *Action Comics*

# INTRODUCTION

## 1.

Comic books, World War II, the depression, and I all got going at roughly the same time. I was eight. *Detective Comics* was on the stands, Hitler was in Spain, and the middle class (by whose employment record we gauge depressions) was, after short gains, again out of work. I mention these items in tandem, not only to give color to the period, but as a sly historic survey to those in our own time who, of the items cited, only know of comic books.

Eight was a bad age for me. Only a year earlier I had won a gold medal in the John Wanamaker Art Contest for a crayon drawing on oak tag paper of Tom Mix jailing an outlaw. So at seven I was a winner—and didn't know how to handle it. Not that triumph isn't at any age hard to handle, but the younger you are the more of a shock it is to learn that it simply doesn't change anything. Grownups still wielded all the power, still could not be talked back to, still were always right however many times they contradicted themselves. By eight I had become a politician of the grownup, indexing his

mysterious ways and hiding underground my lust for getting even until I was old enough, big enough, and important enough to make a bid for it. That bid was to come by way of a career—(I knew I'd never grow big enough to beat up everybody; my hope was to, somehow, get to own everything and fire everybody). The career I chose, the only one that seemed to fit the skills I was then sure of—a mild reading ability mixed with a mild drawing ability—was comics.

So I came to the field with more serious intent than my opiate-minded contemporaries. While they, in those pre-super days, were eating up *Cosmo, Phantom of Disguise; Speed Saunders;* and *Bart Regan, Spy,* I was counting how many frames there were to a page, how many pages there were to a story—learning how to form, for my own use, phrases like: @X#?/; marking for future reference which comic book hero was swiped from which radio hero: Buck Marshall from Tom Mix; the Crimson Avenger from the Green Hornet...

There were, at the time, striking similarities between radio and comic books. The heroes were the same (often with the same names: Don Winslow, Mandrake, Tom Mix); the villains were the same: oriental spies, primordial monsters, cattle rustlers—but the experience was different. As an apprentice pro I found comic books the more tangible outlet for fantasy. One could put something down on paper—hard-lined panels and balloons, done the way the big boys did it. Far more satisfying than the radio serial game: that of making up programs at night in bed, getting the voices right, the footsteps and door slams right, the rumbling organ background right—and doing it all in soft enough undertones so as to escape being caught by that grownup reading Lanny Budd in the next room who at any moment might give his spirit-shattering cry: *"For the last time stop talking to yourself and go to sleep!"* Radio was too damn public.

My interest in comics began on the most sophisticated of levels, the daily newspaper strip, and thereafter proceeded downhill. My father used to come home after work, when there was work, with two papers: the *New York Times* (a total loss) and the *World-Telegram.* The *Telegram* had *Joe Jinks* (later called *Dynamite Dunn), Our Boarding House, Out Our Way, Little Mary*

*Mixup, Alley Oop*—and my favorite at the time, *Wash Tubbs*, whose soldier of fortune hero, Captain Easy, set a standard whose high point in one field was Pat Ryan and, in another, any role Clark Gable ever played.

For a while the *Telegram* ran an anemic four-page color supplement that came out on Saturdays—an embarrassing day for color supplements. They so obviously belonged to Sunday. So except for the loss of Captain Easy, I felt no real grief when my father abandoned the *Telegram* to follow his hero, Heywood Broun, to the *New York Evening Post*. The *Post* had *Dixie Dugan*, *The Bungle Family*, *Dinky Dinkerton*, *Secret Agent 67/8*, *Nancy* (then called *Fritzi-Ritz)*, and that masterpiece of sentimental naturalism, *Abbie an' Slats*. I studied that strip—its Sturges-like characters, its Saroyanesque plots, its uniquely cadenced dialogue. No strip other than Will Eisner's *Spirit* rivalled it in structure. No strip, except Caniff's *Terry*, rivalled it in atmosphere.

There were, of course, good strips, *very* good ones in those papers that my father did not let into the house. The *Hearst* papers. The *Daily News*. Cartoons from the outlawed press were not to be seen on weekdays, but on Sundays one casually dropped in on Hearst-oriented homes (never very clean, as I remember) and read *Puck*, *The Comic Weekly*, skipping quickly over *Bringing Up Father* to pounce succulently on page two: *Jungle Jim* and *Flash Gordon*. Too beautiful to be believed. When *Prince Valiant* began a few years later, I burned with the temptation of the damned: I begged my father to sell out to Hearst. He never did. My Hearst friends and I drifted apart. My cause lost its urgency; my attention switched to *Terry and the Pirates*—in the *Daily News*—more hated in my house than even Hearst. Why, I must have wondered in kind, was it my lot to be a Capulet when the best strips were Montagues?

It should have been a relief, then, when the first regularly scheduled comic book came out. It was called *Famous Funnies* and, in sixty-four pages of color, minutely reprinted many of my favorites in the enemy camp. Instead, my reaction was that of a movie purist when first confronted with sound: this was not the way it was done. Greatness in order to remain great must stay true to its form. This new form, so jumbled together, so erratically edited and badly colored, was demeaning to that art—basic black and white

and four panels across—that I was determined to make my life's work. I read them, yes I read them: *Famous Funnies* first, then *Popular Comics*, then *King*—but with always a sense of being cheated. I was not getting top performance for my dime.

Not until March, 1937, when the first issue of *Detective Comics* came out. Original material had previously been used in comic books, but almost all of it was in the shape and style of then existing newspaper strips.* *Detective Comics* was the first of the originals to be devoted to a single theme—crime fighting. And it looked different. Crime was fought in larger panels, fewer to a page. Most stories were complete in that issue (no more of the accursed "to be continued..."). And a lot less shilly-shallying before getting down to the action. A strange new world: unfamiliar heroes, unfamiliar drawing styles (if style is the word)—and written (if written is the word) in language not very different from that of a primer:

> In every large city there are G-Men. In every large seaport there are G-Men known as Harbor Police. 'Speed' Cyril Saunders is a special operative in a unit of the river patrol.

So began story one, issue one of *Detective Comics*.

The typical comic book circa 1937-38 measured about 7¼ by 10¼, averaged sixty-four pages in length, was glisteningly processed in four colors on the cover and flatly and indifferently colored on the inside, if colored at all. (For in the early days some stories were still in black and white; others in tones of sickly red on one page, sickly blue on another, so that it was quite possible for a character to have a white face and blue clothing for the first two pages of a story and a pink face and red clothing for the rest.) They didn't have the class of the daily strips but, to me, this enhanced their value. The daily strips, by their sleek professionalism, held an aloof quality which comic books, being not quite professional, easily avoided. They were closer to home, more comfortable to live with, less like grownups.

*The *Funnies* in 1929; *Detective Dan* in 1933; *New Fun* in 1935. The single unique stroke in the pre-*Detective Comics* days was the creation, by Sheldon Mayer, of the humor strip, *Scribbly*—an underrated, often brilliantly wild cartoon about a boy cartoonist with whom, needless to say, I identified like mad. I regret that it is not within the province of this book to give Mayer or *Scribbly* the space both of them deserve.

The heroes were mostly detectives of one kind or another; or soldiers of fortune; here and there, even a magician. Whatever they were, they were tall, but not to tall—space limitations, you see; they were dark (blond heroes were an exception, possibly because most movie heroes were dark, possibly because it was a chance for the artist to stick in a blob of black and call it hair. The blond heroes, in every case, were curly-haired. The dark heroes, when full color came in, turned blue); they were handsome—well, symbolically handsome. The world of comics was a form of visual shorthand, so that the average hero need not have been handsome in fact, so long as his face was held to the required arrangement of lines that readers had been taught to be the accepted sign of handsome: sharp, slanting eyebrows, thick at the ends, thinning out toward the nose, of which in three-quarter view there was hardly any—just a small V placed slightly above the mouth, casting the faintest knick of a shadow. One never saw a nose full view. There was never a full view. They were too hard to draw. Eyes were usually ball-less, two thin slits. Mouths were always thick, quick single lines—never double. Mouths, for some reason, were rarely shown open. Dialogue, theoretically, was spoken from the nose. Heroes' faces were square-jawed; in some cases, all-jawed. Often there was a cleft in the chin. Most heroes, whatever magazine they came from, looked like members of one of two families: Pat Ryan's or Flash Gordon's. Except for the magicians, all of whom looked like Mandrake. The three mythic archetypes.

That first *Detective Comics*, aside from its ground-breaking role, is memorable for the debut of Creig Flessel, not then a good illustrator, but within the first half-dozen issues to become one of the best in the business—a master of the suspense cover. And another debut: that of Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, then in their pre-*Superman* days, weighing in with a slam-bang, hell for leather cross between Victor McLaglen and Captain Easy (with a Flash Gordon jaw), appropriately named *Slam Bradley*, because slamming was what he did most of the time. Always, of course, against bad guys—and always having a wonderful time. It was this action-filled rawness, this world of lusty hoodlumism, of Saturday movie serials seven days a week that made the new comic books, from their first day of publication, the prin-

cipal reading matter in my life. That, plus the pragmatic insight that here, in a field where they hardly knew how to draw at all, I could make my earliest gains.

I studied styles. There was Tom Hickey, who lettered with disconcerting open W's (W); who used an awful lot of dialogue ("printing" was the hated word for it in my neighborhood) to tell a painfully slow-moving story, full of heroes named Ian. Too thin-blooded. Too English.

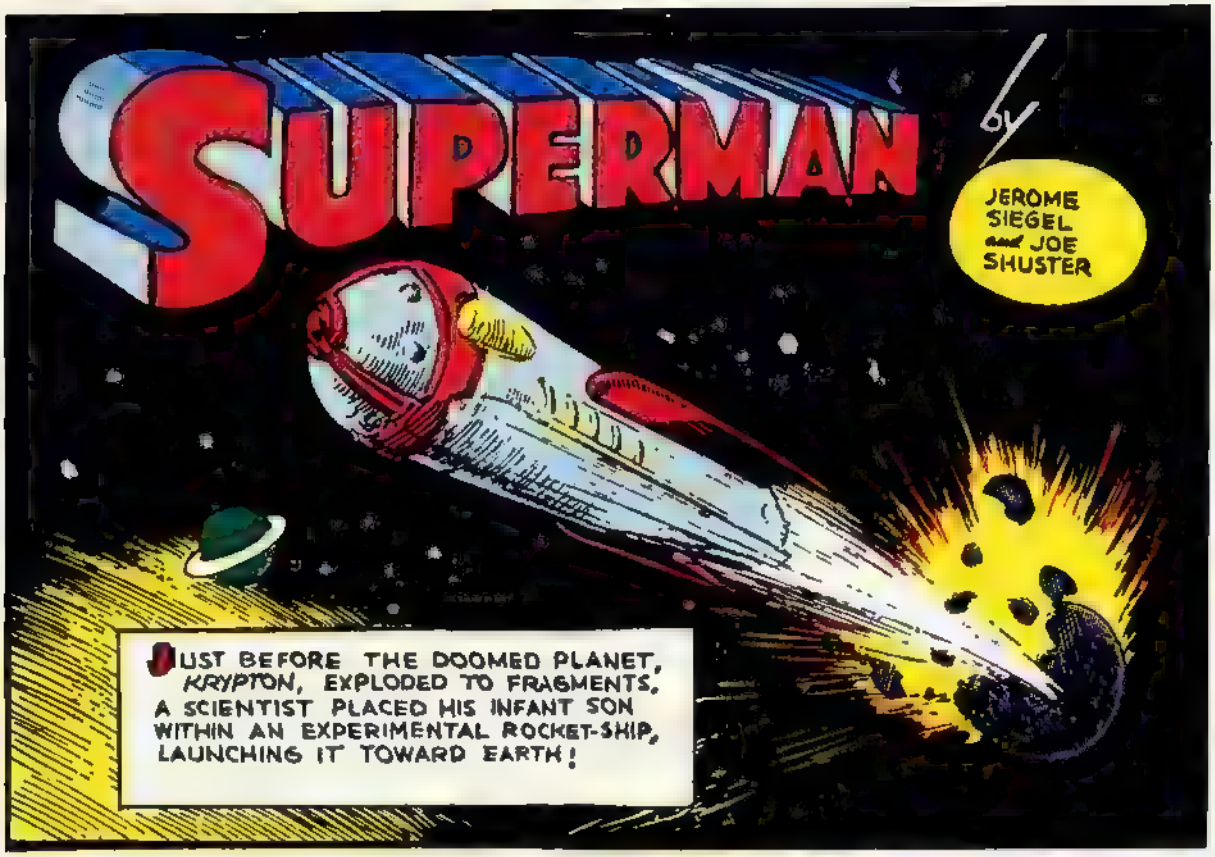
There was Will Ely, a Caniff gone wrong, whose Pat Ryanish heroes lay flat on the paper, the shadows on their clothing more imposing than they were. The villains were usually bald with a few MacArthurish strands of hair—burly butcher boys smelling of sweat. In a fair fight they could easily take the hero—and often did, the first couple of times. Never in the end. But by that time I no longer cared. If the bad guy won every fight save the last, I had my doubts.

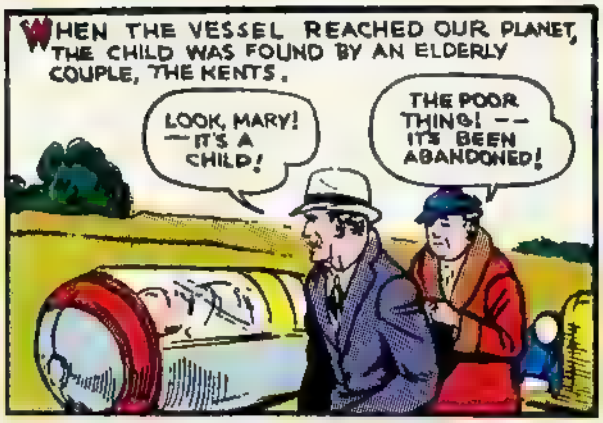
There was Fred Guardineer, whose career was magicians—he drew more than anybody, all of them looking like Mandrake. Top hat, tails, flossy tie, mustache, glassy eyes. Each magician was equipped with an enormous brown servant not named Lothar. Guardineer's magicians, whatever they were called, wherever they were published, cast their spells by speaking backwards. "SKCOR KAERB NWOD LLAW!" Zatara would cry and rocks, rising from nowhere, would break down that wall. A fine point: could anybody speaking backwards have Zatara's magic—a villain for instance? The metaphysics shaky, the drawing style stiff, I gave up on Fred Guardineer.

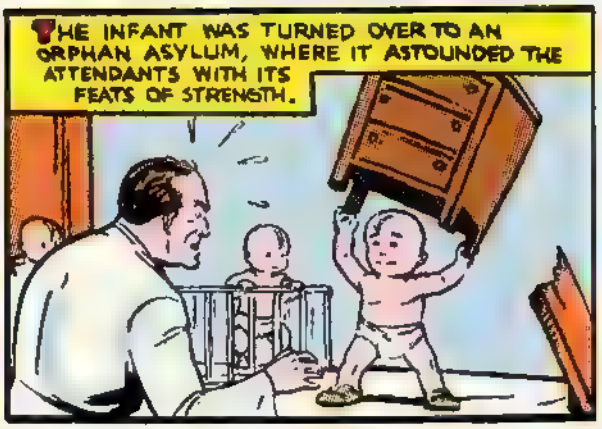
The problem in pre-super days was that, with few exceptions, heroes were not very interesting. And, by any realistic appraisal, centainly no match for the villains who were bigger, stronger, smarter (as who wasn't?), an, even worse, were notorious scene stealers. Who cared about Speed Saunders, Larry Steele, Bruce Nelson, et al., when there were oriental villains around? Tong warriors lurking in shadows, with trident beards, pointy fingernails, and skin the color of ripe lemons. With narrow, missile-like eyes slantingly aimed at the nose; a nose aged and curdled with corrupt wisdom, shrivelled in high expectancy of the coming tortures on the next page. How they toyed with those drab ofay heroes: trap set, trap sprung, into the pit, up comes

the water, down comes the pendulum, out from the side come the walls. Through an unconvincing mixture of dumb-luck and general science 1, the hero escaped, just barely; caught and beat up the villain: that wizened ancient who, in toe to toe combat, was, of course, no match for the younger man. And readers were supposed to cheer? Hardly! The following month it all happened again. Same hero, different oriental, slight variance in the torture.

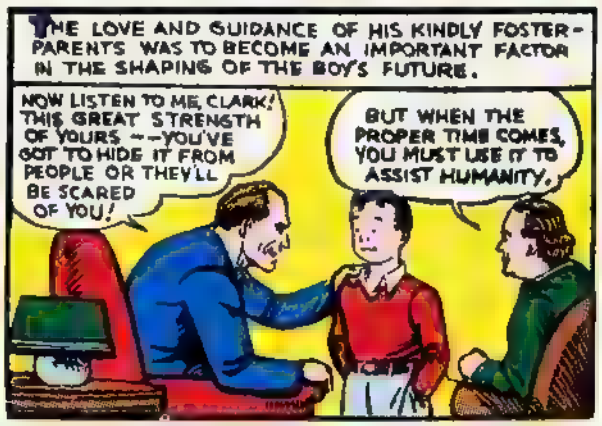
Villains, whatever fate befell them in the obligatory last panel, were infinitely better equipped than those silly, hapless heroes. Not only comics, but life taught us that. Those of us raised in ghetto neighborhoods were being asked to believe that crime didn't pay? Tell that to the butcher! Nice guys finished last; landlords, first. Villains by their simple appointment to the role were miles ahead. It was not to be believed that any ordinary human could combat them. More was required. Someone with a call. When *Superman* at last appeared, he brought with him the deep satisfaction of all underground truths: our reaction was less "How original!" than "But, of course!"

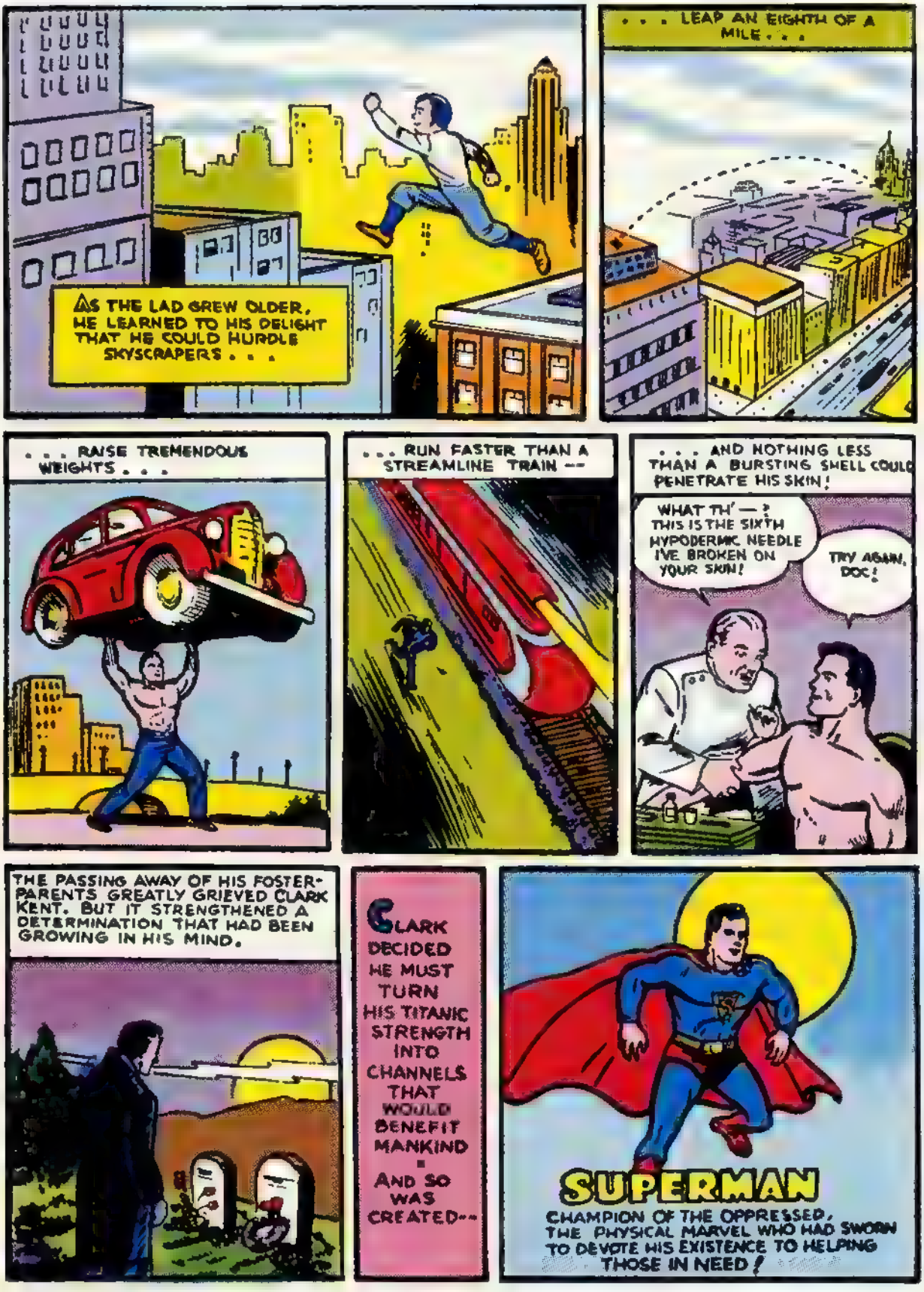

SUPERMAN
by
JEROME SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER
JUST BEFORE THE DOOMED PLANET, KRYPTON, EXPLODED TO FRAGMENTS, A SCIENTIST PLACED HIS INFANT SON WITHIN AN EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET-SHIP, LAUNCHING IT TOWARD EARTH!

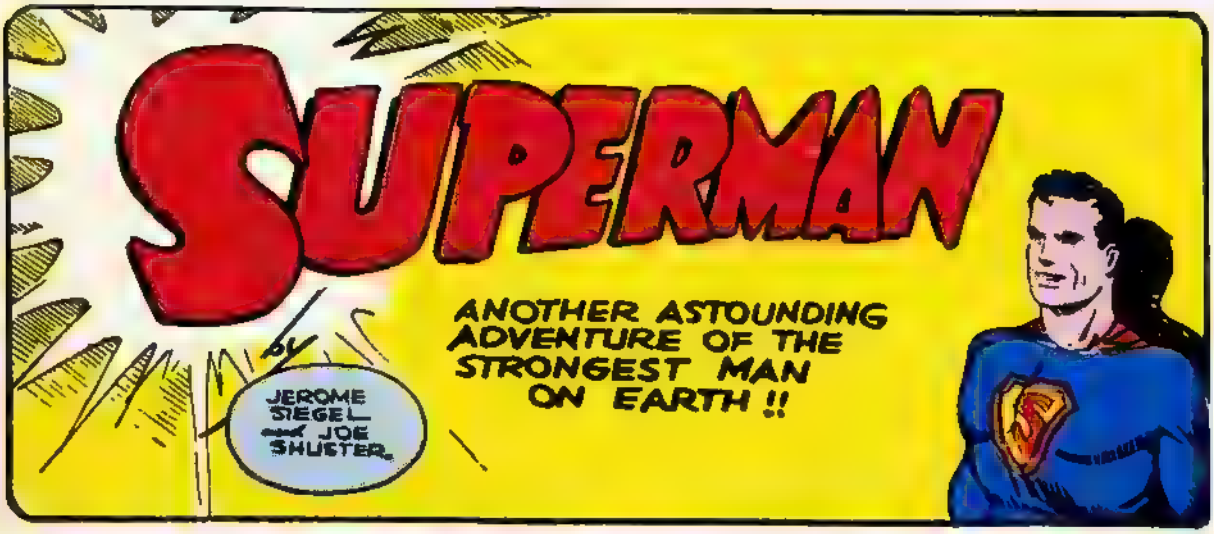

WHEN THE VESSEL REACHED OUR PLANET, THE CHILD WAS FOUND BY AN ELDERLY COUPLE, THE KENTS.
LOOK, MARY! — IT'S A CHILD!
THE POOR THING! — IT'S BEEN ABANDONED!

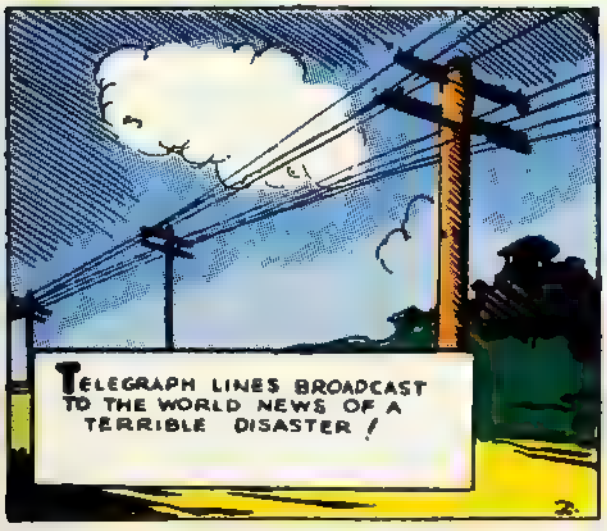

THE INFANT WAS TURNED OVER TO AN ORPHAN ASYLUM, WHERE IT ASTOUNDED THE ATTENDANTS WITH ITS FEATS OF STRENGTH.

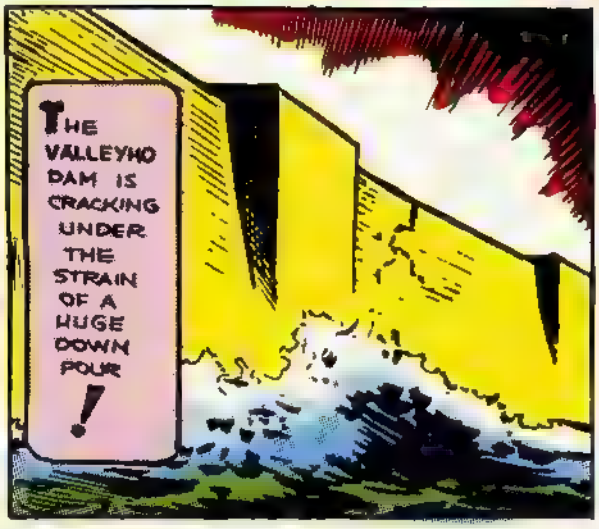
WE — WE COULDN'T GET THAT SWEET CHILD OUT OF OUR MIND.
WE'VE COME TO ADOPT HIM IF YOU'LL PERMIT US.
I BELIEVE IT CAN BE ARRANGED. (— WHEW! THANK GOODNESS THEY'RE TAKING HIM AWAY BEFORE HE WRECKS THE ASYLUM!)

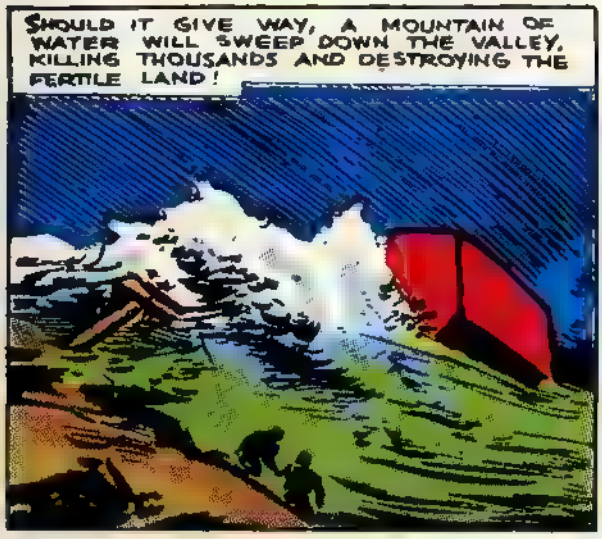

THE LOVE AND GUIDANCE OF HIS KINDLY FOSTER-PARENTS WAS TO BECOME AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE SHAPING OF THE BOY'S FUTURE.
NOW LISTEN TO ME, CLARK! THIS GREAT STRENGTH OF YOURS — YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE IT FROM PEOPLE OR THEY'LL BE SCARED OF YOU!
BUT WHEN THE PROPER TIME COMES, YOU MUST USE IT TO ASSIST HUMANITY.

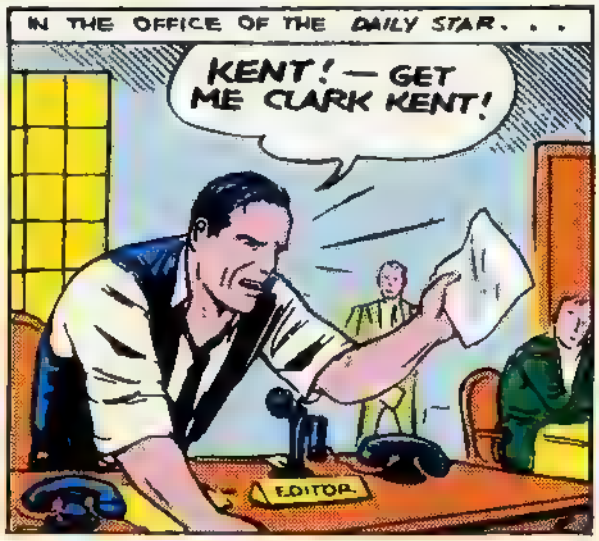

AS THE LAD GREW OLDER, HE LEARNED TO HIS DELIGHT THAT HE COULD HURDLE SKYSCRAPERS . . .
. . . LEAP AN EIGHTH OF A MILE . . .
. . . RAISE TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS . . .
. . . RUN FASTER THAN A STREAMLINE TRAIN --
. . . AND NOTHING LESS THAN A BURSTING SHELL COULD PENETRATE HIS SKIN!
WHAT TH' — ? THIS IS THE SIXTH HYPODERMIC NEEDLE I'VE BROKEN ON YOUR SKIN!
TRY AGAIN, DOC!
THE PASSING AWAY OF HIS FOSTER-PARENTS GREATLY GRIEVED CLARK KENT. BUT IT STRENGTHENED A DETERMINATION THAT HAD BEEN GROWING IN HIS MIND.
CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND . AND SO WAS CREATED--
SUPERMAN
CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, THE PHYSICAL MARVEL WHO HAD SWORN TO DEVOTE HIS EXISTENCE TO HELPING THOSE IN NEED!


SUPERMAN
ANOTHER ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE OF THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH !!
by
JEROME SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER


TELEGRAPH LINES BROADCAST TO THE WORLD NEWS OF A TERRIBLE DISASTER !

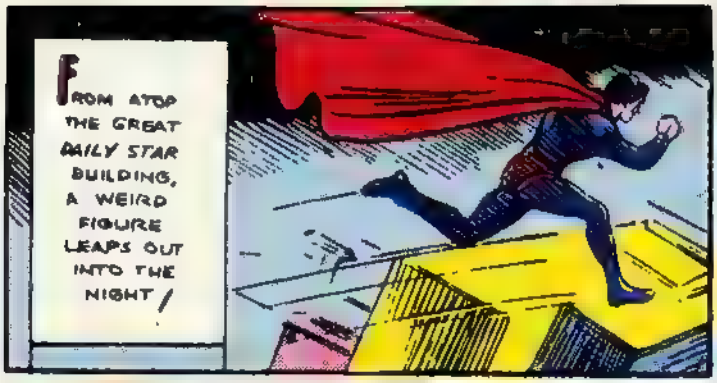

THE VALLEYHO DAM IS CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN OF A HUGE DOWN POUR !

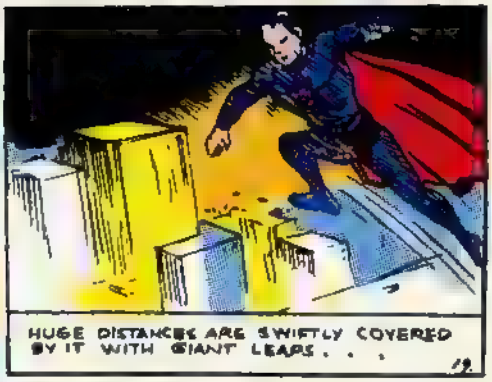

SHOULD IT GIVE WAY, A MOUNTAIN OF WATER WILL SWEEP DOWN THE VALLEY, KILLING THOUSANDS AND DESTROYING THE FERTILE LAND !

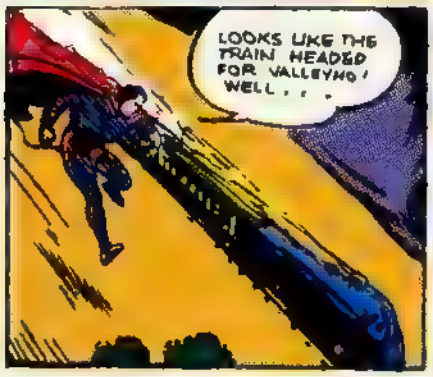

IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR. . .
KENT ! — GET ME CLARK KENT !
EDITOR

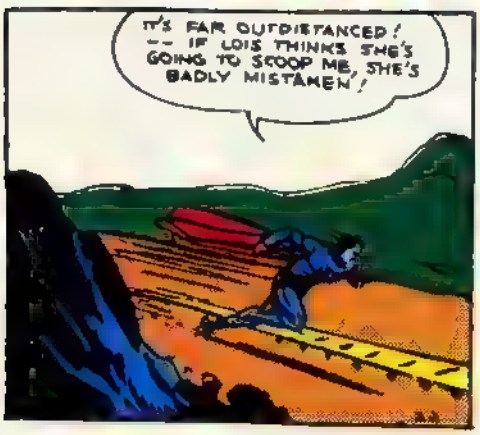
HE ISN'T IN THE OFFICE!
WELL, LOOK FOR HIM, LOIS! — AND HAVE HIM REPORT TO ME BEFORE I LOSE MY MIND!
BUT WHY NOT HAVE ME HANDLE THE ASSIGNMENT?
CAN'T! IT'S TOO IMPORTANT! — THIS IS NO JOB FOR A GIRL!
NO JOB FOR A WOMAN, EH? — I'VE HALF A MIND TO . . .
LOIS ENCOUNTERS CLARK OUTSIDE THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE . . .
CLARK KENT! — JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!
DAILY STAR
YOU MEAN . . . YOU'RE ACTUALLY GLAD TO SEE ME?
I SHOULD SAY I AM! — WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND COVER AN ASSIGNMENT FOR ME?
WOULD!! YOU KNOW I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!
GOOD! — GO TO THE CITY HOSPITAL'S MATERNITY WARD. A MRS. MAHONEY IS EXPECTING SEPTUPLETS!
WHAT A STORY! — THANKS LOIS! YOU'RE A PEACH TO LET ME HANDLE THIS!

LATER . . .
ONE ROUND-TRIP TICKET TO VALLEY-HO, PLEASE
TRACK 4
AT THE CITY HOSPITAL . . .
SOMEBODY'S BEEN SPOOFING YOU, PAL! THERE'S NO MRS. MAHONEY REGISTERED HERE
THAT'S STRANGE!
SAY! I WONDER IF LOIS IS BY ANY CHANCE PULLING A DOUBLE-CROSS? I'D BETTER GET RIGHT BACK TO THE OFFICE!
YOU BRAINLESS IDIOT! THE GREATEST NEWS STORY IN MONTHS ON THE FIRE, AND YOU WASTE YOUR TIME AT A HOSPITAL!
BUT, CHIEF! I DIDN'T KNOW...
AND THE WORST PART OF IT IS THAT THE LAST TRAIN FOR VALLEYHO HAS ALREADY LEFT! --KENT! REPORT TO THE CASHIER YOU'RE FIRED!
BUT KENT HAS OTHER PLANS! WHEN ALONE, HE STRIPS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND STANDS REVEALED IN THE SUPERMAN COSTUME!
NOW TO GET THAT STORY!

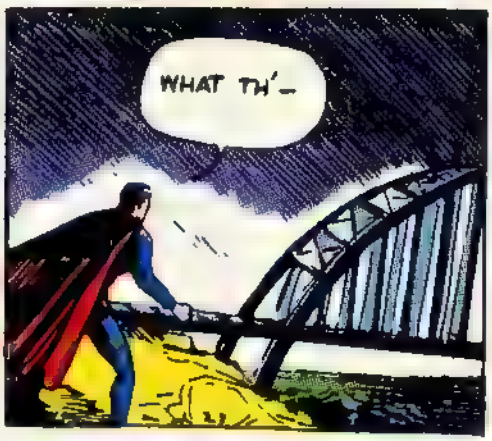


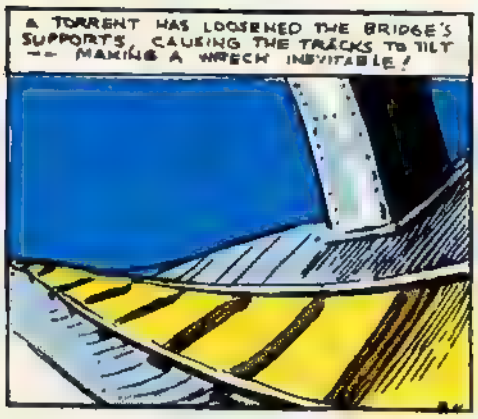



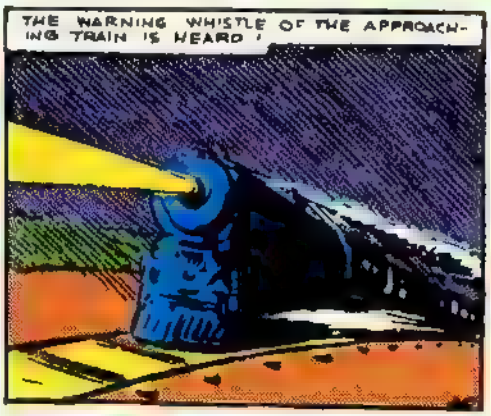






WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, HE REACHES THE RAILROAD TRESTLE...

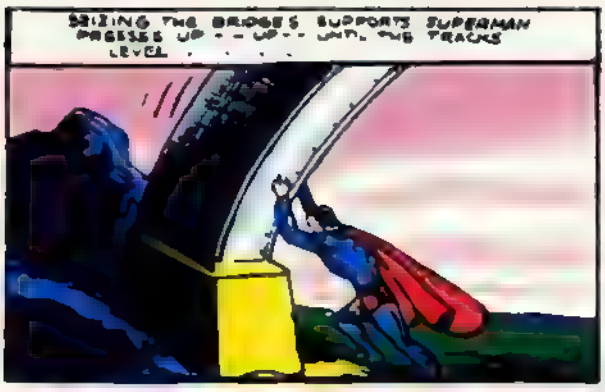


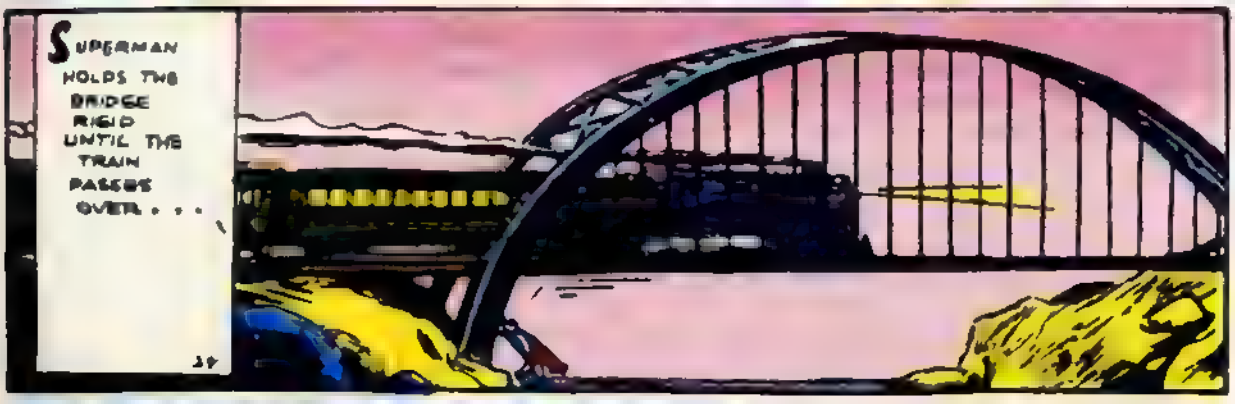



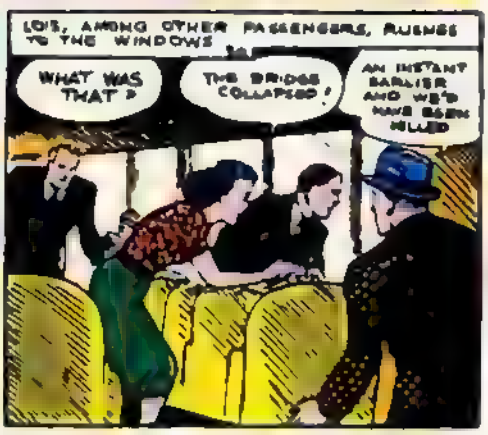

WITHOUT A MOMENTS HESITATION THE CLOAKED FIGURE MOUNTS A PEAK OF THE ROCKS AND DIVES FORWARD...

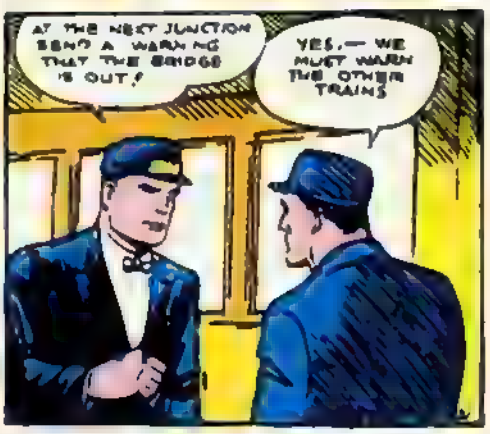
NO TIME TO LOSE!

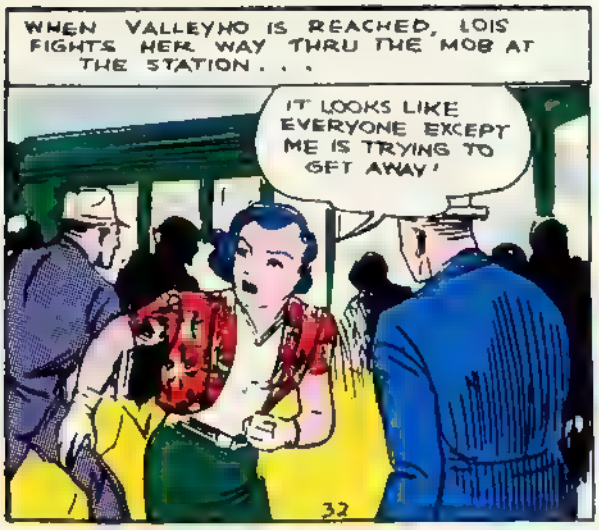

SEIZING THE BRIDGE'S SUPPORTS SUPERMAN PRESSES UP - - UP - - UNTIL THE TRACKS LEVEL . . . .

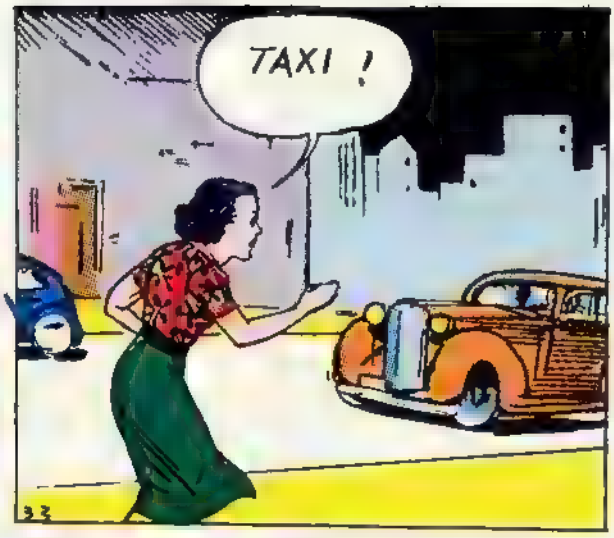

SUPERMAN HOLDS THE BRIDGE RIGID UNTIL THE TRAIN PASSES OVER . . .
39

. . AFTER WHICH HE PERMITS IT TO CRASH !
39
CRASH!

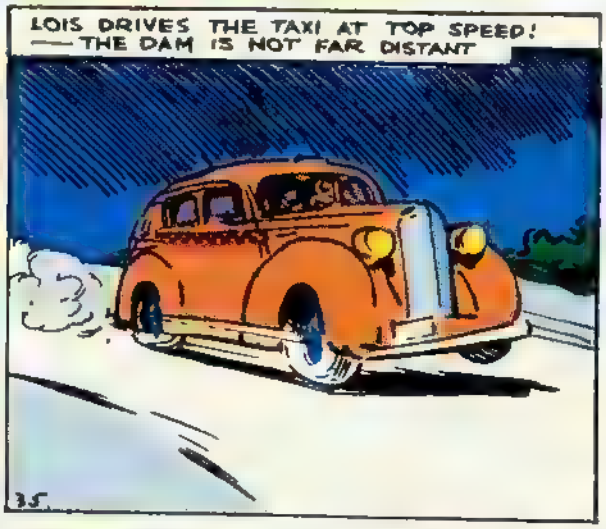

LOIS, AMONG OTHER PASSENGERS, RUSHES TO THE WINDOWS
WHAT WAS THAT ?
THE BRIDGE COLLAPSED !
AN INSTANT EARLIER AND WE'D HAVE BEEN KILLED

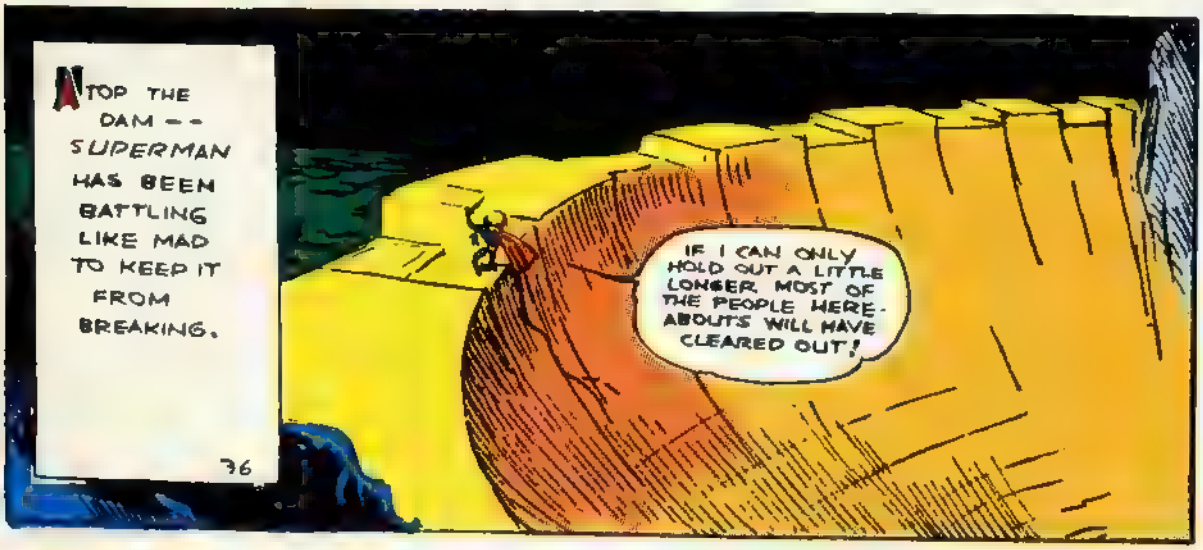

AT THE NEXT JUNCTION SEND A WARNING THAT THE BRIDGE IS OUT!
YES,— WE MUST WARN THE OTHER TRAINS


WHEN VALLEYHO IS REACHED, LOIS FIGHTS HER WAY THRU THE MOB AT THE STATION . . .
IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE EXCEPT ME IS TRYING TO GET AWAY!
32


TAXI !
33

WILL YOU GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE DAM ?
YOU CAN HAVE TH' CAR, LADY! I'M TAKIN' A TRAIN OUTA HERE!


LOIS DRIVES THE TAXI AT TOP SPEED! — THE DAM IS NOT FAR DISTANT
35


ATOP THE DAM -- SUPERMAN HAS BEEN BATTLING LIKE MAD TO KEEP IT FROM BREAKING.
IF I CAN ONLY HOLD OUT A LITTLE LONGER MOST OF THE PEOPLE HEREABOUTS WILL HAVE CLEARED OUT!
36

IT'S BEGINNING TO GIVE!
37
SUDDENLY, WITH A GREAT ROAR, THE HUGE DAM COLLAPSES . . .
38
SUPERMAN LEAPS ABOVE THE WATER'S TURBULENT FURY . . .
BUT LOIS FINDS HERSELF DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE GREAT, IRRESISTIBLE FLOOD OF ONRUSHING WATER . . .
THE DAM'S GONE! — I HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
A CAR IN THE FLOOD'S PATH. A GIRL INSIDE. I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!
41
BUT BEFORE SUPERMAN CAN REACH THE AUTO IT IS CAUGHT UP AND SWEPT ALONG BY THE FLOOD!
42
TRAPPED WITHIN THE CAR, LOIS APPEARS DOOMED TO A WATERY DEATH . . .
43

. . . UNTIL SUPERMAN, UPON REACHING IT, TEARS THE AUTO APART AND RISES WITH LOIS IN HIS ARMS TOWARD THE WATER'S SURFACE!

POWERFUL STROKES BRING THEM TO SHORE . . .

INSTANTLY, SUPERMAN IS OFF LIKE A SHOT, RACING THE FLOOD!

HE CATCHES UP WITH ITS BEGINNING . . . . . .

. . . AND PASSES IT! IT IS A FANTASTIC RACE WITH THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS AT STAKE . . . WITH SUPERMAN IN THE LEAD!

AHEAD OF THE RAGING, RUSHING TORRENT, HE SPRINGS TO A HIGH PINNACLE . . . .

. . . THEN PITS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AGAINST A GREAT PROJECTION OF ROCK!

BEFORE SUPERMAN'S MIGHT, THE HUGE MOUNTAIN PEAK CRACKS . . . AND CASCADES DOWNWARD IN THE FACE OF THE FLOOD!

THE AVALANCHE OF ROCK CRAMS SHUT THE MOUNTAIN-GAP BELOW . . . . CUTTING OFF, DIVERTING THE FLOOD TO ANOTHER DIRECTION, AWAY FROM VALLEYHO TOWN!

WHEW! BARELY IN TIME!
YOU DID IT! YOU SAVED ALL THOSE PEOPLE! — OH, I COULD KISS YOU!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I WILL!
LADY! — PLEASE!
WOW! — WHAT A KISS!
A SUPER-KISS FOR A SUPER-MAN.
SUDDENLY SWEEPING LOIS OFF HER FEET, SUPERMAN LEAPS OUTWARD . . .
57
ENOUGH OF THAT! — I'VE GOT TO BRING YOU BACK TO SAFETY — WHERE I'LL BE SAFE FROM YOU!
THE FIRST TIME YOU CARRIED ME LIKE THIS I WAS FRIGHTENED — JUST AS I WAS FRIGHTENED OF YOU BUT NOW I LOVE IT — JUST AS I LOVE YOU!
WHEN VALLEYHO TOWN IS REACHED . . .
DON'T GO! STAY WITH ME . . . ALWAYS
PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
LATER
HELLO, CHIEF! — THIS IS CLARK KENT CALLING FROM VALLEYHO — GOT HERE BY AIRPLANE AND HAVE SOME SENSATIONAL NEWS! — AM I RE-HIRED? — O.K. CONNECT ME WITH A REWRITE MAN . . .
AS CLARK LEAVES THE PHONE BOOTH, HE ENCOUNTERS . . .
LOIS!
THAT WASN'T A NICE STUNT YOU PULLED ON ME! BUT I STILL LIKE YOU!
(WHO CARES! — THE SPINELESS WORM! I CAN HARDLY BEAR LOOKING AT HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN IN THE ARMS OF A REAL HE-MAN!)
THE END
60
EXTRA
REMEMBER, TO WIN ONE OF THE BIG PRIZES IN THE SUPERMAN CONTEST YOU'VE GOT TO BE A MEMBER OF THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA!
BE SURE TO JOIN NOW!

*This excerpt will, hopefully, give the flavor of *Captain Marvel*. More can not be printed without unsettling the settlement between Clark Kent and Billy Batson. We thank J. S. Liebowitz, President of National Periodical Publications, Inc., for permission to reprint, for historical purposes, the following matter. Our excerpt, unfortunately, must end where *Captain Marvel* begins; for those not versed in comic book metaphysics, let it be known that "Shazam," the word that adds two feet, ten years and red leotards to Billy Batson's scant frame, is an anagram. S is for Solomon's wisdom, H is for Hercules' strength, A is for Atlas' Stamina, Z is for Zeus' power, A is for Achilles' heel and M is for the million things you've...

The LEGEND of the
BATMAN
by
—WHO HE IS AND HOW HE CAME TO BE!
ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, THOMAS WAYNE, HIS WIFE AND HIS SON WERE WALKING HOME FROM A MOVIE...
W. WHAT IS THIS?
A STICKUP, BUDDY! I'LL TAKE THAT NECK LACE YOU'RE WEARIN' LADY!
LEAVE HER ALONE, YOU! OH.....
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
THOMAS! YOU'VE KILLED HIM. HELP! POLICE.. HELP!
THIS'LL SHUT YOU UP!

THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR AND SHOCK AS THE HORRIBLE SCENE IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM.
FATHER.. MOTHER!
.. DEAD! THEY'RE D..DEAD
DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE
AND I SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS OF MY PARENTS TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS
AS THE YEARS PASS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARES HIMSELF FOR HIS CAREER. HE BECOMES A MASTER SCIENTIST.
TRAINS HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO PERFORM AMAZING ATHLETIC FEATS.
DAD'S ESTATE LEFT ME WEALTHY I AM READY. BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A DISGUISE.
CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT, SO MY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, BLACK, TERRIBLE.. A A..
..AS IF IN ANSWER, A HUGE BAT FLIES IN THE OPEN WINDOW!
A BAT! THAT'S IT! IT'S AN OMEN.. I SHALL BECOME A BAT!
AND THUS IS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE DARK.. THIS AVENGER OF EVIL THE BATMAN

BATMAN
WITH
Robin
THE BOY WONDER
by
BOB KANE
ONCE AGAIN A MASTER CRIMINAL STALKS THE CITY STREETS-A CRIMINAL WEAVING A WEB OF DEATH ABOUT HIM-LEAVING STRICKEN VICTIMS BEHIND WEARING A GHASTLY CLOWNS GRIN--THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER! ONLY TWO DARE TO OPPOSE HIM BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER! TWO TO BATTLE THE GRIM JESTER CALLED--THE JOKER! A BATTLE OF WITS--WITH SWIFT DEATH, THE ONLY COMPROMISE!!!
IT IS NIGHT IN MOST HOMES PEOPLE LISTEN TO THEIR RADIOS
MY, ISN'T IT PEACEFUL SITTING AT HOME LIKE THIS?
NOTHING LIKE IT! HMMM STATIC!
AWWK! CRACKLE! AWWK!
SUDDENLY THE MUSIC IS CUT OFF- A VOICE-- A TONELESS VOICE DRONES...
TONIGHT, AT PRECISELY TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT I WILL KILL HENRY CLARIDGE AND STEAL THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

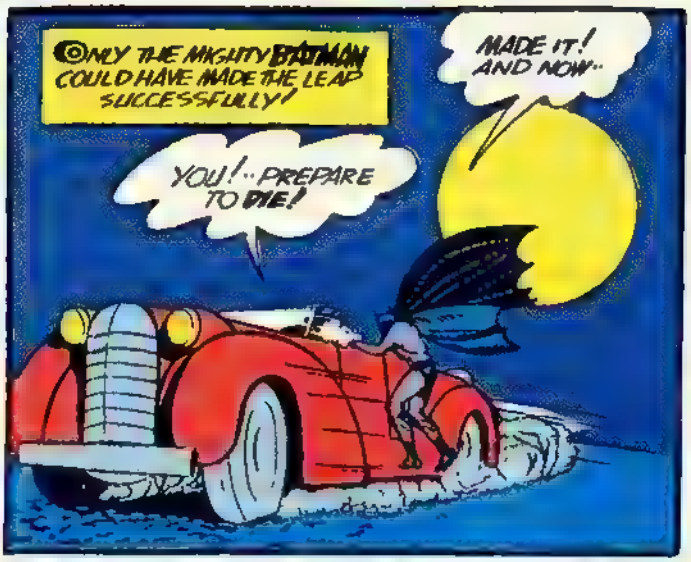
THEN ONCE AGAIN MUSIC....
HENRY, DID YOU HEAR? HENRY CLARIDGE, THE MILLIONAIRE, TO BE KILLED, THE FAMOUS DIAMOND STOLEN!
HAW! THAT'S JUST A GAG LIKE THAT FELLOW WHO SCARED EVERYBODY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT MARS THE LAST TIME! HA! HA! PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, DEAR!
RADIO STATIONS ARE SWAMPED WITH CALLS! OFFICIALS DECLARE THE STRANGE MESSAGE IS NOT A PART OF THE PROGRAM... THE "GAG" HAS BECOME A REALITY!
HENRY CLARIDGE, FRANTIC WITH FEAR, CALLS THE POLICE
YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED ROBBED!
DON'T WORRY, MR. CLARIDGE! YOU AND THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH! WE'LL ALL STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WHERE THE DIAMOND IS KEPT, AND WATCH YOU
ELEVEN O'CLOCK! ONE HOUR TO GO!
BONG! BONG!
AN INFLEXIBLE CORDON IS FORMED ABOUT THE DOOMED MAN!
TIME DRAGS ON SECONDS MINUTES THEN THE FATAL HOUR: TWELVE O'CLOCK!
I'M STILL ALIVE! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M SAFE!...
SLOWLY THE FACIAL MUSCLES PULL THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH INTO A REPELLANT, GHASTLY GRIN. THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER!
IT'S...IT'S HORRIBLE!
GROTESQUE! THE JOKER BRINGS DEATH TO HIS VICTIMS WITH A SMILE!
2
THE JOKER HAS FULFILLED HIS THREAT CLARIDGE IS DEAD!!
DEAD...IT ISN'T POSSIBLE AND YET..
CHIEF! LOOK HIS MOUTH!
THEN WITHOUT WARNING!
...I'M SAA... AAGH! AAG-HH!
THUD

WHAT NOW, CHIEF?
THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND!-- IF THE JOKER KILLED CLARIDGE HE MUST HAVE THE DIAMOND!
BUT HOW COULD HE? WE WERE IN THE ROOM ALL THE TIME!
THE DIAMOND! THE JOKER DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL!
HE DID GET IT! THIS IS A PHONEY! IT'S GLASS!
CHIEF! I FOUND SOMETHING IN HERE! IT WAS UNDERNEATH THE CASE!
THE SIGN OF THE JOKER!
JOKER
NOT FAR AWAY SITS A MAN-- A MAN WITH A CHANGELESS, MASK-LIKE FACE--BUT FOR THE EYES-- BURNING, HATE-FILLED EYES!
THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND-MINE! THOSE BUNGLING POLICE-- HOW THEY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW I MANAGED IT! AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SHOUT THE ANSWER INTO THEIR STUPID FACES!
A SOLUTION INJECTED INTO SLEEPING CLARIDGE AT TWELVE LAST NIGHT-- A SOLUTION THAT KILLS IN EXACTLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS-- SO THAT HE DIED AT TWELVE TONIGHT!
THEY FIND THE GLASS DIAMOND TO-NIGHT, THAT I EXCHANGED FOR THE REAL ONE LAST NIGHT! A PREDICTION ON THE RADIO OF A CRIME THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!
A MAN SMILES--A SMILE WITHOUT MIRTH-- RATHER A SMILE OF DEATH! THE AWESOME, GHASTLY GRIN OF-- THE JOKER!
IF THE POLICE EXPECT TO PLAY AGAINST THE JOKER, THEY HAD BEST BE PREPARED TO BE DEALT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK.
NEWSPAPERS RADIOS ALL SCREAM THE STORY OF THE RUTHLESS, CUNNING CRIMINAL THE JOKER! AT HOME BRUCE WAYNE, THE BATMAN, SPEAKS WITH HIS YOUNG AID DICK GRAYSON, KNOWN AS ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!
BUT BRUCE, WHY DON'T WE TAKE A SHOT AT THIS JOKER GUY?
NOT YET, DICK. THE TIME ISN'T RIPE. BUT WHEN WE DO ...

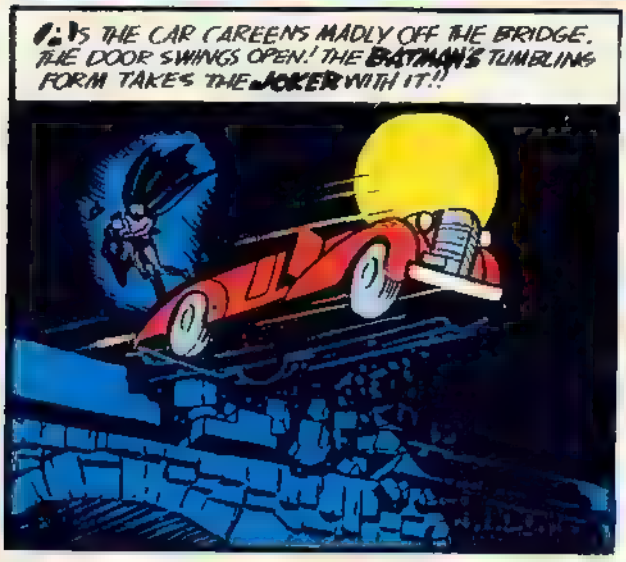
ANOTHER NIGHT. ANOTHER BREAK. AGAIN THE SAME DEADLY, MOCKING, VOICE..
IT'S MINE NOW! AT TEN O'CLOCK THAT FIEND WILL KILL JAY WILDE!
AHHK ... TONIGHT, IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR I WILL KILL JAY WILDE AND STEAL THE RONKER'S RUBY! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!
IT'S HIM AGAIN THE JOKER!
AGAIN A WALL OF HUMANS ENCIRCLES A DOOMED MAN!!
I'M GOING TO DIE! IN FIVE MINUTES I'M GOING TO DIE! DIE! DIE!
THE TOLL OF TIME THE FATAL HOUR!
BONG BONG
TEN! IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW! THE CLOCK IS TICKING MY LIFE AWAY!
A STRANGLED SCREAM-DEATH!
AAAGH
FOLLOWED BY A STRANGE GAS..
FROM THE ARMOR THE JOKER!!
LUCKY FOR THE POLICE THAT THE VENOM SPRAY ONLY PARALYSES FOR THE WHILE ELSE THEY WOULD HAVE PERISHED LIKE WILDE! HE HAD NO SPRAY BUT A BLOWN DART!
YOU HAD THE CONCENTRATED VENOM ON THE DART, EH WILDE? DIDN'T YOU EH? ARE YOU SO HAPPY THAT YOU SMILE FOR JOY. EH? I'M GLAD I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SO MUCH CHEER.
THE DIABOLICAL JOKER REMOVES THE ARMOR STEALS THE RONKER'S RUBY
THANK YOU, ALL GENTLEMEN. YOU HAVE ME HAPPY TOO! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!

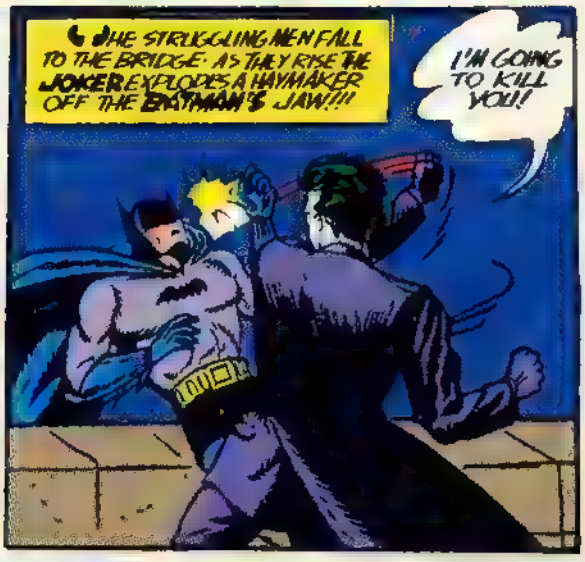
THE POLICE SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR THE JOKER BUT TO NO AVAIL. BUT ANOTHER GROUP IS ALSO INTERESTED THE CRIMINAL ··· A HANGOUT NOTED FOR ITS CRIMINAL ELEMENT··
I TELL YA BOYS WE GOTTA GET THIS GUY, THE JOKER!
WE GET THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND LINED UP FOR AN EASY JOB AND HE PULLS THE JOB!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUTE. HE'S CUTTIN' IN ON OUR RACKET!
AND DON'T FORGET WE WERE GONNA TRY FOR THE RONKER'S RUBY!
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, TAKE IT LYIN' DOWN?
I GOT AN IDEA! YOU GUYS GO OUT AND PASS THE WORD AROUND THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GONNA GET THE JOKER THAT HE THINKS THE JOKER IS A YELLER RAT!
THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GUNNING FOR THE JOKER TRAVELS THE CRIMINAL "GRAPE-VINE". THE BATMAN IS READY TO GO INTO ACTION!
I'M GOING TO THE HOME OF BRUTE NELSON! I HEARD SOME NEWS TODAY OVER THE GRAPEVINE THAT MAKES ME THINK THE TIME IS RIPE!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING ALONE?
IT IS NIGHT BRUTE NELSON SITS IN HIS PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS
THE JOKER, EH. WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM HE'LL BE A JOKE ALL RIGHT!
SUDDENLY A DRONING, DEADLY VOICE··A FUNERAL FACE,·· WITH EYES RADIATING HATE
TALKING ABOUT ME?
THE JOKER!
SUDDENLY DOORS BURST OPEN··THE JOKER IS TRAPPED"
VERY NEAT··THAT UGLY HEAD OF YOURS DOES HAVE A BRAIN!
SURE. I KNEW IF YOU GOT SORE ENOUGH YOU'D COME FOR ME!
SUDDENLY THE SCRAPE OF A FOOT IS HEARD UP ON THE STAIR THE MIGHTY BATMAN!
I'M AFRAID I WASN'T AS SILENT AS I HOPED TO BE!
THE BATMAN! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?
THE JOKER IS MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE BATMAN LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS··
LOOK OUT!! ··· SHOOT HIM!

HUMAN AVALANCHE STRIKES THE GUNMEN!
RATHER UNSTEADY ON YOUR FEET, AREN'T YOU?
MASSIVE FIST CRASHES AGAINST A GUNMAN'S JAW!
THE JOKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE FIGHT TO SETTLE AN OLD SCORE!
HAVE A SEAT BOYS! THERE'S ENOUGH ROOM ON THIS CHAIR FOR TWO!
I WON'T EVEN WASTE THE USUAL JOKER VENOM ON YOU, BRUTE, BUT GIVE YOU SOMETHING YOU CAN UNDERSTAND! LEAD!
LIKE A JUGGERNAUT THE BATMAN LEAPS AFTER THE RUTHLESS JOKER!!
THAT GUY ISN'T GETTING AWAY IF I CAN HELP IT!
EVEN AS THE CAR STARTS THE BATMAN IS UPON IT LIKE AN AVENGING BLACK CLOUD!
HASN'T THIS BOY HEARD IT'S LEAP YEAR?

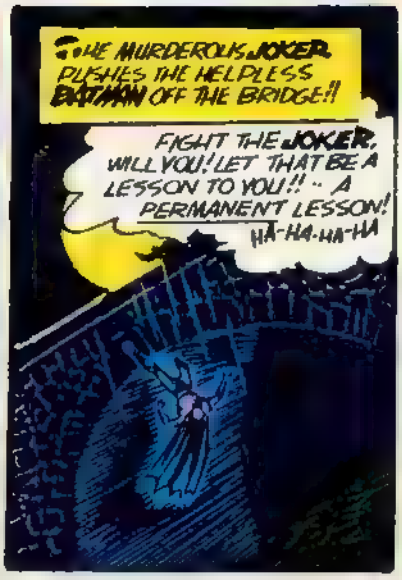

ONLY THE MIGHTY BATMAN COULD HAVE MADE THE LEAP SUCCESSFULLY!
MADE IT! AND NOW..
YOU!.. PREPARE TO DIE!

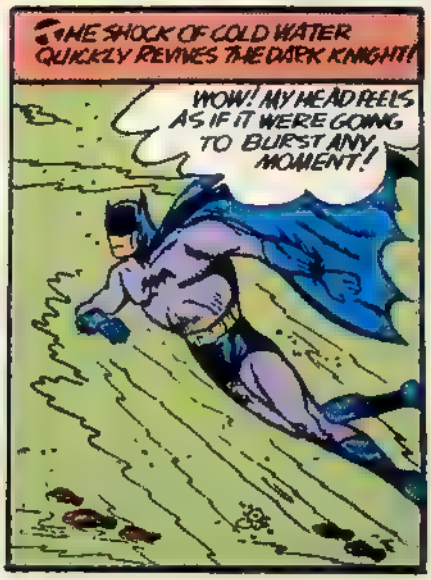
BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT- THE BATMAN GRABS THE JOKER'S HAND-
I'D RATHER LIVE IF YOU DON'T MIND!


AS THE CAR CAREENS MADLY OFF THE BRIDGE. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE BATMAN'S TUMBLING FORM TAKES THE JOKER WITH IT!!

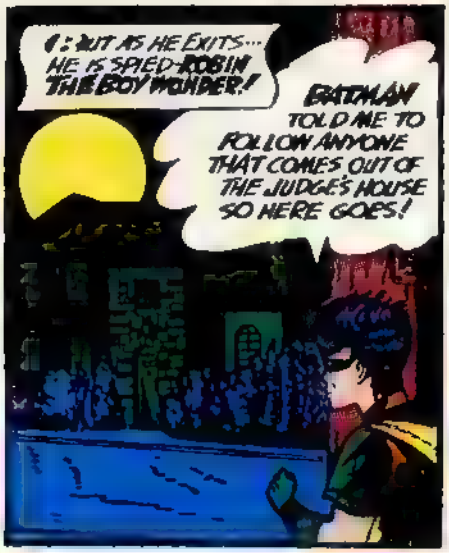

THE STRUGGLING MEN FALL TO THE BRIDGE- AS THEY RISE THE JOKER EXPLODES A HAYMAKER OFF THE BATMAN'S JAW!!!
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

A WICKED KICK RAKES THE BATMAN'S HEAD!
BLAST YOU FALL!!


THE MURDEROUS JOKER PUSHES THE HELPLESS BATMAN OFF THE BRIDGE!!
FIGHT THE JOKER, WILL YOU! LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU!! .. A PERMANENT LESSON! HA-HA-HA-HA


THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER QUICKLY REVIVES THE DARK KNIGHT!
WOW! MY HEAD FEELS AS IF IT WERE GOING TO BURST ANY MOMENT!

IT SEEMS I'VE AT LAST MET A FOE THAT CAN GIVE ME A GOOD FIGHT! HOWEVER I'M NOT LICKED YET! NOT QUITE!
ONCE MORE THE JOKER DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE OF DOOM!
JUDGE DRAKE, YOU ONCE SENT ME TO PRISON - FOR THAT YOU WILL DIE! DEATH WILL COME AT TEN! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!
TWO HOURS!
IT'S NOW EIGHT O'CLOCK!
JUDGE DRAKE'S HOME: ...
NINE O'CLOCK! ONE MORE HOUR TO LIVE!
LISTEN JUDGE. I'VE GOT MEN POSTED OUTSIDE EVERY DOOR! NO ONE CAN GET IN! RELAX - LET'S PLAY SOME CARDS
THE MINUTES FLY ..
IT'S YOUR BET, JUDGE!
YOU WIN - I NEED THE ACE OF SPADES TO MAKE THE GAME!
THE JOKER!
YOU CAN'T WIN ANYWAY - YOU SEE, I HOLD THE WINNING CARD
THE JUDGE IS AGHAST AS HE LOOKS AT THE SUPPOSED POLICE CHIEF!
YOU - THE POLICE CHIEF - THE JOKER!
YES! BUT NOT QUITE THE POLICE CHIEF - THE REAL CHIEF - IS TRUSSED UP IN THE CELLAR! DISGUISE IS ALSO ONE OF MY MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS!
THE CLOCK TOLLS THE DEATH KNELL FOR ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE JOKER!
TEN O'CLOCK! THE VENOM WORKS WELL! ADIEU JUDGE - OUR LITTLE GAME IS FINISHED!
"THE POLICE CHIEF" GIVES ORDERS "
JUDGE DRAKE IS DEAD! THE JOKER HAS WON AGAIN! WATCH THE BODY. I'M GOING TO HEADQUARTERS!
DEAD! .. OKAY CHIEF!

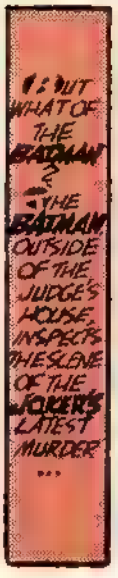

BUT AS HE EXITS... HE IS SPIED BY ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!
BATMAN TOLD ME TO FOLLOW ANYONE THAT COMES OUT OF THE JUDGE'S HOUSE SO HERE GOES!

ROBIN TRAILS THE MAN TO AN OLD DESERTED HOUSE!
.. GOING INTO THAT HOUSE!

THE BOLD YOUNG DARE-DEVIL ENTERS THE SINISTER DWELLING!!..
CHEERFUL PLACE.. I DON'T THINK!

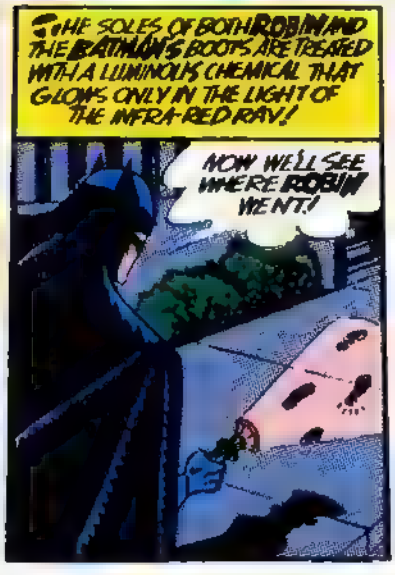
IT'S QUIET: ALMOST TOO QUIET!

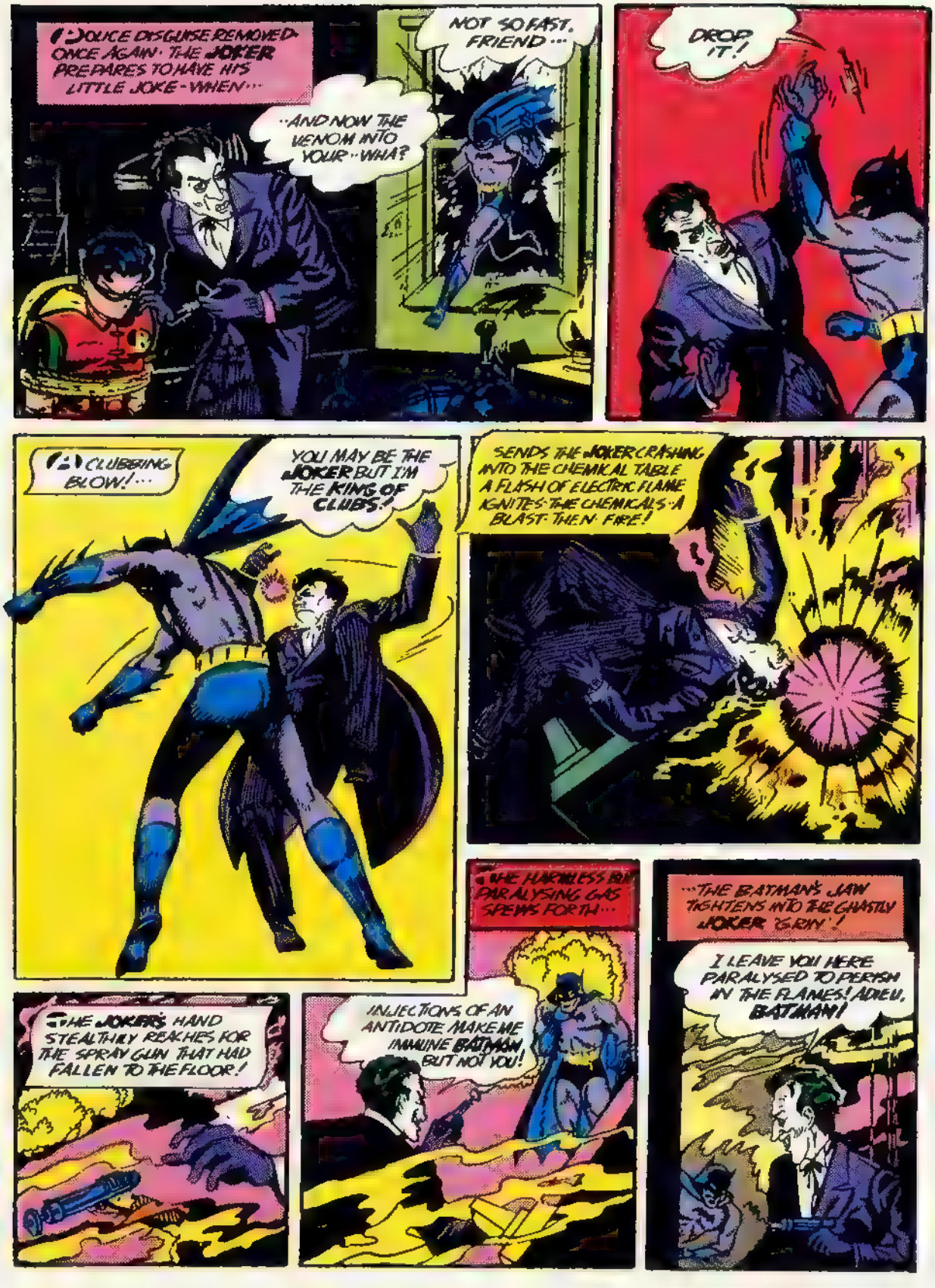
A CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND!
SNOOPER, EH?


BUT WHAT OF THE BATMAN & THE BATMAN OUTSIDE OF THE JUDGE'S HOUSE, INSPECTS THE SCENE OF THE JOKER'S LATEST MURDER ...

ROBIN GONE.. MUST HAVE FOLLOWED A LEAD! I'LL USE THE INFRA-RED LAMP!

A RED LIGHT FLASHES OVER THE GROUND.. MIRACULOUSLY ROBIN'S FOOTSTEPS GLOW IN THE DARK!
THIS INVENTION OF MINE WILL COME IN HANDY NOW!


THE SOLES OF BOTH ROBIN AND THE BATMAN'S BOOTS ARE TREATED WITH A LUMINOUS CHEMICAL THAT GLOWS ONLY IN THE LIGHT OF THE INFRA-RED RAY!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHERE ROBIN WENT!


POLICE DISGUISE REMOVED. ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER PREPARES TO HAVE HIS LITTLE JOKE - WHEN...
NOT SO FAST, FRIEND...
...AND NOW THE VENOM INTO YOUR...WHA?
DROP IT!
A CLUBBING BLOW!...
YOU MAY BE THE JOKER BUT I'M THE KING OF CLUBS!
SENDS THE JOKER CRASHING INTO THE CHEMICAL TABLE A FLASH OF ELECTRIC FLAME IGNITES THE CHEMICALS - A BLAST - THEN FIRE!
THE HARMLESS BUT PARALYSING GAS SPEWS FORTH...
...THE BATMAN'S JAW TIGHTENS INTO THE GHASTLY JOKER 'GRIN'!
I LEAVE YOU HERE PARALYSED TO PERISH IN THE FLAMES! ADIEU, BATMAN!
THE JOKER'S HAND STEALTHILY REACHES FOR THE SPRAY GUN THAT HAD FALLEN TO THE FLOOR!
INJECTIONS OF AN ANTIDOTE MAKE ME IMMUNE BATMAN, BUT NOT YOU!

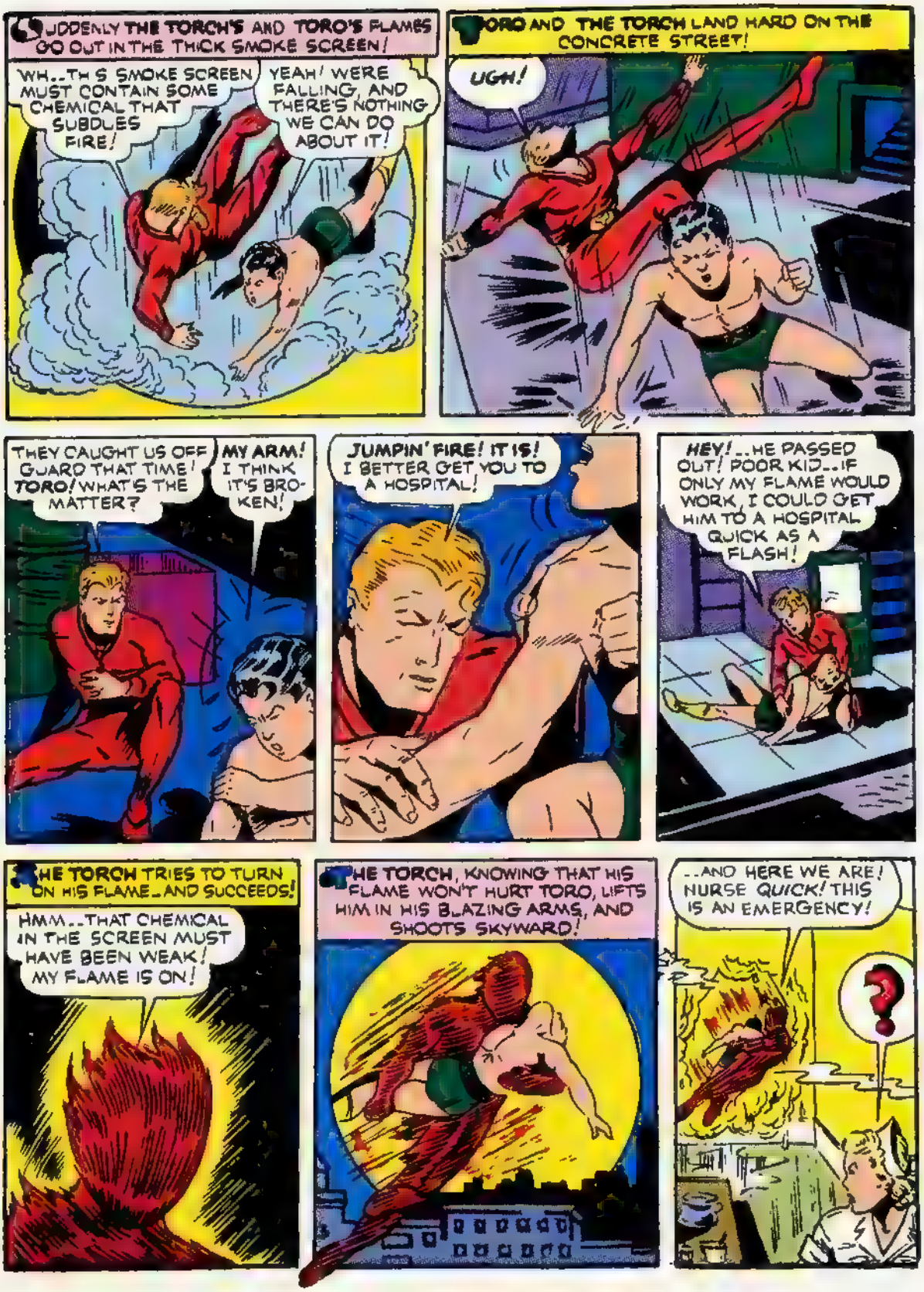
BUT THE JOKER HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING RECUPERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN!
ROBIN· TIED··GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
AN ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER·
THE JOKER IS GONE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHERE!
HE BOASTED INSIDE THAT HE WAS GOING TO GET THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE NEXT!
THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE!··THAT'S OWNED BY OTTO DREXEL!··C'MON. THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE··WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!
OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENTHOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!
IF WE CAN ONLY GET UP THERE BEFORE THE JOKER DOES!
ON THE PENTHOUSE· THE JOKER PREPARES TO ENTER·
BUT LEAPING FROM THE SCAFFOLD· THE COWLED BATMAN··
STILL AT IT, EH?

THE CRAZED KILLER WILDLY THROWS BULLET AFTER BULLET INTO THE ONCOMING FIGURE!
HASN'T THE JOKER EVER HEARD OF A BULLET-PROOF VEST!
DIE.. BLAST YOU.. DIE! WHY DON'T YOU DIE!
EMPTY!
CLICK!
CLICK!
THE MADMAN HURLS HIS GUN AT THE BATMAN!
I'LL KILL YOU!
IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE SAID THAT BEFORE AND NOW MR JOKER LET'S SEE IF YOU REALLY CAN FIGHT!
THE MANIAC LEAPS FOR THE ADJOINING CONSTRUCTION...
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME BATMAN!
BUT THERE WAITING ROBIN.. THE BOY WONDER!!
RIGHT JOKER I'M THE ACE IN THE HOLE!
YOU TOO!
AS THE JOKER CLIMBS ON TO THE REVOLVING PLATFORM HE LEAPS AT ROBIN, WHO DROPS.. AND..
THAT'S FOR THE SOCK ON THE HEAD!

THE SMASHING KICK SENDS THE JOKER FLYING OFF THE SCAFFOLDING!
AS THE FRANTIC MAN FALLS PAST THE PENTHOUSE BALLUSTRADE, A HAND REACHES OUT...
AAGH! I'M FALLING!
OH NO YOU'RE NOT!
THE STRONG ARM OF THE BATMAN HAULS HIM BACK TO SAFETY!
YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE A PRIZE TO LOSE!
YOU PLAYED YOUR LAST HAND, JOKER!
FINAL BLOW WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF THE BATMAN BEHIND IT!!
NEXT DAY...
DAILY STAR
2¢
BATMAN CAPTURES JOKER
LEAVES JOKER IN FRONT OF POLICE STATION, DRIVES AWAY
BUT WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS HOW HIS VICTIM'S MOUTHS TURNED UP IN THAT TERRIBLE GRIN!!
SOME SORT OF DRUG THAT PULLED THE MUSCLES OF THE FACE! THE JOKER WAS A CLEVER BUT DIABOLICAL KILLER! TOO CLEVER AND TOO DEADLY TO BE FREE!
BUT EVEN AS BRUCE SPEAKS, AT THE STATE PRISON, THE JOKER IS PLANNING, PLOTTING FOR HIS ESCAPE!
THEY CAN'T KEEP ME HERE! I KNOW OF A WAY OUT — THE JOKER WILL YET HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!
BO KANE
THE Amazing BATMAN
AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURE-STRIP CHARACTER... WITH THAT SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY, THAT LAUGHING YOUNG DARE DEVIL
Robin THE BOY WONDER
WILL THRILL YOU EVERY MONTH WITH THEIR ASTOUNDING EXPLOITS IN DETECTIVE COMICS

* As a name for a character the Human Torch was more wishful than accurate. He may have been a torch but he was, by no means, human. He was, in fact, laboratory created. A synthetic being, albeit one who learned fast and became a responsible member of society. More than can be said for the Sub Mariner. Both Torch and Sub Mariner were early examples (along with the Flash) of the *schtick* school of super-heroes: a school that believed it was no longer enough to be merely super, one needed a specialty.

YOU'RE RIGHT TORO! IT IS THE STOCK EXCHANGE! C'MON, THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO!
OKAY!
THE TWO BLAZING FIGURES DIVE TOWARD THE DARKENED BUILDING!
SOMETHING'S SCREWY, TORCH! THEY'RE USING ACETYLENE GUNS!
YES, AND I WONDER WHY?
JUMPIN' FINGERPRINTS! LOOK WHO'S COMING AT US!
TOCK EXCHANGE
..THE TORCH! SCRAM! WE STILL GOT A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
ANYWAY OUR WORK IS FINISHED!
HA THE SAPS ARE WAKING FOR THEIR CAR!
WE CAN EASILY... ..HEY! WHAT TH-? I CAN'T SEE!
GOOD WORK! OUR SMOKE SCREEN BLINDS THE TORCH AND HIS BLAZING BRAT! THEY CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT!
I FEEL FUNNY, TORCH!


SUDDENLY THE TORCH'S AND TORO'S FLAMES GO OUT IN THE THICK SMOKE SCREEN!
WH..THIS SMOKE SCREEN MUST CONTAIN SOME CHEMICAL THAT SUBDUES FIRE!
YEAH! WE'RE FALLING, AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!
TORO AND THE TORCH LAND HARD ON THE CONCRETE STREET!
UGH!
THEY CAUGHT US OFF GUARD THAT TIME! TORO! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
MY ARM! I THINK IT'S BROKEN!
JUMPIN' FIRE! IT IS! I BETTER GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!
HEY!..HE PASSED OUT! POOR KID..IF ONLY MY FLAME WOULD WORK, I COULD GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL QUICK AS A FLASH!
THE TORCH TRIES TO TURN ON HIS FLAME..AND SUCCEEDS!
HMM..THAT CHEMICAL IN THE SCREEN MUST HAVE BEEN WEAK! MY FLAME IS ON!
THE TORCH, KNOWING THAT HIS FLAME WON'T HURT TORO, LIFTS HIM IN HIS BLAZING ARMS, AND SHOOTS SKYWARD!
..AND HERE WE ARE! NURSE QUICK! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
?

THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME!
PUT HIM DOWN HERE, WHILE I GET THE DOCTOR!
OKAY, BUT HURRY!
A DOCTOR IS QUICKLY USHERED INTO THE ROOM....
HE'S IN A BAD WAY! I'M AFRAID THERE ARE INTERNAL INJURIES!
I'LL GET THE RATS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!
BUT SAY, HOW COME YOU HAVE LIGHT, WHEN THE REST OF THE CITY IS IN DARKNESS?
WE HAVE OUR OWN PLANT FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES!
THAT REMINDS ME.. I'VE WORK TO DO! TAKE CARE OF TORO, DOC!
DON'T WORRY, TORCH! HE'LL GET THE BEST OF ATTENTION!
IN A FLASH THE TORCH IS OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, HIS FLAME LIGHTING THE BLACK STREET!
I WONDER WHAT THOSE HOODLUMS WERE DOING AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE?
MAYBE THE CHIEF CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!
LATER..
HELLO!
TORCH!! OHO!! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
YOU SOUND SERIOUS!
AND WHY SHOULDN'T I? ...LOOK AT THIS CARD!

THIS IS ONLY A STARTER!!
THE HAG
WHO IS THIS "HAG"?
YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO!
BUT ONE THING I'M SURE OF...SHE'S BEHIND THIS BLACKOUT AND I'M POWERLESS TO ACT!
THEN THOSE MUST'VE BEEN HER MEN TORO AND I TRIED TO STOP AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE!
HUH?
WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF MASKED MEN HANGING AROUND THE STOCK EXCHANGE?
I'D SAY THE HAG'S BEHIND IT!
AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE HOSPITAL!
HELP! HELP!! TORO'S GONE MAD
YOU RATS!
TORO, DELIRIOUS FROM THE FALL, THINKS HE'S STILL CHASING THE MEN IN THE AUTO!
NOW THAT MY FLAME IS ON AGAIN, HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT!
I CAN'T DODGE THE FIRE-BALL! OH! I CAUGHT IT! THAT'S FUNNY...IT'S JUST LUKEWARM! I CAN HOLD IT!
TORO, DELIROUS AND DISREGARDING HIS BROKEN ARM, HURLS A FIRE-BALL AT THE NURSE
AS THE DOCTOR RUSHES INTO THE ROOM, TORO HURLS A SHEET OF FLAME AROUND HIM...
THAT'S FUNNY! THIS FIRE BLANKET REMINDS ME OF THE WARM FLORIDA SUN!
YEAH? WELL I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, WISE GUY!
5.

THE DOCTOR WHIRLS AND GRABS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND TURNS THE CHEMICAL PREPARATION ONTO TORO'S FLAME!
POOR K D, THE FEVER WENT TO HIS HEAD! BUT HE'S HARMLESS NOW!
NURSE! CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND TELL THE TORCH TO GET HERE AT ONCE!
LATER..
WHAT'S UP, DOC?
TORO NEEDS A FLAME TRANSFUSION! GET ON THE TABLE... QUICK!
HOLLOW TUBES OF ASBESTOS ARE PLACED OVER THE TORCH'S AND TORO'S ARMS AND THE TORCH SENDS LIVE FIRE SPURTING THROUGH THE TUBES!
HOLD IT, TORCH! TORO HAS ENOUGH!
TORO IS RALLYING, TORCH!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, DOC?
THAT FALL HE HAD WEAKENED HIS FLAME!
FOR A WHILE HE HAD US SCARED! HE WAS DELIRIOUS, BUT THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED FROM PEOPLE WHO GET A HEAVY SHOCK SUDDENLY!
I SEE!
ANOTHER THING.. HIS FLAME WILL NEVER QUITE EQUAL YOURS!
BUT WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT, OTHERWISE?
YES!

AT THAT MOMENT...SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK!
GOOD WORK ON THE BLACKOUT! NOW TO MAKE PLANS FOR TO-MORROW!
SPILL IT, HAG!
TO BEGIN WITH, WE'LL HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THE TORCH! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD STOP MY PLAN!
LATER...
HEH! HEH! AND THAT'S HOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE TORCH!
DAT'S A CINCH!
NOW, YOU BUZZARDS, GET SOME SHUTEYE! TO-MORROW WILL BE A BUSY DAY!
OKAY, BOSS!
THE NEXT DAY...AFTER EMERGENCY LIGHT PLANTS HAVE BEEN PUT INTO OPERATION, AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE HAS BEEN OPEN A FEW HOURS...
NO, NO!! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE TICKER! ALL STOCKS ARE READING DOWN! THE MARKET'S GOING TO CRASH!
SO THAT'S WHY THOSE MEN PAID A VISIT HERE! LET'S SEE WHAT'S WRONG!
LOOK! THOSE MEN BUYING UP STOCKS! THEY'RE WELL KNOWN CROOKS, AND NEVER PLAY THE MARKET!
..THINK THEY MIGHT BELONG TO THIS HAG'S GANG YOU TOLD ME ABOUT, TORCH?
I DO... AND HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION!
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
7

THE TORCH SENDS FIRE-BALLS AT THE FEET OF THE THUGS!
'THAT'S IT, DANCE!
AS THE MEN LEAP INTO THE AIR, A CIRCULAR DISK OF FLAME SHOOTS UNDER THEM!
?
THEN, THE TORCH WHIRLS AROUND THE MEN FORMING A HUGE TANK OF FLAME.
HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING TRAPPED IN A CONTAINER OF FIRE?
H-HE'S DIVING RIGHT AT US!
HA! THE HAG HAD IT FIGURED RIGHT! THE TORCH'S FLAME AROUND US IS WEAK! THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH...AND THE END OF THE TORCH!
AS THE TORCH GETS CLOSER, THE TRAPPED MEN BREAK THROUGH THE FLAMING CONTAINER.
DIDN'T THINK THEY WOULD DO THAT!...HM-M! THEIR CLOTHES ARE NOT BURNING!
HA! YOUR FLAME'S GOING OUT! THIS IS ONE TIME YOUR FIRE ISN'T GOING TO HELP YOU!
THE TORCH CRASHES INTO ONE OF THE ESCAPING MEN!
OUR SUITS ARE CHEMICALLY TREATED!...AND HERE'S THE PAYOFF, TORCH!
SOC
63

AT THE SAME TIME, OTHER MEMBERS OF THE HAG'S BAND CLOSE IN ON THE TORCH!
QUITE HUMAN WITHOUT YOUR FIRE, EH, TORCH?
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, FIRE BUG!
SOCK!
CRACK
SEND HIM DOWN TO ME, SPIKE!
THE EXCHANGE POLICE RUSH THE MEN AS THE TORCH DROPS TO THE FLOOR!
OKAY - REACH!
BLAST OF GUN-FIRE GREETS THE PRIVATE POLICE!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE COPS! NOW TO FINISH OFF TORCHY!
WHAT TH..? YEOW! MIS HAND IS AS HOT AS FIRE!
RIGHT, CHUMP! DID YOU FORGET I CAN CONTROL HEAT?
THE TORCH LEAPS UP FROM THE FLOOR....
SUDDENLY THE CHEMICAL DRIES, AND THE TORCH'S BODY BURSTS INTO FLAME!
SCRAM!
THE TORCH LAUGHS AND LETS LOOSE TWO FIRE-BALLS ALONG THE FLOOR!
THE BALLS CIRCLE AROUND THE MEN'S FEET, BURNING THEIR SHOES AND STOCKINGS OFF!
9

AS THE TORCH YELLS, THE FIRE-BALLS EXPLODE.....
..AND FORM STRINGS OF FLAME!...THE TORCH GRABS ONE AND ROLLS IT UP!
ALL I NEED NOW IS SOME CONFETTI TO MAKE THIS FIRE PARTY HOMEY!
THE STRINGER OF FIRE CIRCLES THE MEN AND FORMS INTO A BLAZING KNOT!
HOW'S THAT, BOYS?
WHILE OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE, LOOKING IN...
THE TORCH HAS GOT THEM IN A ROPE OF FIRE!
YEAH, BUT HE'S GOT HIS FLAME OFF, NOW! WE COULD EASILY POLISH HIM OFF!
AT THAT MOMENT, TORO, HAVING BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL, PICKS UP A MESSAGE FOR THE TORCH FROM POLICE CHIEF RYAN AND SPEEDS TOWARD THE STOCK EXCHANGE!
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY IS READY TO MAKE A KILL!
?
HEY, YOU CHUMP! STOP PUSHING MY ARM!
DUCK! TORO'S COMING RIGHT AT US!
AND MY FLAME ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP THEM! I'LL HAVE TO TRY A BLUFF!
10

FROM MID-AIR, TORO HURLS A HOLLOW BOMB-SHAPED TUBE OF FIRE OVER THE MEN!
THIS IS MY BAD MAN SPECIAL!
?
IF YOU BOYS MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE, IT'LL EXPLODE!
HA! IT WORKED!
TORO SUBDUES HIS FLAME..
NOW TO GET TO THE TORCH!
OUT OF MY WAY, USELESS!
UGH!
SMASH!
FEELS LIKE I WAS HIT BY A TORNADO! ..HEY, TORCH! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!
TORO! WHERE DID THAT FELLOW GO?
TURN ON YOUR FLAME! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! HE'S ONE OF THE HAG'S MEN!
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU! THE HAG HAS TAKEN OVER THE W-L-A-S RADIO STATION!
WHAT?..RADIO STATION, EH? NOW I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THE HAG'S MEN BUYING STOCK!
I DON'T GET IT!
NEVER MIND! LOOK! THERE GOES THE GUY WHO KNOCKED YOU DOWN!
YEAH? WELL I'VE A LITTLE PRESENT FOR HIM!
11

TORO DIVES DOWN LIKE A BLAZING COMET AND SHOOTS BETWEEN THE RUNNER'S FEET!
PUSH KIDS AROUND, EH? WELL, I'LL CURE YOU OF THAT!
??
BUT THE TORCH, KNOWING THAT TORO'S FLAME HAS LOST A GREAT DEAL OF ITS STRENGTH, INTERVENES!
WATCH THIS, TORO!
..AND HERE WE HAVE A SPIRAL BOUND COPY OF A RAT, TORO!
I SEE! BUT RADIO STATION W-L-A-E IS ACROSS THE STREET! LET'S GO!
THE BLAZING FLAME MASTERS WING TOWARD THE BROADCASTING COMPANY..BUT FIND THE DOORS CLOSED...
WE'LL HAVE TO MELT THROUGH!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
IT'S THE TORCH! WITH TORO!
THE TORCH SENDS A BLANKET OF FLAME AT THE GUARDS!
HA! LET'S GET HIM! OUR CLOTHES CAN'T BURN!
THE TORCH HURLS TWO FIRE-BALLS THAT EXPLODE AND FORM FLAMING MASKS AROUND THE HOODLUMS' FACES!
..AND NOW IF YOU BOYS DON'T MOVE, THE MASKS WON'T HURT YOU!
12

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE FOREIGN NEWS RECEIVING DEPARTMENT...
HAG! THE TORCH IS IN THE BUILDING!
WHAT?...THIS TIME I'M GOING TO DO AWAY WITH HIM FOR GOOD!
DANG LIVE WIRE
WHIRLING, THE HAG DRAWS A GUN AND SHOOTS POINT BLANK AT TWO RADIO OPERATORS!
PICK UP THOSE MEN, AND PLACE THEM IN CHAIRS WHILE I CUT THESE LIVE TENSION WIRES!
..NOW TO TIE THESE WIRES TO THE METAL CHAIRS!
I GET IT NOW, HAG! THAT'S CLEVER!
IT'S ALL SET! THE TORCH WILL BE HERE SOON! THEN, HIS FINISH!..AND MY PLAN TO MAKE A FORTUNE SUCCESSFUL!
WHILE IN THE HALL....
I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, BUT I CAN'T FIND THE HAG! WAIT!...I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE FOREIGN NEWS ROOM YET!
13
HAVE YOU BOYS HAD ANY VISITORS HERE? ...WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
THE TORCH RACES TO THE FOREIGN NEWS ROOM!
AS THE TORCH INVESTIGATES, HE SUDDENLY TURNS ON HIS FLAME..SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE HE TOUCHES THE METAL CHAIRS!
LUCKY I SAW THOSE WIRES LEADING FROM THE CHAIR! HA..THE ELECTRICITY TICKLES!

SO MY LITTLE ELECTROCUTION FAILED! WELL, THIS VIAL WON'T!
HA, MISSED!
FIRE-BALL LEAVES THE TORCH'S HAND, AND BLAZES AROUND THE HAG'S HEAD....
SINCE YOUR CLOTHES ARE PROTECTED WITH CHEMICALS, HOW ABOUT YOUR HEAD?
MY HAIR! IT'S BURNED OFF!
JUST A HAIRCUT! IN CASE YOU HAVE ANY OTHER TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE, FORGET THEM!..UNLESS YOU WANT A BLAZING MUD-PACK!
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME...
PRETTY NEAT TRICK YOU HAD, TAMPERING WITH THE STOCK EXCHANGE TICKERS!
YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!
EVEN IF HE COULD, IT WOULDN'T HELP HIM! EASY! THIS BOTTLE CONTAINS NITROGLYCERINE!
NICE GOING, STEVE! I'LL HANDLE HIM NOW!
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ME FIXING THE TICKERS TO FAKE A SECOND STOCK MARKET CRASH, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING HOW THIS RADIO STATION FITS IN!
WELL, WITH CONTROL OF FOREIGN NEWS I COULD CONTROL WALL STREET AND MAKE FINANCIAL TYCOONS HOP TO MY SLIGHTEST WISH... BUT THIS IS YOUR FINISH!
THINK SO? PULL THE TRIGGER!
14

BEFORE THE HAG CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME... AND MELTS THE GUN WITH A FIRE-BALL!
YOU ASKED FOR THIS, CHUMP!
WH-?! MY GUN WON'T SHOOT!
FIRE-BALL GREETS THE BOTTLE IN MID-AIR, AND A VIOLENT EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!
BAM!
THE IMPACT SENDS THE TORCH SAILING THRU THE AIR.....
THE POOL! DID HE THINK HE COULD BLOW ME TO BITS?
SECONDS LATER, THE TORCH LANDS.....
TORCH! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE HAG?
KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION! PERHAPS IT'S BETTER! I THINK SHE WAS MAD, BUT SHE CAN'T HARM ANY-ONE NOW!
NEXT MONTH... Another COMPLETE HUMAN TORCH PICTURE STORY!

# THE FLASH

FASTER THAN THE STREAK OF THE LIGHTNING IN THE SKY.. SWIFTER THAN THE SPEED OF THE LIGHT ITSELF.. FLEETER THAN THE RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT... IS **THE FLASH**, REINCARNATION OF THE WINGED MERCURY... HIS SPEED IS THE DISMAY OF SCIENTISTS, THE JOY OF THE OPPRESSED — AND THE OPEN MOUTHED WONDER OF THE MULTITUDES!!

By GARDNER FOX and HARRY LAMPERT

BUT BEFORE HE BECAME KNOWN AND FEARED AS "THE FASTEST THING ON EARTH", JAY GARRICK WAS AN UNKNOWN STUDENT AT MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY...

HI, JOAN! JOAN!

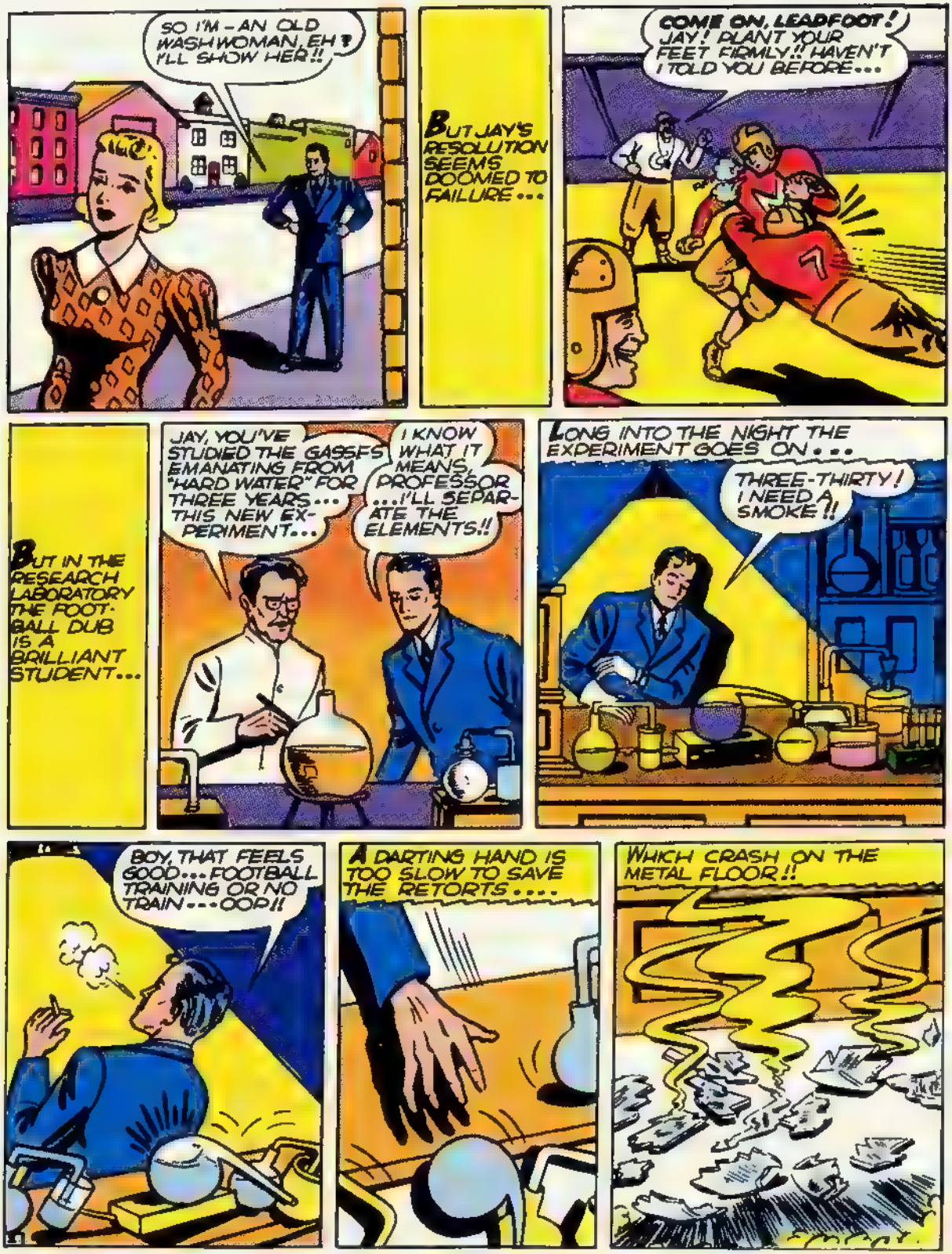
OH, JAY... IT'S YOU!!

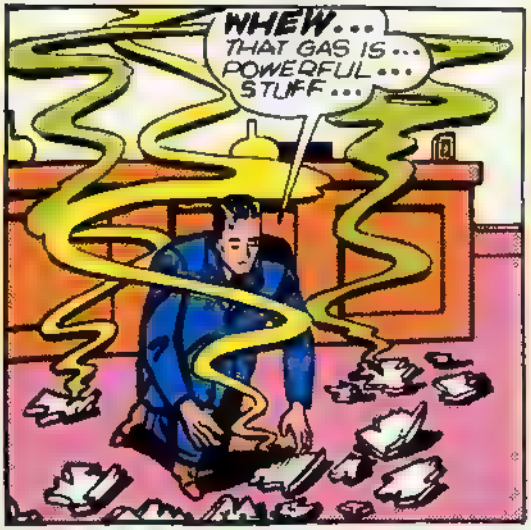
YES, JOAN... SAY, HOW ABOUT YOUR VICTORY DANCE DATE WITH ME?

I... I DON'T THINK SO, JAY... YOU'RE ...A SCRUB ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM... AND CAPTAIN BULL TRYON'S ALREADY ASKED ME!!

YOU MEAN YOU WON'T GO WITH ME... JUST BECAUSE I'M A FOOTBALL SCRUB?

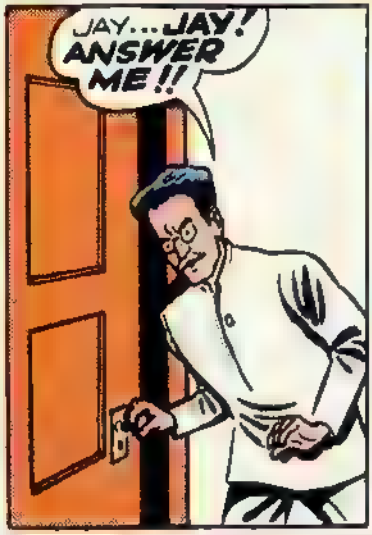
NO... BUT BECAUSE A MAN OF YOUR BUILD AND BRAINS COULD BE A STAR... A SCRUB IS JUST AN OLD WASHWOMAN!! YOU WON'T PUT YOUR MIND TO FOOTBALL..!!


SO I'M - AN OLD WASH WOMAN, EH? I'LL SHOW HER!!
BUT JAY'S RESOLUTION SEEMS DOOMED TO FAILURE...
COME ON, LEADFOOT! JAY! PLANT YOUR FEET FIRMLY!! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU BEFORE...
BUT IN THE RESEARCH LABORATORY THE FOOTBALL DUB IS A BRILLIANT STUDENT...
JAY, YOU'VE STUDIED THE GASSES EMANATING FROM "HARD WATER" FOR THREE YEARS... THIS NEW EXPERIMENT...
I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, PROFESSOR ...I'LL SEPARATE THE ELEMENTS!!
LONG INTO THE NIGHT THE EXPERIMENT GOES ON...
THREE-THIRTY! I NEED A SMOKE!!
BOY, THAT FEELS GOOD... FOOTBALL TRAINING OR NO TRAIN... OOP!!
A DARTING HAND IS TOO SLOW TO SAVE THE RETORTS....
WHICH CRASH ON THE METAL FLOOR!!




OVERCOME BY THE FUMES, JAY LURCHES FORWARD...

ALL NIGHT LONG JAY INHALES THE DEADLY FUMES OF THE GAS ELEMENTS OF HARD WATER... IN THE EARLY DAWN PROFESSOR HUGHES BECOMES CURIOUS....



WHILE IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE HOSPITAL....
IT'S STRANGE!! WE'VE TAKEN TWENTY TESTS, AND THEY ALL INDICATE THE SAME THING! I DON'T WANT TO ALARM YOU, PROFESSOR...
WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
UNLESS THE SPECIALIST FROM NEW YORK IS CRAZY... YOUR BOY WILL BE THE FASTEST THING THAT EVER WALKED ON EARTH!! THE ELEMENTS OF HARD WATER WILL SPEED UP A PERSON'S REFLEXES... THE GAS INJECTS HIM LIKE A VACCINATION...
SCIENCE KNOWS THAT HARD WATER MAKES A PERSON ACT MUCH QUICKER THAN ORDINARILY... BY AN INTAKE OF ITS GASES, JAY CAN WALK, TALK, RUN AND THINK SWIFTER THAN THOUGHT... HE WILL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO OUTRACE A BULLET!! HE IS A FREAK OF SCIENCE!!
BUT THE FREAK OF SCIENCE IS THINKING OF A GIRL....
JOAN! OH, JOAN, WAIT UP...
IN HIS ANXIETY THE PATIENT DISCOVERS THAT THE DOCTORS ARE RIGHT..!!
A HURRICANE! HELP! HELP!
A WIND... A GHOST--A... HELP!
MY... MY WORD!!
WHEEE-CAN I TRAVEL!!
...AS HE GETS TO JOAN BEFORE SHE CAN COMPLETE ONE STEP!!
JOAN! IT... IT'S JAY!!
WHY... WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU APPEARED BEFORE ME!!
I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! I WAS GOING TO GET A BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY...
YOU WERE? LET ME, INSTEAD! I WON'T BE A MINUTE!
ULP!! YOU... YOU SPRANG FROM THE THIN AIR!!
NEVER MIND THAT ...STAMP THIS BOOK!!

HE'S...HE'S DISAPPEARED!! I'M GOING TO FAINT... AND I THINK I WILL!!
YOU... WHY YOU'VE GOT IT! AND YOU WEREN'T GONE TWO SECONDS EVEN! JAY... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU!!
IT SCARES ME, SORT OF! BUT I GUESS I'M JUST A FREAK OF SCIENCE... ANYHOW... WILL YOU GO TO THAT DANCE WITH ME?
I WILL, JAY... IF YOU'LL CONSENT TO PLAY IN THE STATE GAME!! WITH YOU IN THERE, WE CAN'T LOSE!!
ALL RIGHT, JOAN... BUT--IT'S JUST FOR YOU!!
BUT THE STATE GAME FINDS JAY STILL ON THE BENCH.
STILL WEARING OUT MY PANTS AND THE UNIVERSITY'S BENCH! MAYBE I'LL GET IN THE GAME --- IF THEY KNOCK OUT THE REST OF OUR SQUAD!!
40
BULL TRYON'S HURT! JAY, GET IN THERE!! WE HAVE NOBODY ELSE LEFT!!
LEADFOOT GARRICK!! HEAVEN HELP US!!
IT'S 30 TO 0 AGAINST US NOW!! IT'LL BE 90 TO 0!!
I'LL SHOW 'EM!! BOY, ARE THEY IN FOR A SURPRISE!!
HANG ON EVERYBODY!! HERE WE GO!!

DOWN THE FIELD JAY STREAKS ...TO A TOUCHDOWN!
AS TOUCHDOWN AFTER TOUCHDOWN PILE UP....
I QUIT !! I AIN'T PLAYIN' NO GHOST !!
NOR ME NO HURRICANE !!
I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM NOW!
IN BETWEEN SIGNALS JAY DISAPPEARS...
HOW'M I DOIN', JOAN ?
WHY... WONDERFUL ...
...BUT IS ON THE FIELD AGAIN BEFORE SIGNALS ARE OVER !!
THIS'LL MAKE IT SIXTY-FIVE TO THIRTY !!
AND JAY FINDS HIMSELF THE HERO OF THE DAY!
BOY, THIS IS THE STUFF !! A FOOTBALL STAR-- AND A DATE WITH JOAN TONIGHT !!
THE YEAR SWEEPS BY---AND GRADUATION IS AT HAND..
I'M GOING TO HELP DAD IN HIS "ATOMIC BOMBARDER" SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES...
I'M OFF TO NEW YORK... ASSISTANT PROFESSORSHIP AT COLEMAN UNIVERSITY!
ONE EVENING IN NEW YORK, JAY GARRICK TAKES TIME OUT TO READ THE DAILY PAPER...
MAYBE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WASN'T FAST ENOUGH FOR THEM... HM... SOMETHING OUGHT TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS !!
RACKETEERS WRECK STORES
ELUDE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S
That Night
THE GANGSTERS ARE VISITED BY A FIGURE CLAD IN THE WINGS OF MERCURY... A HUMAN BOLT OF LIGHTNING..
THE FLASH!

HE JUST DISAPPEARS IN FRONT OF YOU! I'M QUITTING THIS RACKET!!
HE EVEN MADE THE BOSS COUGH UP ALL THE DOUGH!!
I'M SELLIN' PAPERS FROM NOW ON!!
ANOTHER JOB ACCOMPLISHED JAY RETURNS TO HIS ROOM.
I FEEL BETTER ...TURNING MY SPEED INTO CHANNELS TO FIGHT CRIME ... I FEEL USEFUL TO HUMANITY!!
SOME TIME LATER .... AT COLEMAN UNIVERSITY...
JOAN... DO YOU SEE WHAT I DO? THAT MAN... IS PLAYING TENNIS ...WITH HIMSELF!
THIS IS EASY... BUT GOOD EXERCISE!!
BACK AGAIN, BOY... HURRY UP!!
HE GOES SO FAST I CAN'T SEE HIM!!
ONLY ONE PERSON CAN DO THAT... JAY GARRICK!
JOAN WILLIAMS! IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOING?
JAY... SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! I THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP ME... DADDY'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!
LOOK OUT, JOAN... THAT CAR THERE...

HE'S FIRING AT JOAN!!
OH!
BANG!
BUT THE FLASH LEAPS INTO INSTANT ACTION....
ATTUNING HIMSELF TO THE SPEED OF THE BULLET TO AVOID INJURY. HE LURCHES FORWARD!
NOW, NOW LITTLE ONE!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
THE TREMENDOUS SPEED OF THE FLASH'S RE-ACTIONS MATCHES THE SPEED OF A BULLET AND HE CATCHES IT IN FLIGHT!!
WHOA, THERE!!
I'LL BE UP TONIGHT... YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT...
I THINK YOU'RE MARVELOUS... I KNOW YOU CAN HELP ME!!
AMAZING... AMAZING!! BUT... I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!!
AND IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...
GENTLEMEN... JOAN WILLIAMS IS DEAD!!
I, SIEUR SATAN, SAY THAT WILLIAMS WILL NOW TELL US HIS SECRET BASE OF THE ATOMIC BOMBARDER!!
AND I, SERGE ORLOFF, SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY, WILL GIVE HIS DAUGHTER HER LIFE... IF HE TELLS!!
WHAT OF ME, DURIEL? I SHALL VISIT HIM IN THE ROOM OF MIRRORS TO GET HIS ANSWER!!
THESE MIRRORS ARE STEALING MY MIND!! BUT... YOU DEVIL... I'LL NOT TELL...NOT EVEN FOR JOAN'S LIFE!! SHE WOULDN'T WANT ME TO!!

WE MUST FIND THE SECRET OF THIS ATOMIC BOMBARDER!! WE CAN SELL IT TO SEVERAL FOREIGN NATIONS... FOR A COOL MILLION FROM EACH!!
IT'S A MARVELOUS WAR WEAPON!! BUT WILLIAMS WEEL NOT TALK!!
ALLOW ME TO VISIT THE GIRL'S HOME... AS AN UNDERTAKER... I SHALL BRING THE BODY HERE... THE SHOCK OF SEEING HIS DAUGHTER DEAD MIGHT MAKE WILLIAMS TALK!!
AND THAT VERY NIGHT...
WAIT... I SHALL SOON BE OUT...
PARDON... DO YOU KNOW THE DEAD GIRL?
WHAT DEAD... OH, YOU MEAN... MISS WILLIAMS?
YES, SHE HAD AN ACCIDENT TODAY, DID SHE NOT?
NOW HOW DOES HE KNOW THAT... UNLESS HE KNOWS WHO SHOT AT HER? THIS IS VERY INTERESTING!!
JAY, COME IN... OH!! A FRIEND OF YOURS?
PARDON ME, THERE'S SOME MISTAKE!!
I THINK THERE IS, TOO!!
HE KNEW OF THE SHOOTING... I LET HIM GO BECAUSE I WANT TO HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY...
HE MUST BE... ONE OF THE FAULTLESS FOUR!!

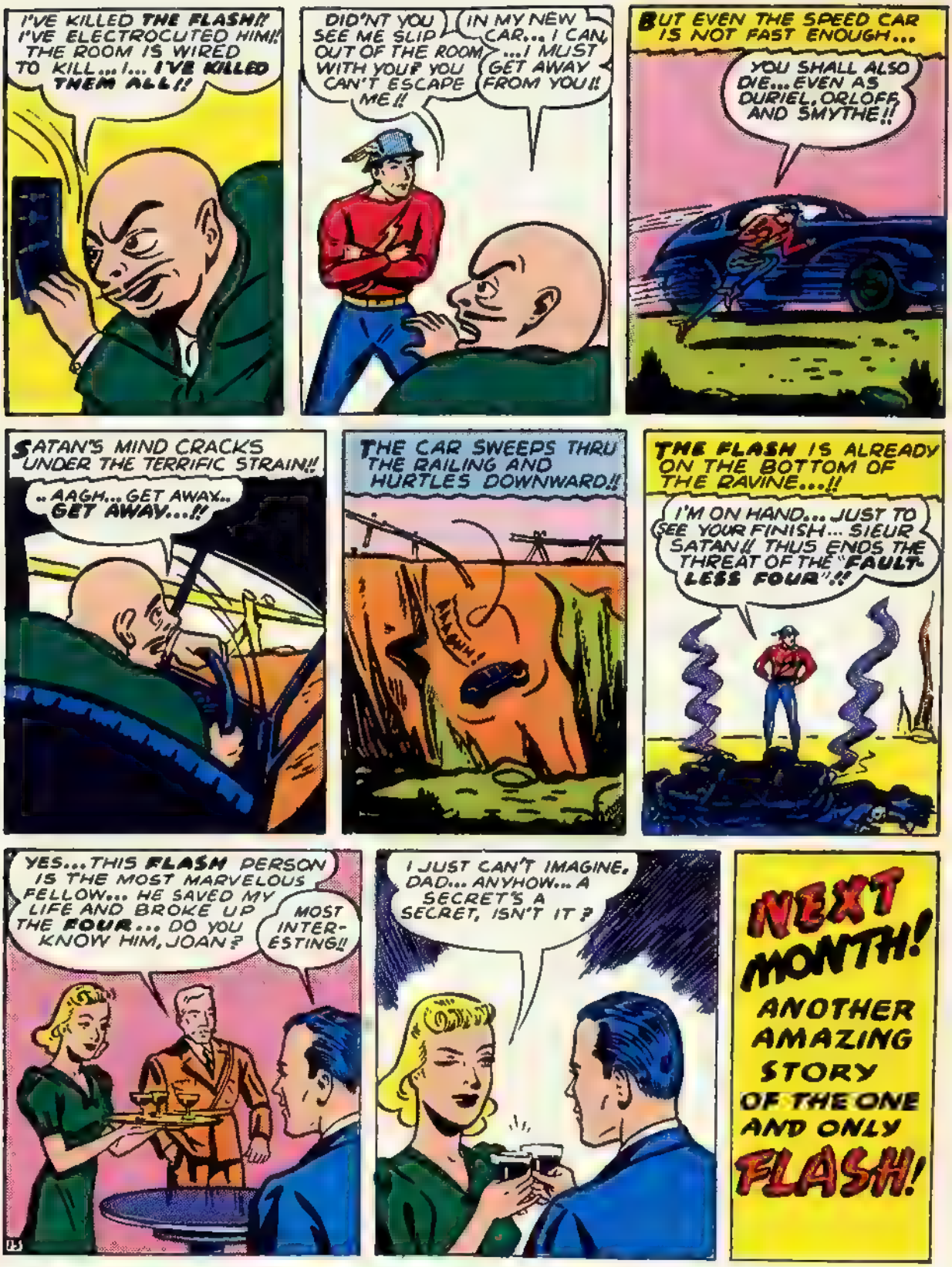
THREE MONTHS AGO, DADDY RECEIVED A CARD SIGNED "THE FAULTLESS FOUR" ASKING FOR HIS SECRET BOMBARDER... HE WOULDN'T TELL THEM THE ELEMENTS... SO THEY KIDNAPPED HIM... THEY HAVE GREAT POWER... ALL OF THEM ARE BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS!!
THEY PROBABLY HAVE YOUR FATHER A PRISONER... THIS LOOKS LIKE WORK FOR THE FLASH!! ADIEU, MY DEAR!!
JAY... HE'S GONE AGAIN... BUT MAYBE HE'LL FIND DADDY!!
AND ONCE AGAIN THE FLASH IS ON HIS WAY WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT-!!
IF I JUST INCREASE MY SPEED I MAY FIND MY UNDERTAKER FRIEND BEFORE HE GETS HOME!!
THERE'S THE CAR NOW... TURNING INTO THAT APARTMENT COURTYARD!!
WHAT... THAT WIND SPRANG FROM NOWHERE!!
FUNER
THAT "WIND" WILL BE WITH YOU BEFORE LONG, MY GOOD MAN!!

AND IN THE APARTMENT OF THE FAULTLESS FOUR .0.
THE GIRL IS STILL ALIVE... I'VE NEVER MISSED BEFORE... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!!
YOU BUNGLED!! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN!!
I WOULDN'T ADVISE TRYING AGAIN!!
THE FLASH!! I'VE HEARD OF HIM!!
BANG!
AGAIN ATTUNING HIS SPEED TO THAT OF THE BULLET, THE FLASH LUNGES FORWARD!!!!
THIS'LL SLAY 'EM... AND WHAT I MEAN!!
HOW DOES THE FLASH STOP A BULLET IN FLIGHT WITHOUT SUFFERING INJURY TO HIMSELF?
EXPLANATION.
HIS PROCESS OF THOUGHT AND ACTION DUE TO HIS INHALATION OF THE HARD-WATER GASES, HAVE BEEN SO QUICKENED, THAT HE HAS THE SPEED OF LIGHT ITSELF!
AS A RESULT, HE CAN EASILY MATCH THE SPEED OF A BULLET...
WHEN TWO BODIES TRAVEL ALONG TOGETHER AT EQUAL SPEED, EVEN THO THEY MEET, THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO FRICTION-AND THEREFORE NO INJURY
!!!
I WOULDN'T TRY THAT AGAIN!!
HE... PLUCKED THE BULLET OUT OF THE AIR!!
ULP!
HE... HE'S GONE!!
I CAN SEE THAT... YOU FOOL!! THE QUESTION IS... WHERE?
HE'S GONE AFTER WILLIAMS!!
MEANWHILE
I'VE SEARCHED EVERY ROOM... AH- A TRAP-DOOR!!

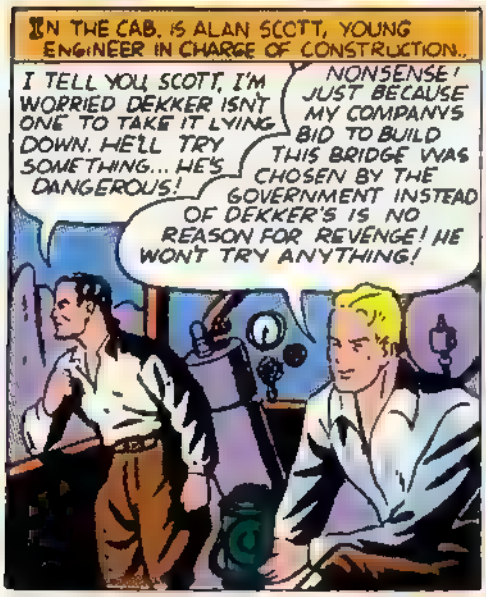
MAJOR WILLIAMS!! QUICKLY!! JUMP UP!!
EH? WHAT? WHO'S THAT?
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE... BUT I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU!!
THEY'VE SPOTTED US!! HANG ON, MAJOR, WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!!
THERE THEY ARE!!
SO LONG, BOYS!! SEE YOU LATER...
STOP HIM!!
HOW?... I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM!!
THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK RACE THE PAIR...
IF I RUN FAST ENOUGH, NO ONE WILL SEE US!!
YOU RUN SO FAST NOW, I CAN'T BREATHE
DADDY!! DADDY!!
JOAN MY BABY!! I'M HOME TO STAY, THANKS TO...
HE... HE DISAPPEARED AGAIN!!
NEVER MIND, DADDY... HE HAS WORK TO DO!
WHY- I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!
BACK TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE FOUR
IF I CAN OVER-HEAR THEIR PLANS...

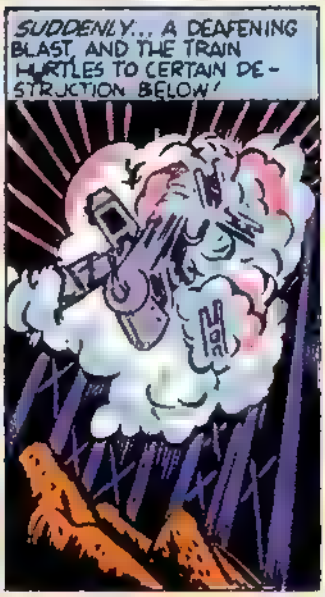
THEN IT'S ALL SET FOR THE MORNING? AT CONEY ISLAND BEACH?
RIGHT... THE SCARE WILL THROW PEOPLE INTO A PANIC... AND WE WILL GET JOAN AND HER FATHER WHILE THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR US AT CONEY ISLAND!!
IF I LET THEM GO THRU WITH IT, SECURE IN THE BELIEF ALL WORKS SMOOTHLY... I'LL GET THEM IN THE ACT OF MURDER!!
THE NEXT DAY AT CROWDED CONEY ISLAND BEACH...
IT STARTS...
THE ATTACK FROM THE SKY...!!
THIS'LL GET ENOUGH POLICE HERE SO THAT OUR ATTACK ON JOAN AND HER FATHER WILL GO OFF LIKE CLOCKWORK...
RAT-
OH... HELP!
RAT-TAT-TAT
IS IT WAR?
A MAD-MAN!
SUDDENLY A FIGURE AMONG THE CROWDS DOFFS HIS CLOTHES AND GOES INTO LIGHTNING ACTION!!

HE'S GOT ME ON THE GO, BUT I CAN KEEP THIS UP TILL HE RUNS OUT OF BULLETS!
THE FLASH!! I MUST WARN THE OTHERS!!
HE'S GONE... NOW FOR THE ATTACK ON JOAN!!
IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC SLIPS THE FLASH...
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING THEN...
IT'S A SUDDEN WIND...
LOOK OUT... THERE'LL BE AN ACCIDENT!!
I'LL SLOW UP.. AND LET 'EM SEE ME!!
GET IN... DRIVE TO THE APARTMENT!!
THE GAME'S UP.. THE FLASH!!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JOAN?
YES, DADDY AND I ARE SAFE...
THIS TIME... NO MERCY!!
I AM HERE, GENTLEMEN!!

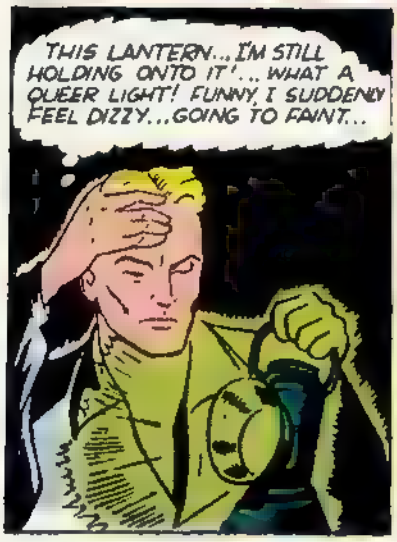

I'VE KILLED THE FLASH!! I'VE ELECTROCUTED HIM!! THE ROOM IS WIRED TO KILL... I... I'VE KILLED THEM ALL!!
DIDN'T YOU SEE ME SLIP OUT OF THE ROOM WITH YOU? YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME!!
IN MY NEW CAR... I CAN, ...I MUST GET AWAY FROM YOU!!
BUT EVEN THE SPEED CAR IS NOT FAST ENOUGH...
YOU SHALL ALSO DIE... EVEN AS DURIEL, ORLOFF AND SMYTHE!!
SATAN'S MIND CRACKS UNDER THE TERRIFIC STRAIN!!
..AAGH... GET AWAY... GET AWAY...!!
THE CAR SWEEPS THRU THE RAILING AND HURTLES DOWNWARD!!
THE FLASH IS ALREADY ON THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE...!!
I'M ON HAND... JUST TO SEE YOUR FINISH... SIEUR SATAN!! THUS ENDS THE THREAT OF THE "FAULTLESS FOUR"!!
YES... THIS FLASH PERSON IS THE MOST MARVELOUS FELLOW... HE SAVED MY LIFE AND BROKE UP THE FOUR... DO YOU KNOW HIM, JOAN?
MOST INTERESTING!!
I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE, DAD... ANYHOW... A SECRET'S A SECRET, ISN'T IT?
NEXT MONTH! ANOTHER AMAZING STORY OF THE ONE AND ONLY FLASH!

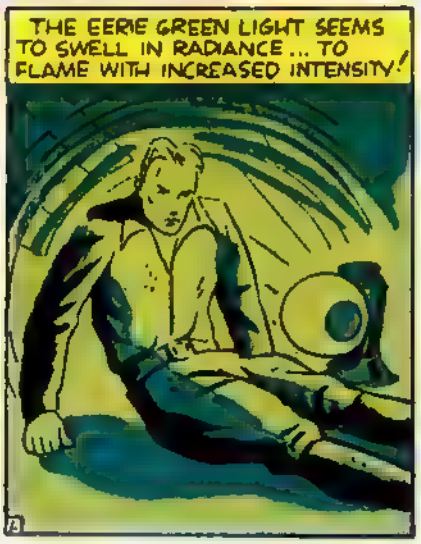
THE GREEN LANTERN
OUT IN THE GREAT WEST, A TRAIN MAKES A TEST CROSSING OVER A NEWLY CONSTRUCTED TRESTLE BRIDGE.
BY MART DELLON AND BILL FINGER

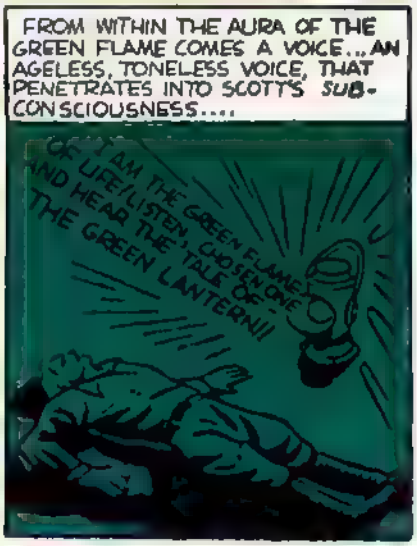

IN THE CAB, IS ALAN SCOTT, YOUNG ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF CONSTRUCTION..
I TELL YOU, SCOTT, I'M WORRIED DEKKER ISN'T ONE TO TAKE IT LYING DOWN. HE'LL TRY SOMETHING... HE'S DANGEROUS!
NONSENSE! JUST BECAUSE MY COMPANY'S BID TO BUILD THIS BRIDGE WAS CHOSEN BY THE GOVERNMENT INSTEAD OF DEKKER'S IS NO REASON FOR REVENGE! HE WON'T TRY ANYTHING!


SUDDENLY... A DEAFENING BLAST, AND THE TRAIN HURTLES TO CERTAIN DESTRUCTION BELOW!

FROM THE WRECK RISES A STAGGERING FIGURE... ALAN SCOTT!
DEAD! ALL DEAD!... YET BY SOME STRANGE SORT OF MIRACLE I'M STILL ALIVE!


THIS LANTERN... I'M STILL HOLDING ONTO IT'... WHAT A QUEER LIGHT! FUNNY, I SUDDENLY FEEL DIZZY... GOING TO FAINT...


THE EERIE GREEN LIGHT SEEMS TO SWELL IN RADIANCE... TO FLAME WITH INCREASED INTENSITY!


FROM WITHIN THE AURA OF THE GREEN FLAME COMES A VOICE... AN AGELESS, TONELESS VOICE, THAT PENETRATES INTO SCOTT'S SUB-CONSCIOUSNESS....
I AM THE GREEN FLAME OF LIFE! LISTEN, CHOSEN ONE AND HEAR THE TALE OF THE GREEN LANTERN!!

THE TALE OF THE GREEN LANTERN

MANY YEARS AGO IN OLD CHINA, WHILE THE PEOPLE WERE AT THEIR EVENING PRAYERS, THEY SUDDENLY HEARD A GREAT RUSHING NOISE AND LOOKED UP TO SEE A HUGE FALLING METEOR

THE METEOR CRASHED, BROKE OPEN AND THERE IN THE HEART OF THE SHELL.. WAS A SMALL POOL OF FLAMING LIQUID METAL ..

TO THE AWESTRICKEN PEOPLE CAME A MESSAGE FROM THE STRANGE GREEN LIGHT.

THE FLAME... IT SPEAKS!

IT IS FROM THE EVIL ONE!

LISTEN!

THREE TIMES SHALL I FLAME GREEN! FIRST-TO BRING LIFE! SECOND-TO BRING DEATH! THIRD-TO BRING POWER!

ABRUPTLY, THE FLAME WENT OUT ... THE METAL BEGAN TO COOL

LOOK, CHANG, THE LAMP MAKER GOES TO TAKE THE FLAME!

IT'S COME.. JUST AS THE OLD BOOK SAID IT WOULD!

IT'S BAD, IT WILL BRING DOWN THE WRATH OF THE EVIL ONE!

CHANG IS THE EVIL ONE FOR HE READS OLD VOLUMES ABOUT SORCERY!

LOOK, CHANG MAKES A LAMP FROM THE FIRE OF THE EVIL ONE

OUR VILLAGE WILL SUFFER MUCH, SHOULD THE GODS BE ANGRY! WE MUST RID OURSELVES OF CHANG AND THE LAMP!

DEATH TO CHANG!

BURN THE EVIL BOOKS!

DIE, DEMON!

SUDDENLY FROM THE LAMP, AN EERIE GREEN LIGHT!

THE GREEN LAMP!

AAGH! FLAME!

THE PROPHESY OF THE FLAME!

THREE TIMES SHALL I FLAME GREEN! FIRST-TO BRING DEATH!

FROM THEN ON THE LAMP PASSED THROUGH MANY HANDS ON ITS TRAVELS, CURIOUSLY HOWEVER, TO THE BAD, IT BROUGHT DESTRUCTION TO THE GOOD LUCK AND FORTUNE!

AT LAST ONE DAY, IT APPEARED IN AMERICA OUTSIDE AN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE!

JOE, LOOK AT THIS CURIOUS OLD CHINESE LAMP! WHAT A QUEER GREEN COLOR!

LETS GIVE IT TO OLD BILLINGS, HES A HARMLESS OLD COOT WHO MAKES LANTERNS OUT OF METAL - HE'D LIKE THIS GREEN LAMP!

TAKING THE OLD CHINESE LAMP THE PATIENT TRANSFORMS IT INTO A MODERN TRAIN LANTERN

WHAT A PRETTY GREEN LANTERN! IT WILL GIVE A LOVELY LIGHT. A LOVELY GREEN LIGHT!

AS THE WICK FLAMES, THE LIGHT SWELLS. TILL IT SEEMS TO FILL EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THE ROOM.

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL SO QUEER I....

THREE TIMES SHALL I FLAME GREEN! SECOND - TO BRING LIFE!

WHY... WHAT AM I DOING HERE? I SHOULD BE AT MY OFFICE! WHERE AM I?

AND OUT OF THE ASYLUM WALKS A SANE MAN TO A NEW LIFE.. THE LANTERN HAS FULFILLED ITS SECOND PROPHESY..

I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME WHILE I WAS HERE!

FORGET ABOUT BEING HERE WHEN YOU GO OUT NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD A NEW EXISTANCE ... A **NEW LIFE**

AND NOW FATE STRETCHED OUT HER LONG ARM AND BROUGHT THE LANTERN TO ALAN SCOTT!

YOU HAVE HEARD THE TALE OF THE GREEN LANTERN! NOW TO YOU I BRING FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHESY... THIRD - TO BRING POWER!

FOR I AM THE FLAME OF LIFE! GREEN, AS ARE THE PLANTS, THE GROWING THINGS!

YOU, WHO ARE TO HAVE THIS POWER, YOU MUST USE IT TO END EVIL! THE LIGHT OF THE GREEN LANTERN MUST BE SHED OVER THE DARK, EVIL THINGS.. FOR, THE DARK EVIL THINGS CANNOT STAND LIGHT!

POWER SHALL BE YOURS, IF YOU HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF. LOSE THAT FAITH AND YOU LOSE THE ENERGETIC POWER OF THE GREEN LANTERN, FOR WILL POWER IS THE FLAME OF THE GREEN LANTERN!

TO HAVE THE POWER, MUST I ALWAYS CARRY THE GREEN LANTERN WITH ME?
IT WOULD BE WELL FOR YOU TO UTILIZE PART TO MAKE A RING--A RING WITH MY FLAME! TO RENEW ITS POWER, THE RING MUST TOUCH THE GREEN LANTERN ONCE EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!
WITH THIS LAST WORD, THE LIGHT FADES UNTIL ONLY A TINY, CONSTANT FLAME IS LEFT IN THE WICK...
THE GREEN LANTERN TO SHED LIGHT UPON - DARK EVIL!
WHAT A MAD DREAM...OR WAS IT A DREAM? COULD IT HAVE REALLY HAPPENED?
THERE'S THE LANTERN... STRANGE LOOKING... FUNNY I NEVER NOTICED THAT BEFORE!
ALAN SCOTT IS AWARE OF A SUDDEN SURGE OF ENERGY!
MY BODY... WHEN I TOUCH THE LAMP IT GLOWS WITH ENERGY! I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE! THEN IT WAS TRUE... TRUE!
THINKING ABOUT THE LANTERN MADE ME FORGET ABOUT THE WRECK! ALL THESE MEN DEAD! WHY?
JIMMY, YOU SAID DEKKER MIGHT TRY SOMETHING... THAT HE WANTED THE BID TO BUILD THIS BRIDGE... NOW HE'LL GET HIS WISH!
....IF DEKKER SIGNS HIS NAME TO THE TRANSACTION, HE WON'T BE SIGNING IN INK... BUT IN BLOOD!... THE BLOOD OF THESE BROKEN BODIES!

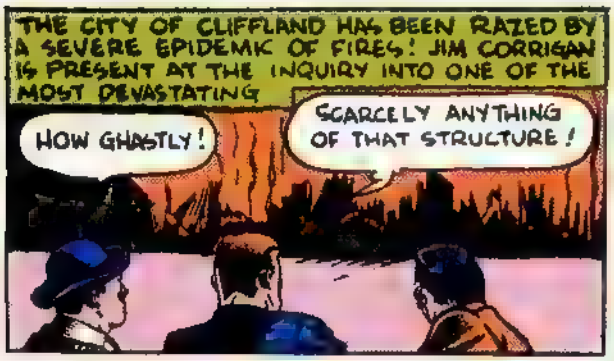
DAZED...SHOCKED...ALAN REELS HOMEWARD...A MAD LIGHT IN HIS EYES...REVENGE IN HIS HEART!
I'LL GET YOU DEKKER! I'LL GET YOU! THE GREEN LANTERN WILL HELP ME! THE GREEN LANTERN!
HIS TORTURED, FEVERISH MIND SETS NIMBLE FINGERS TO WORK.
A RING!...THE GREEN LANTERN SAID TO MAKE A RING...A RING MADE OF PART OF ITS METAL! A RING WITH A GREEN F AME!
AT LAST... THE EMBLEM OF A MIGHTY SCOURGE OF EVIL...
COLD SANITY REPLACES THE CRAZED LOOK AS THE RING SLIPS ON HIS FINGER!
WHY, I MUST HAVE BEEN MAD! I WANTED TO KILL A MAN...DEKKER! NO! I MUST FIGHT HIM ANOTHER WAY!
THE POWER OF THE RING! I MUST TRY IT OUT! I'D LIKE TO....
ABRUPTLY, ALAN'S BODY STREAKS WITH THE SPEED OF THE LIGHT IN WHICH IT IS ENVELOPED!
WHA?...I WISHED I COULD FLY TO DEKKER...AND I'M DOING IT! THE GREEN LANTERN SAID ALL I NEEDED WAS WILL-POWER!
DEKKER'S PLACE!
I WONDER IF I HAVE THE POWER OF GOING THROUGH THE FOURTH DIMENSION.... TO BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH OBJECTS! I'LL TRY IT!...

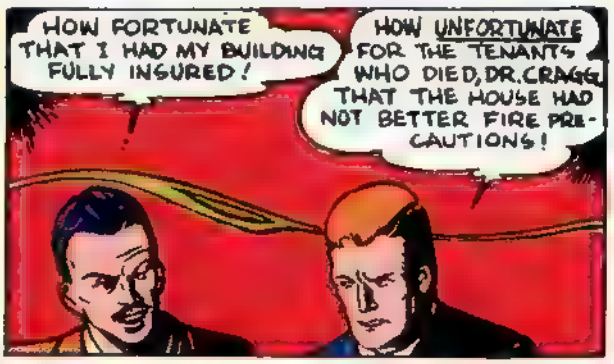
LIKE A PHANTOM, ALAN'S FIGURE BEGINS TO FADE THROUGH THE WALL AND OUT OF SIGHT!
YOU BOYS DID A SWEET JOB IN BLOWING UP THE BRIDGE! NOW THE GOVERNMENT WILL TAKE MY BID! I'LL MAKE SOME NICE DOUGH ON THE DEAL!... YESSIR.... NICE DOUGH!
BOSS.. LOOK! A GREEN LIGHT! COMIN' THROUGH THE WALL!
WHAT?
HUH?
A WRAITHLIKE FIGURE BEGINS TO FORM...
LOOK! THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE LIGHT!
A GHOST... THAT'S WHAT IT IS... A GHOST!
IT LOOKS LIKE...
ALAN SCOTT!... THE ENGINEER!
HE SHOULD BE DEAD IN THE WRECK. IT'S A GHOST!
FOOLS!... HE'S NO GHOST! IT'S A TRICK! SHOOT HIM!
THIS'LL FIX YOU!
HE DON'T FALL! HE AIN'T HUMAN!
HE MUST BE WEARING A BULLET-PROOF VEST.. CLUB HIM DOWN
ODDLY ENOUGH, THE STEEL KNIFE HAS NO EFFECT UPON ALAN'S BODY.....
HUH? IT BROKE!

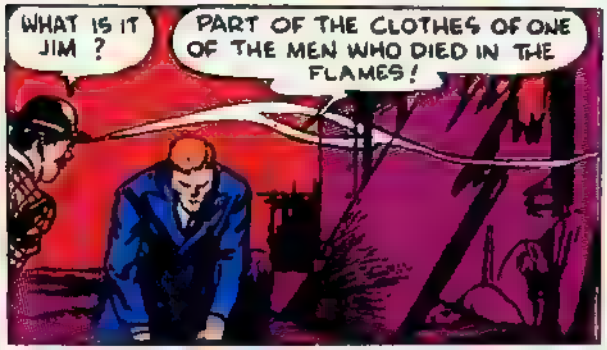
BUT, IT IS THE WOODEN CLUB WHICH DOWNS HIM!
THAT GOT HIM!
CURIOUS... LEAD BULLETS AND STEEL KNIVES DON'T GET ME... BUT WOOD DOES! GUESS I'M ONLY IMMUNE TO METALS!
I ALSO SEEM TO POSSESS ONLY MY NORMAL STRENGTH!...
....HOWEVER, THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH BEFORE.. SO I GUESS IT WILL DO ME IN THE FUTURE!
EH, BUDDY?
I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
DON'T RUN AWAY BOYS, LET'S PLAY SOME MORE!
NOW I'M GOING TO WORK ON YOU, DEKKER!
NOW.. NOW.. DON'T BE HASTY! I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY, I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND! I'LL..
OKAY, CHUM. JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I VALUE OUR FRIENDSHIP, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU FOR A LITTLE RIDE!
ULP!

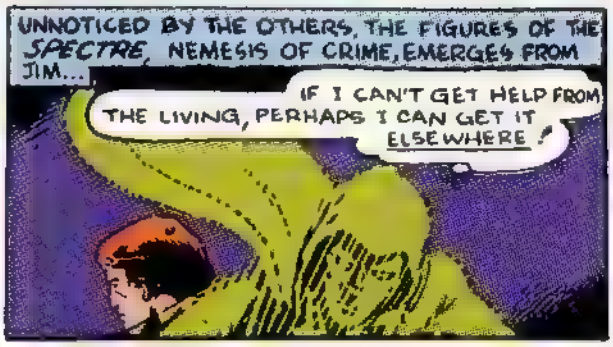
OUT AND UP OVER THE GROUND HURTLES THE STREAKING FIGURES!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE VIEW, DEKKER?
F-F-FINE...
DEKKER, TAKE A LAST LOOK AT THE SKY... 'CAUSE WHEN I DROP YOU YOU WON'T SEE ANYTHING AGAIN--EVER!
D-DON'T... I'LL CONFESS I DID IT... I'LL MAKE GOOD YOUR COMPANY'S LOSS... DON'T DROP ME...PLEASE!
I'M SIGNING! I'M SIGNIN.... OOH-H.
DEAD!...THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM! HE'S PAID FOR THE LIVES LOST IN THE WRECK!
THAT'S IT, DEKKER, A NICE FULL CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL!
SOMEHOW I FEEL AS IF DESTINY HAS TAKEN HOLD OF MY LIFE... THAT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING...THAT I MUST CONTINUE TO FIGHT AGAINST EVIL!
--AND I SHALL SHED MY LIGHT OVER DARK EVIL... FOR, THE DARK THINGS CANNOT STAND THE LIGHT. THE LIGHT OF THE GREEN LANTERN!
IN HIS SANCTUM, ALAN PREPARES FOR A NEW CAREER.
IF I MUST FIGHT EVIL BEINGS, I MUST MAKE MYSELF A DREADED FIGURE! I MUST HAVE A COSTUME THAT IS SO BIZARRE THAT ONCE I AM SEEN I WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!
THE MAN WHO SUDDENLY APPEARS OUT OF NOTHINGNESS WHENEVER AND WHEREVER THERE IS A WRONG TO BE RIGHTED-
THE GREEN LANTERN!
FOLLOW HIS FURTHER WEIRD AND EXCITING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS

NO ONE KNOWS THAT *JIM CORRIGAN*, HARD-FISTED DETECTIVE, IS IN REALITY THE EARTHBOUND *SPECTRE*, WHOSE MISSION IS TO RID THIS WORLD OF CRIME.....



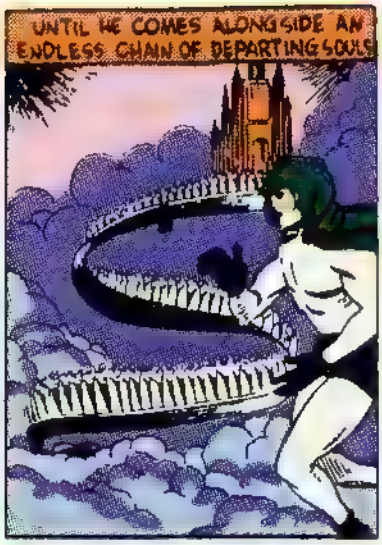




* The Spectre, in order to become the Spectre, had to go through the grimmest origin process of any super-hero: he had to be murdered.

UP THRU THE BLACK SPACE ZOOMS THE FANTASTIC FIGURE OF THE MAN OF DARKNESS...


UNTIL HE COMES ALONGSIDE AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF DEPARTING SOULS

HE CONFRONTS THEM WITH THE PIECE OF MATERIAL HE SALVAGED FROM THE RUINS...
YOU WHO ONCE WORE THIS CLOTH- I MUST COMMUNE WITH YOU!
SPEAK!

WAS THAT APARTMENT FIRE ACCIDENTAL?
NO! IT WAS DELIBERATELY SET! BEFORE I DIED I GLIMPSED THE FIRE-BUG!

THANK YOU FOR THE INFORMATION! I ASSURE YOU THAT THE COLD-BLOODED KILLERS RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR DEATH WILL PAY FOR THEIR SINS!

ANYTHING TO REPORT, JIM?
NOTHING AT ALL CHIEF!

BUT THAT EVENING WITHIN JIM'S APARTMENT, THE SPECTRE SITS PATIENTLY WAITING--WAITING

TIME TO ACT!

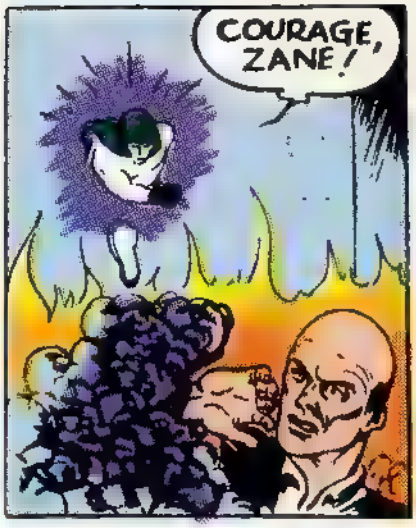
THRU' STYGIAN NIGHT ROCKETS THE SPECTRE ON ERRAND THAT BODES ILL FOR THE FORCES OF EVIL..
LATER.. DOWN HE PLUMMETS INTO A GREAT WAREHOUSE
ANOTHER SECOND AN I'LL HAVE DE PLACE BURN.....
W-WHAT IN THE..?
SWEAT ON YOUR BROW-- YOUR HANDS TREMBLING! FELLA YOU'RE SCARED!
FRIGHTENED HALF OUT OF HIS WITS, THE FIRE-BUG DASHES AWAY
A G-GHOST!
INTO HIS CAR AND OFF SPEEDS THE THUG..
I THINK I'LL TAG ALONG!
LATER..
HOW'D THE WAREHOUSE LOOK IN FLAMES - PRETTY?
PETE! SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED! AWFUL-TERRIBLE I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

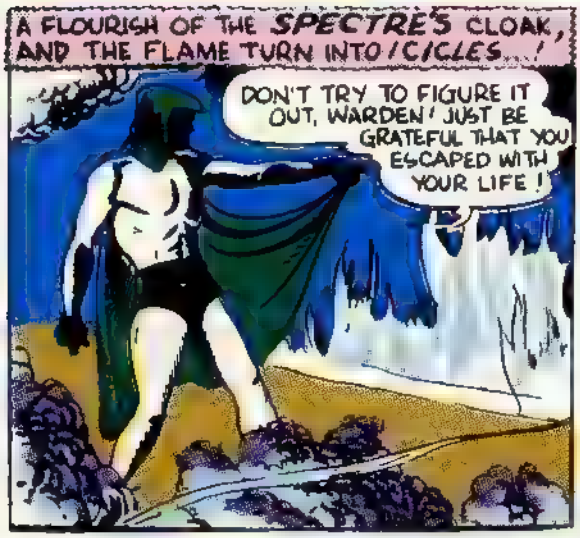
STOP SPUTTERING! WHAT HAPPENED?
AS I WAS STARTIN' THE FIRE - A SPOOK POPPED RIGHT OUTA THE AIR! I RAN LIKE BLAZES!
YOU DRUNKEN FOOL! EXPECTING ME TO SWALLOW SUCH A STORY!
INVISIBLE, THE SPECTRE ENTERS THE ROOM...
...AND THE NEXT INSTANT - MATERIALIZES...
STILL DOUBT HIM?
WHAT THE..?
A GHOST, EH? BUNK! THESE BULLETS WILL-- THEY'RE GOING THRU' YOU - WHY DON'T YOU DIE?
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BULLETS, PAL!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE-- HEY! MY FEET WON'T MOVE!
BECAUSE I WILLED IT SO!
THERE ARE SOME QUESTIONS I'D LIKE ANSWERED - IF YOU'LL...
YOU'LL GET NOTHIN' OUTTA ME!
SUIT YOURSELF! BUT YOU WILL REMAIN PARALYSED THIS WAY FOREVER! GOOD BYE!
DON'T GO! I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!

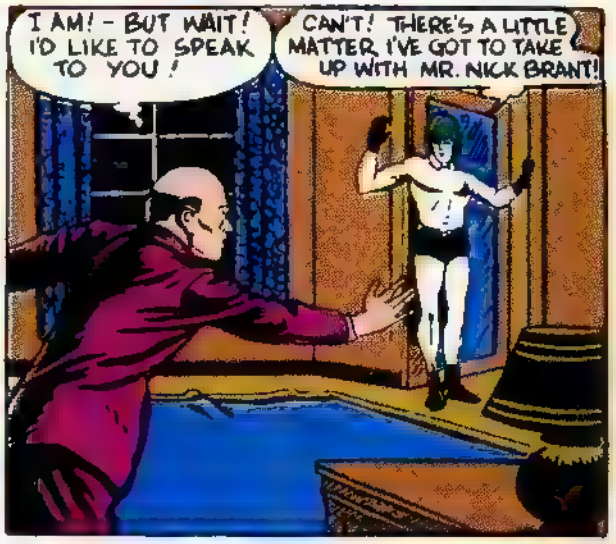
WHO HIRED YOU TO SET THAT FIRE?
NICK BRANT! BUT HE'S ONLY A HIRELING OF THE MAN HIGHER-UP WHOSE IDENTITY I DON'T KNOW!
ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN TELL ME?
YES! NICK'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THE FIRE WARDEN, TONIGHT!
AT THAT MOMENT---IN FIRE WARDEN ZANE'S HOUSE
LISTEN TO REASON! ABANDON THAT FIRE QUIZ AN' THERE'LL BE PLENTY IN IT FOR YOU!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH!
I DON'T LIKE CROOKS AND MURDERS! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!
BUT INSTEAD OF LEAVING, BATES TURNS AND..
UHG!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO PLAY ALONG ---NOW YOU'LL SOON BE PLAYING A HARD-SUCKER!
NOW FRY!

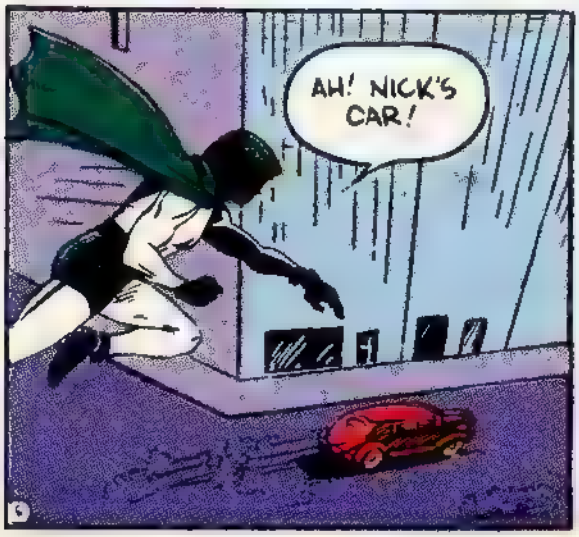
TOWARD ZANE'S HOME STREAKS THE SPECTRE IN ONE OF HIS AMAZING DISGUISES-A COMET!

AS THE FIRE WARDEN REVIVES..
THE SMOKE— I'M STRANGLING!


COURAGE, ZANE!


A FLOURISH OF THE SPECTRE'S CLOAK, AND THE FLAME TURN INTO ICICLES...!
DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT, WARDEN! JUST BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU ESCAPED WITH YOUR LIFE!


I AM! - BUT WAIT! I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU!
CAN'T! THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER I'VE GOT TO TAKE UP WITH MR. NICK BRANT!


AH! NICK'S CAR!

NOW TO GIVE BRANT THE SCARE OF HIS LIFE!

THE SPECTRE ALIGHTS UPON THE ROAD BEFORE THE CAR AND CALMLY AWAITS ITS APPROACH
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT GUY ON THE ROAD — I THINK I'LL KNOCK HIM ON HIS EAR!
BUT AS THE CAR NEARS HIM, THE SPECTRE'S FIGURE SWELLS TO GIGANTIC HEIGHT..
?
TERRIFIED, NICK FRANTICALLY TRIES TO DODGE THE MAN OF DARKNESS!
SORRY, NICK! BUT NO GO!
AND JUST AS THE SPECTRE BRINGS HIS FOOT DOWN ON THE CAR, NICK LEAPS OUT..
IN A HURRY, NICK?
D-DON'T TOUCH M-ME!
SUPPOSE YOU AND I TALK, EH?
HELP!

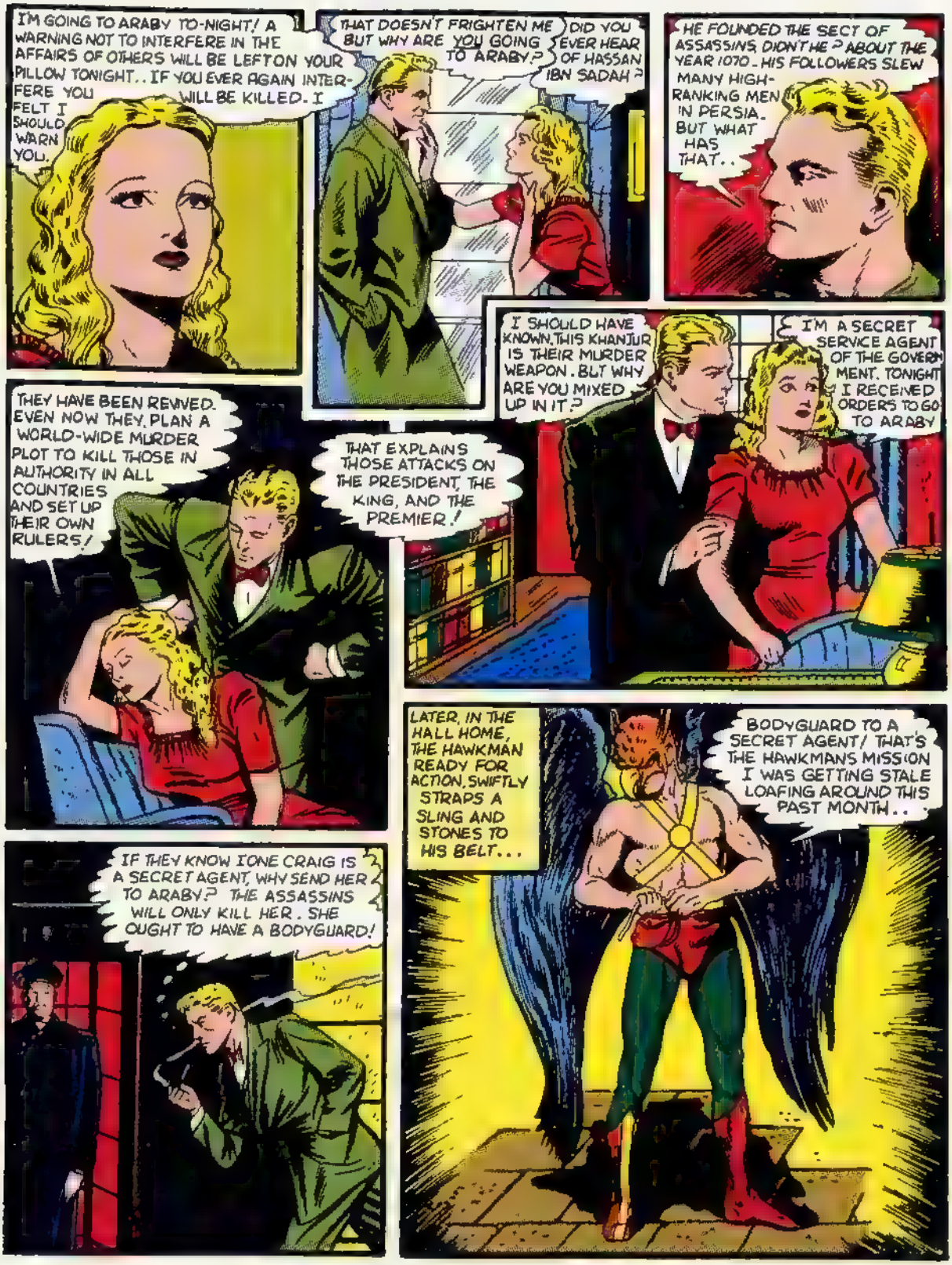
YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR YOUR MISDEEDS, NICK! ANY LAST WORDS?
I'M NOT TELLIN' YOU A THING!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, BRANT! I HAVE MY OWN METHODS OF FINDING THINGS OUT! I'M GOING TO PROBE YOUR MIND!
NICK'S HEAD VANISHES - LEAVING ONLY A BRAIN FLOATING ABOVE THE GANGSTER SHOULDERS
I CAN READ YOUR KNOWLEDGE IN THE THOUGHT IMPRESSIONS ON YOUR BRAIN!
AT LAST I KNOW WHO IS BEHIND THESE FIENDISH DEPREDATIONS!
BUT INSTEAD OF HEADING TO THE CHIEF CONSPIRATOR'S HIDEOUT, THE SPECTRE SPEEDS TO A SCENE OF A TENEMENT FIRE....
BUT ATOP THE FLAMING TENEMENT...
HELP! MY BABY- - YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE MY BABY!
ABRUPTLY--- THE ROOF GIVES WAY, AND COMMENCES TO CRASH TOWARD EARTH...
GOOD LORD!
THE ROOF HAS GIVEN WAY...!
THEY'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!

OVER THE CROWDS HEADS LEAPS THE SPECTRE...
...AS HE GESTURES, THE WRECKAGE STOPS FALLING AND REMAINS MOTIONLESS IN THE AIR...
SAVE US! SAVE US!
LOOK! THE ROOF HAS STOPPED FALLING!
IT'S A MIRACLE!
THEN, AS THE SPECTRE POINTS, A RAY OF LIGHT FALLS UPON THE WOMAN AND THE BABY
HELD IN THE GRIP OF THE RAY, THE PAIR ARE SLOWLY AND SAFELY LOWERED TO EARTH
WE'RE SAFE! THANK THE LORD!
THEY'RE SAVED
IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT FANTASTIC MAN...
W-WHY HE'S DISAPPEARED!
THE HAIR-RAISING RESCUE SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED, THE SPECTRE RESUMES HIS FLIGHT TO ATTEND TO THE MONSTER, BEHIND THE FIRE
IT'S GOING TO BE A SHOWDOWN NOW!

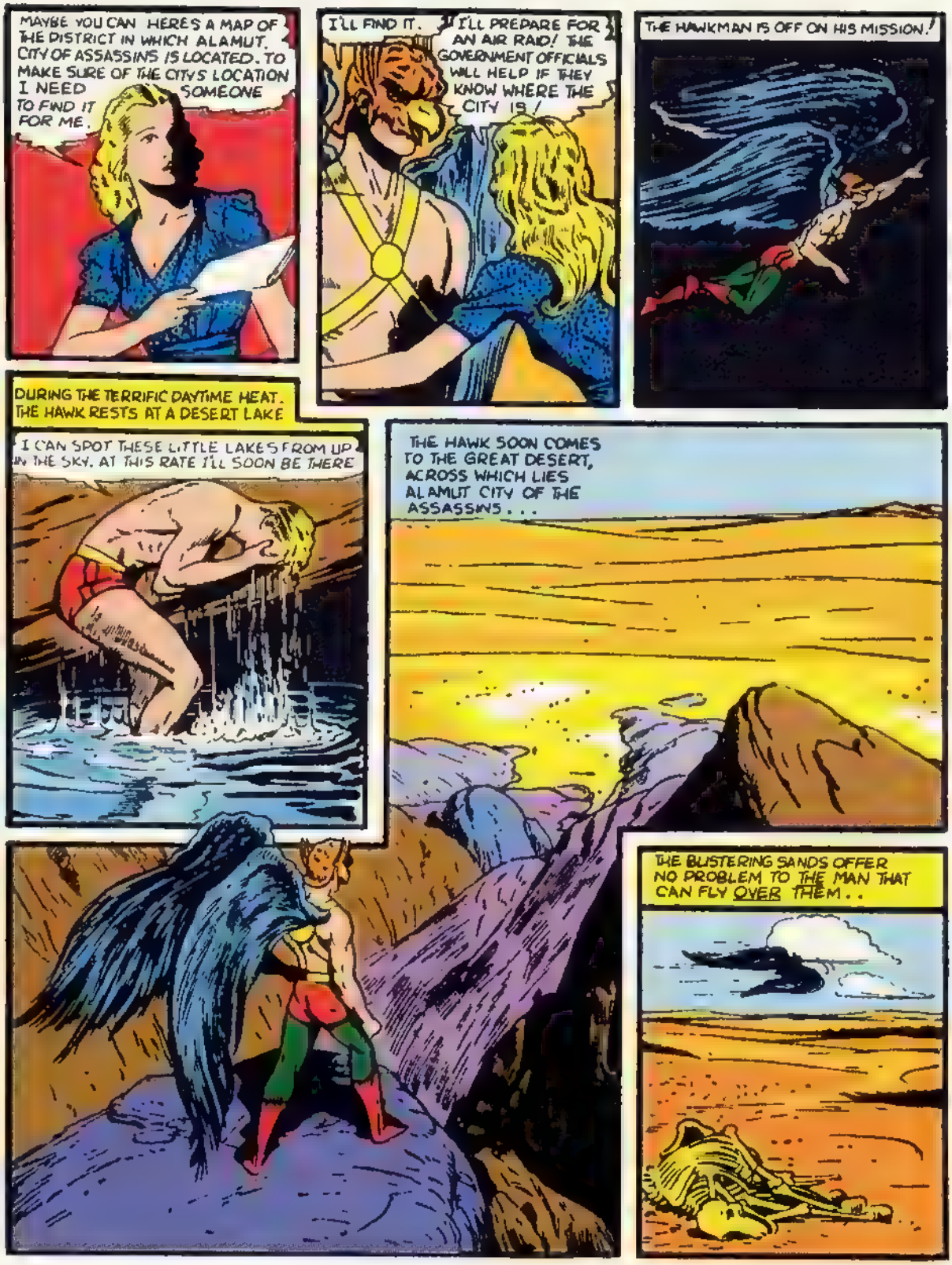
UPON REACHING HIS DESTINATION THE SPECTRE RESUMES HIS GUISE AS JIM CORRIGAN. . .
DARK - EXCEPT FOR A LIGHT IN THE LABORATORY!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY INTRUDING LIKE THIS? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT YOU, DR. CRAGG! FOR ARSON!
YOU'RE MAD!
DON'T DENY IT! YOU DELIBERATELY SET YOUR DEPRECIATING PROPERTIES AFIRE TO COLLECT INSURANCE! THE FACT THAT LIVES WOULD BE LOST, DIDN'T DETER YOU!
ENRAGED THE DOCTOR PICKS UP A TEST TUBE CONTAINING A DEADLY EXPLOSIVE, AND HURLS IT AT JIM...
YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO PROVE IT!
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF HIM - THANKS TO THAT LIQUID EXPLOSIVE!
W-WHO...?
SOME CALL ME THE SPECTRE!
LOOK INTO MY EYES! LOOK DEEP! SEE THE FACES OF THOSE WHO DIED BECAUSE OF YOU! THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOU, DR CRAGG -- JOIN THEM!
A SCREECH... AND DR. CRAGG COLLAPSES... DEAD!
ONE LESS VERMIN TO PERIL DECENCY BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO NEED MY ATTENTION - AND THE SPECTRE IS READY!
FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THIS NEW AMAZING COMIC STRIP CHARACTER WHICH IS THRILLING THOUSANDS.. READ EVERY ISSUE OF MORE FUN COMICS!

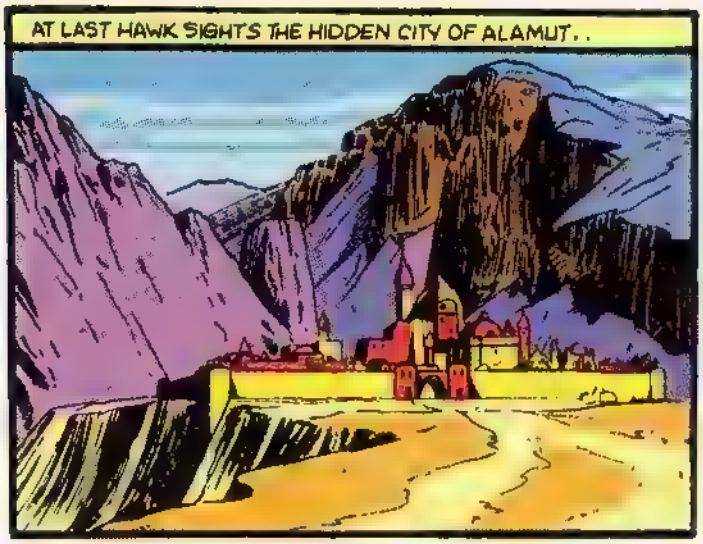
HAWKMAN
by Shelly
ANOTHER EPISODE OF THE WINGED PHANTOM OF THE NIGHT WHO FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL HAS FOUGHT THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE AGAINST THE FORCE OF EVIL. THE HAWKMAN FIGHTS THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT WITH WEAPONS OF THE PAST . . .
2¢ DAILY RECORD 2¢
ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT
ATTACKER IS CAUGHT
AT 3 P.M. YESTERDAY, AN ATTACK BY A FANATICAL EASTERNER ON THE PRESIDENT WAS
ATTEMPTE
G-MEN HA
BEEN CA
IT WAS
IN RELA
CARTER HALL - THE HAWKMAN READS THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS WITH GREAT INTEREST.
STRANGE THIS ATTACK ONE WAS MADE LAST MONTH ON THE KING OF EMPORIA, AND BEFORE THAT AN ATTACK ON THE PREMIER OF FRAPPE! I WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND THEM..
LATER THAT NIGHT DURING THE INTERMISSION AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE . . .
AH! THIS FRESH AIR FEELS GOOD!
..SAME SORT OF FELLOW THAT TRIED TO KILL THE PRESIDENT. MAYBE HE'S AFTER SOMEBODY.
ALLAH! Y'ALLAH! DIE!
THE CRAZED EASTERNER LEAPS FOR A YOUNG BLONDE GIRL . .
CARTER HALL INTERFERES!
THIS'LL HOLD YOU!

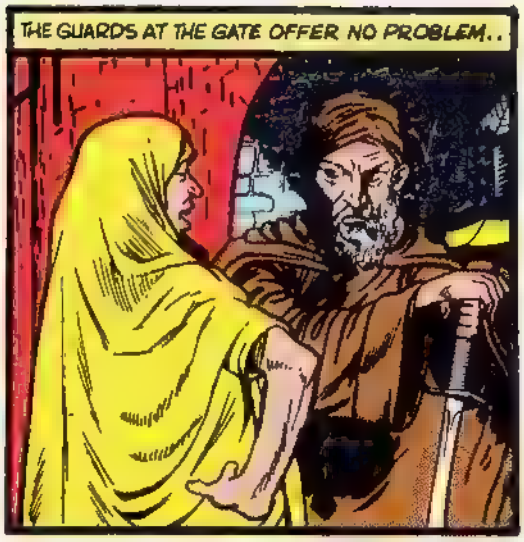
WELL, WELL! IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN THIS IS A KHANJUR!
HOW CAN YOU TELL WHAT THAT DAGGER IS? A KHANJUR, YOU SAID...
THAT'S RIGHT. BUT DON'T LETS TALK HERE. I WANT TO SEE THAT THE POLICE GET THIS WOULD-BE MURDER BEHIND BARS!
THE POLICE ARRIVE AND THE EASTERNER IS TAKEN AWAY!
MIGHTY LUCKY GIRL TO HAVE HAD YOU AROUND, MR. HALL
BUT WHEN HALL TURNS.. THE GIRL IS GONE..
FUNNY HER LEAVING. THERE'S SOMETHING BIG BEHIND ALL THIS MYSTERY.
GOING BACK INTO THE OPERA-HOUSE. A CARD SUDDENLY POPS OUT OF HIS JACKET..
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?
ONE CRAIG PLAZA MANOR
Why not call tonight?
SHE MUST HAVE SLIPPED ME HER CARD WHILE SHE TALKED TO ME IN THE LOBBY. I WONDER HOW SHE'S CONNECTED WITH THESE ATTACKS?
I CAME, YOU SEE!
YES, I'M GLAD. I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GET FURTHER MIXED UP IN THIS TERRIBLE AFFAIR!

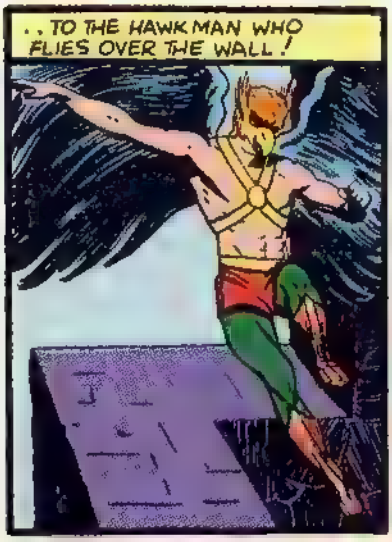

I'M GOING TO ARABY TO-NIGHT! A WARNING NOT TO INTERFERE IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHERS WILL BE LEFT ON YOUR PILLOW TONIGHT.. IF YOU EVER AGAIN INTERFERE YOU WILL BE KILLED. I FELT I SHOULD WARN YOU.
THAT DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME BUT WHY ARE YOU GOING TO ARABY?
DID YOU EVER HEAR OF HASSAN IBN SADAH?
HE FOUNDED THE SECT OF ASSASSINS, DIDN'T HE? ABOUT THE YEAR 1070 - HIS FOLLOWERS SLEW MANY HIGH-RANKING MEN IN PERSIA. BUT WHAT HAS THAT..
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. THIS KHANJUR IS THEIR MURDER WEAPON. BUT WHY ARE YOU MIXED UP IN IT?
I'M A SECRET SERVICE AGENT OF THE GOVERNMENT. TONIGHT I RECEIVED ORDERS TO GO TO ARABY
THEY HAVE BEEN REVIVED. EVEN NOW THEY PLAN A WORLD-WIDE MURDER PLOT TO KILL THOSE IN AUTHORITY IN ALL COUNTRIES AND SET UP THEIR OWN RULERS!
THAT EXPLAINS THOSE ATTACKS ON THE PRESIDENT, THE KING, AND THE PREMIER!
IF THEY KNOW I ONE CRAIG IS A SECRET AGENT, WHY SEND HER TO ARABY? THE ASSASSINS WILL ONLY KILL HER. SHE OUGHT TO HAVE A BODYGUARD!
LATER, IN THE HALL HOME, THE HAWKMAN READY FOR ACTION, SWIFTLY STRAPS A SLING AND STONES TO HIS BELT...
BODYGUARD TO A SECRET AGENT! THAT'S THE HAWKMANS MISSION I WAS GETTING STALE LOAFING AROUND THIS PAST MONTH..

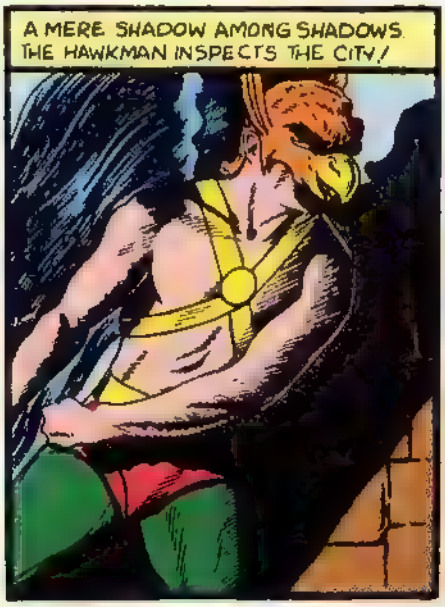
LIKE A FABLED BIRD, THE HAWKMAN FLIES AGAINST THE MOON..
MEANWHILE.. IONE CRAIG DEPARTS FOR ARABY..
DURING THE LONG DAYS..THE HAWK FLIES FAR OUT OVER THE OCEAN..
THE SAME BOAT THAT IONE SAILS ON HAS A CURIOUS STOWAWAY!
AND AT NIGHT HE ATTACHES HIMSELF TO THE STERN OF THE SHIP, AND FLOATS ALONG IN THE AIR BY MEANS OF THE GRAVITY-RESISTING NINTH METAL THAT FORMS HIS BELT
AT SHEPHEARDS HOTEL IN CAIRO..
SO FAR TO COME AND MY MISSION IS SO PERILOUS! I WISH I HAD SOMEONE TO TURN TO..
OH! WHO ARE YOU?
THE HAWKMAN! AT YOUR SERVICE, IONE CRAIG..
IONE FAILS TO RECOGNIZE CARTER HALL AS THE HAWKMAN!
YOU KNOW ME? BUT WHO ARE YOU?
YOUR BODYGUARD! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU IN YOUR FIGHT AGAINST THE ASSASSINS!

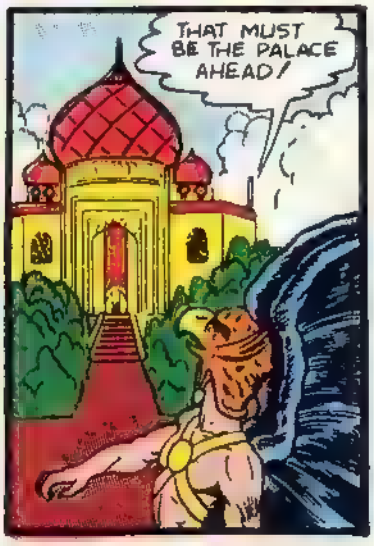

MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME. HERE'S A MAP OF THE DISTRICT IN WHICH ALAMUT, CITY OF ASSASSINS IS LOCATED. TO MAKE SURE OF THE CITY'S LOCATION I NEED SOMEONE TO FIND IT FOR ME.
I'LL FIND IT.
I'LL PREPARE FOR AN AIR RAID! THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WILL HELP IF THEY KNOW WHERE THE CITY IS!
THE HAWKMAN IS OFF ON HIS MISSION!
DURING THE TERRIFIC DAYTIME HEAT, THE HAWK RESTS AT A DESERT LAKE
I CAN SPOT THESE LITTLE LAKES FROM UP IN THE SKY. AT THIS RATE I'LL SOON BE THERE
THE HAWK SOON COMES TO THE GREAT DESERT, ACROSS WHICH LIES ALAMUT CITY OF THE ASSASSINS . . .
THE BLUSTERING SANDS OFFER NO PROBLEM TO THE MAN THAT CAN FLY OVER THEM . .


AT LAST HAWK SIGHTS THE HIDDEN CITY OF ALAMUT..


THE GUARDS AT THE GATE OFFER NO PROBLEM..


..TO THE HAWKMAN WHO FLIES OVER THE WALL!


A MERE SHADOW AMONG SHADOWS THE HAWKMAN INSPECTS THE CITY!


THAT MUST BE THE PALACE AHEAD!

BACK IN CAIRO IONE CRAIG WANDERS THROUGH THE SHOP DISTRICT.

SUDDENLY TWO ASSASSINS LEAP FROM A DARK STREET!!
OH!

HURRY! Y'ALLAH, HURRY.. EVEN WE CANNOT KIDNAP TOO OPENLY!

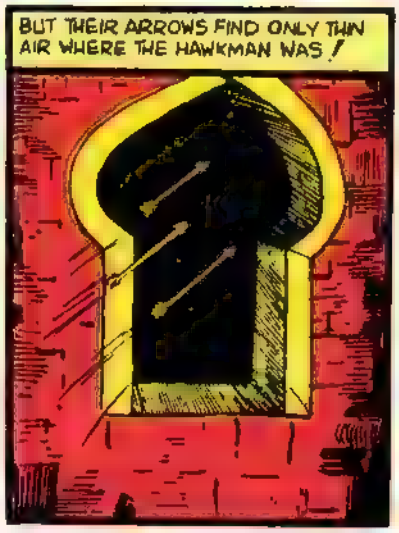
IN THE PALACE AT ALAMUT...
FETCH ABDUL BEN HATHOR. QUICK, ELSE I BEHEAD YOU.
OUR EFFORTS IN AMERICA, IN EMPORIA, AND IN FRAPPE ARE CLOSE TO SUCCESS/ SOON WE SHALL HAVE NEWS OF THE DEATHS OF THEIR LEADERS/
GOOD/ THEN I, HASSAN IBN SADAH, DESCENDANT OF MY MIGHTY ANCESTOR OF THE SAME NAME, SHALL PLACE MEN ON THRONES IN ALL THOSE COUNTRIES/
I..I SHALL BE THE FIRST RULER OF ALL THE WORLD/
A KEEN PAIR OF EYES WATCH THIS FANATICAL OUTBURST.
IF I CAN LAY LOW THAT HASSAN NUT/ I CAN END ALL THIS NONSENSE/
THE HAWKMAN'S ATTENTION IS DISTRACTED BY A NEW ARRIVAL/
O, MIGHTY HASSAN IBN SABAH. THIS IS THE AMERICAN SPY GIRL.. WE FOUND HER IN CAIRO..
A GOLDEN GIRL TO AMUSE ME/ WELL DONE.. SHE SHALL BECOME ONE OF MY WIVES.. HA-HA!!
HELP! HAWK! HAWK!
TENSE WITH ANGER. THE HAWK UNFURLS HIS SLING AND...
IONE IS TOO CLOSE TO HASSAN..MIGHT HIT HER. I'LL HAVE TO GET MR. HATHOR FIRST/

ABDUL BEN HATHOR, BECOMES A THING OF THE PAST WHEN THE HAWKMAN'S THROW IS GOOD..

TERRIFIED, HASSAN FINALLY SEES THE HAWKMAN HIGH ABOVE..

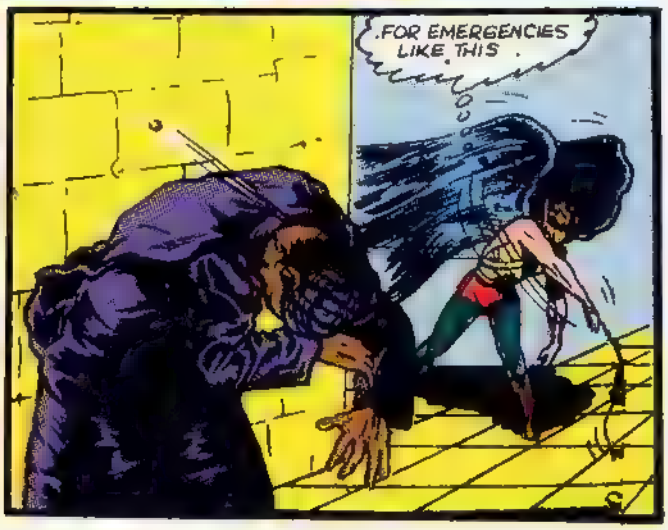
ARCHERS! ARCHERS! SHOOT THAT MAN!

THE ARCHERS ARRIVE ON THE RUN!


BUT THEIR ARROWS FIND ONLY THIN AIR WHERE THE HAWKMAN WAS!

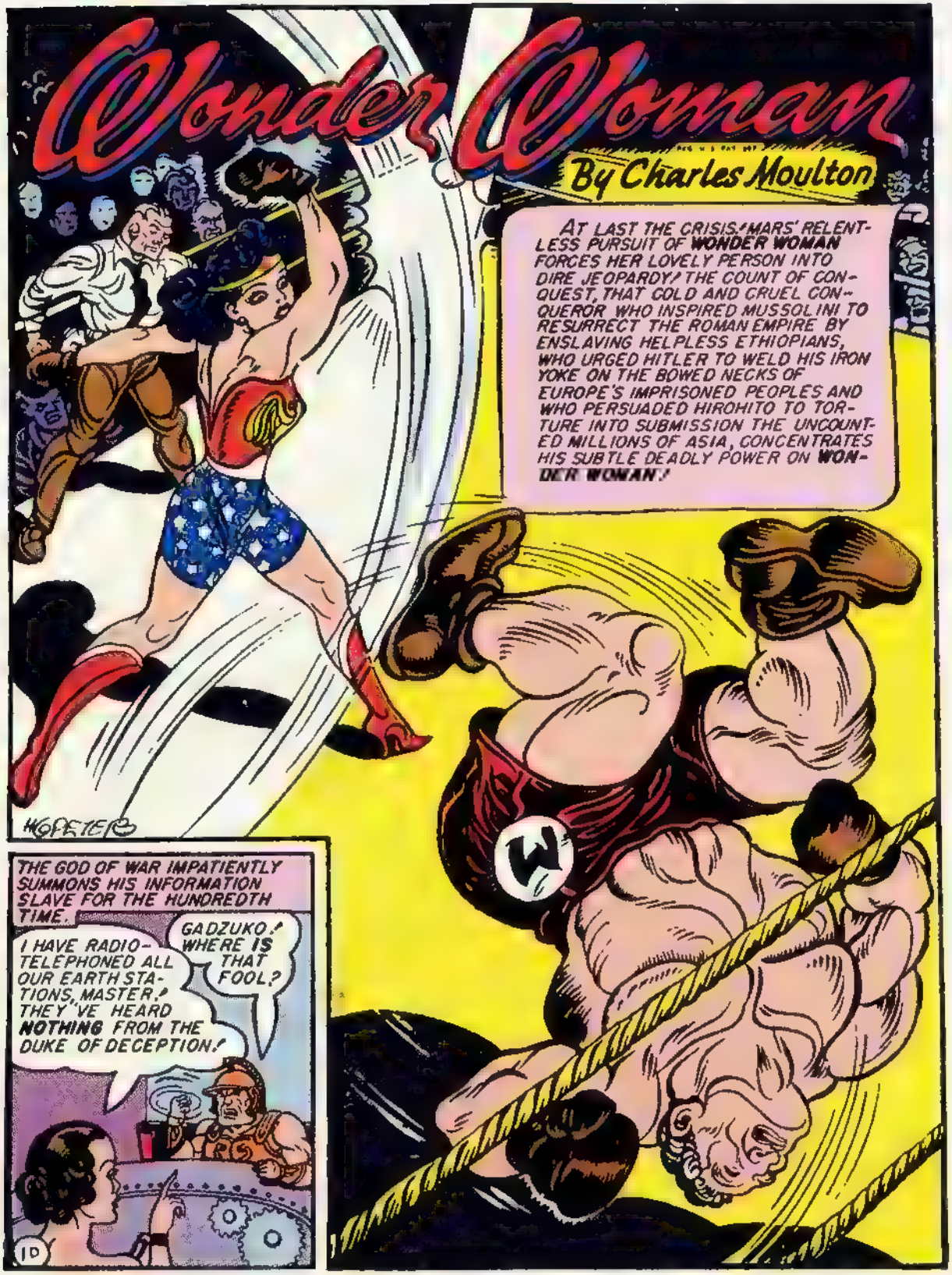
AS SOON AS IT'S DARK, I'M GOING IN AFTER IONE. THERE'S A BETTER CHANCE OF ESCAPE AT NIGHT..

THAT NIGHT..
I'LL HAVE MY SLING READY.
8

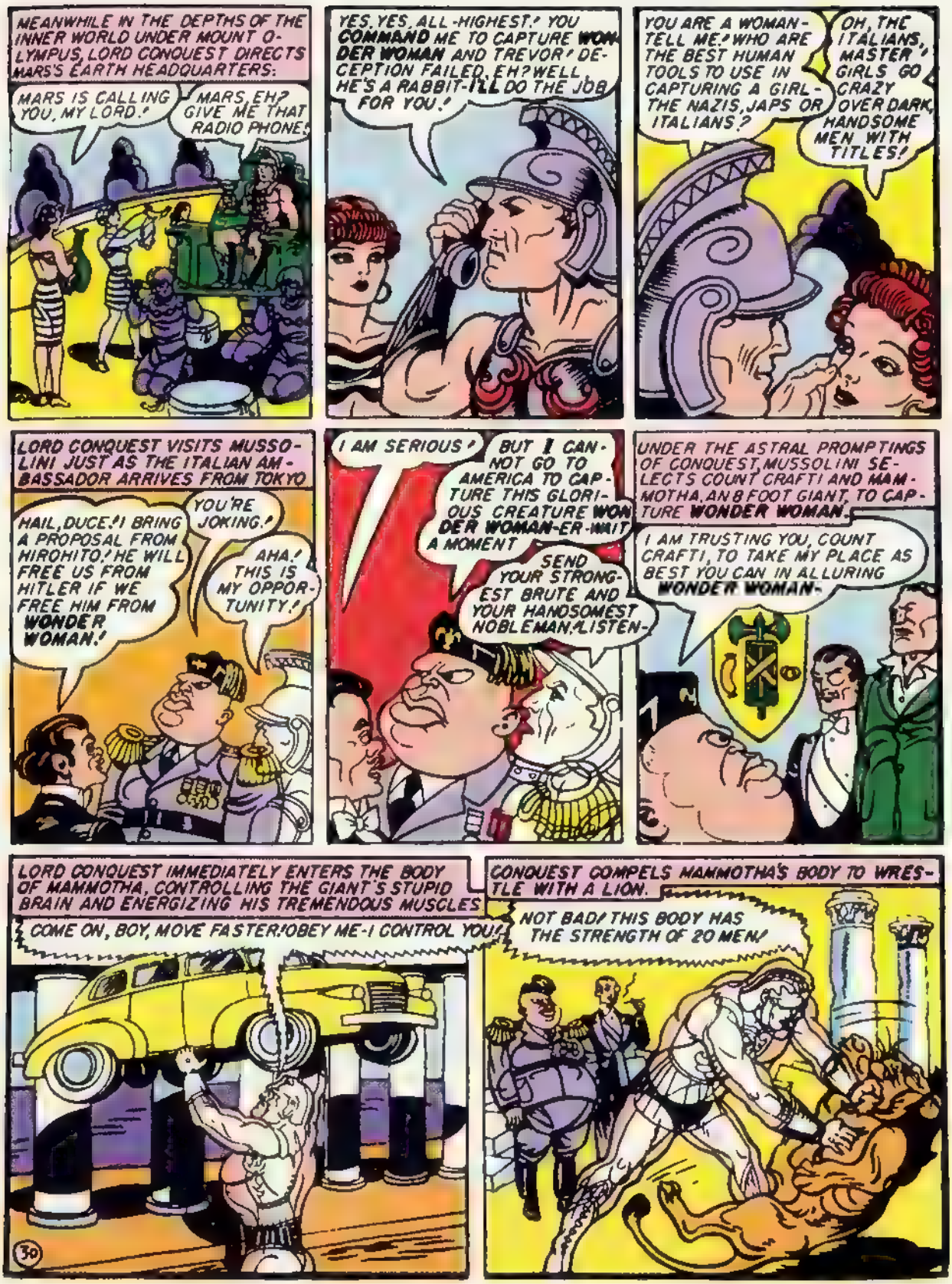

.FOR EMERGENCIES LIKE THIS.

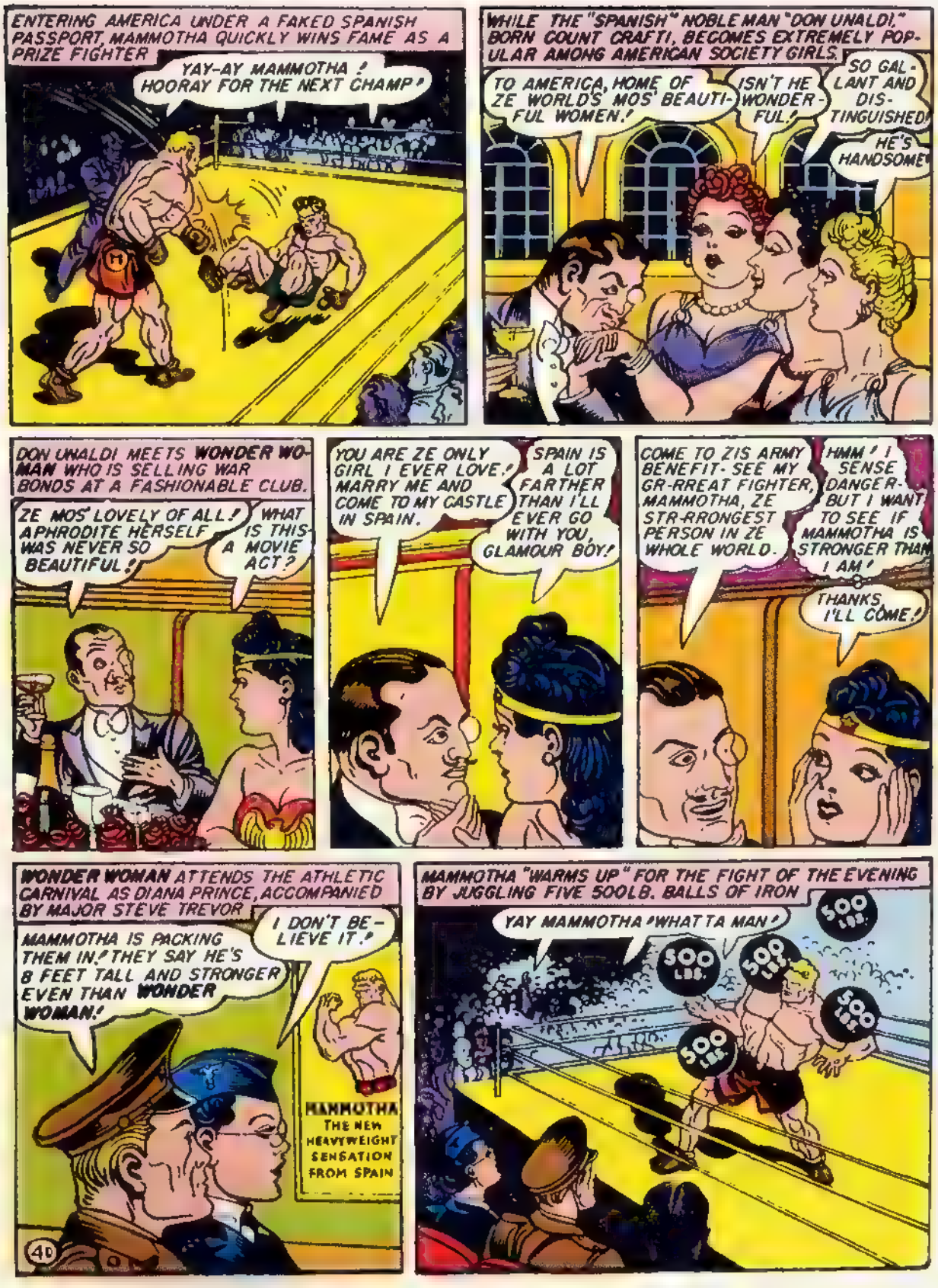
THE LAVISH FEASTING ROOM OF HASSAN IBN SABAH..
GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN.. SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR PARTY!
CHAINED TO THE WALL IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM..IONE THRILLS TO THE SIGHT OF THE HAWKMAN AGAINST A HUNDRED!
HASSAN IS OVERCOME WITH TERROR..
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
THE HAWK GRABS A HUGE SCIMITAR FROM THE WALL AND ADVANCES..
READY OR NOT- HERE I COME
..AGAINST HASSAN'S FIERCE GUARDS!!
THE HAWKMAN FIGHTS WITH THE POWER OF TEN MEN..
WAIT TILL I REALLY GET WARMED UP, BOYS.

THE HAWK FIGHTS HIS WAY ACROSS THE ROOM . .
. . AND SLASHES THE CHAINS THAT HOLD IONE !!
UP WE GO . .
. AND PAUSES ON THE WINDOW . .
THERE IS ONE TASK LEFT TO DO !
THE HAWK PLACES A STONE IN HIS SLING AND THROWS WITH ALL HIS HERCULEAN POWER !
HERE GOES EVERYTHING !
THE DEADLY MISSLE FLYS TRUE AND HASSAN IBN SABAH SINKS TO THE FLOOR . . DEAD . . .
SO ENDS ANOTHER ADVENTURE . THIS ONE WAS SHORT SWEET . . AND TO THE POINT !
Shelly
DON'T MISS THE ABSORBING TALES OF THE
HAWKMAN !
- WHO FIGHTS THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT WITH THE WEAPONS OF THE PAST !
COMPLETE IN EACH ISSUE OF
FLASH COMICS !!

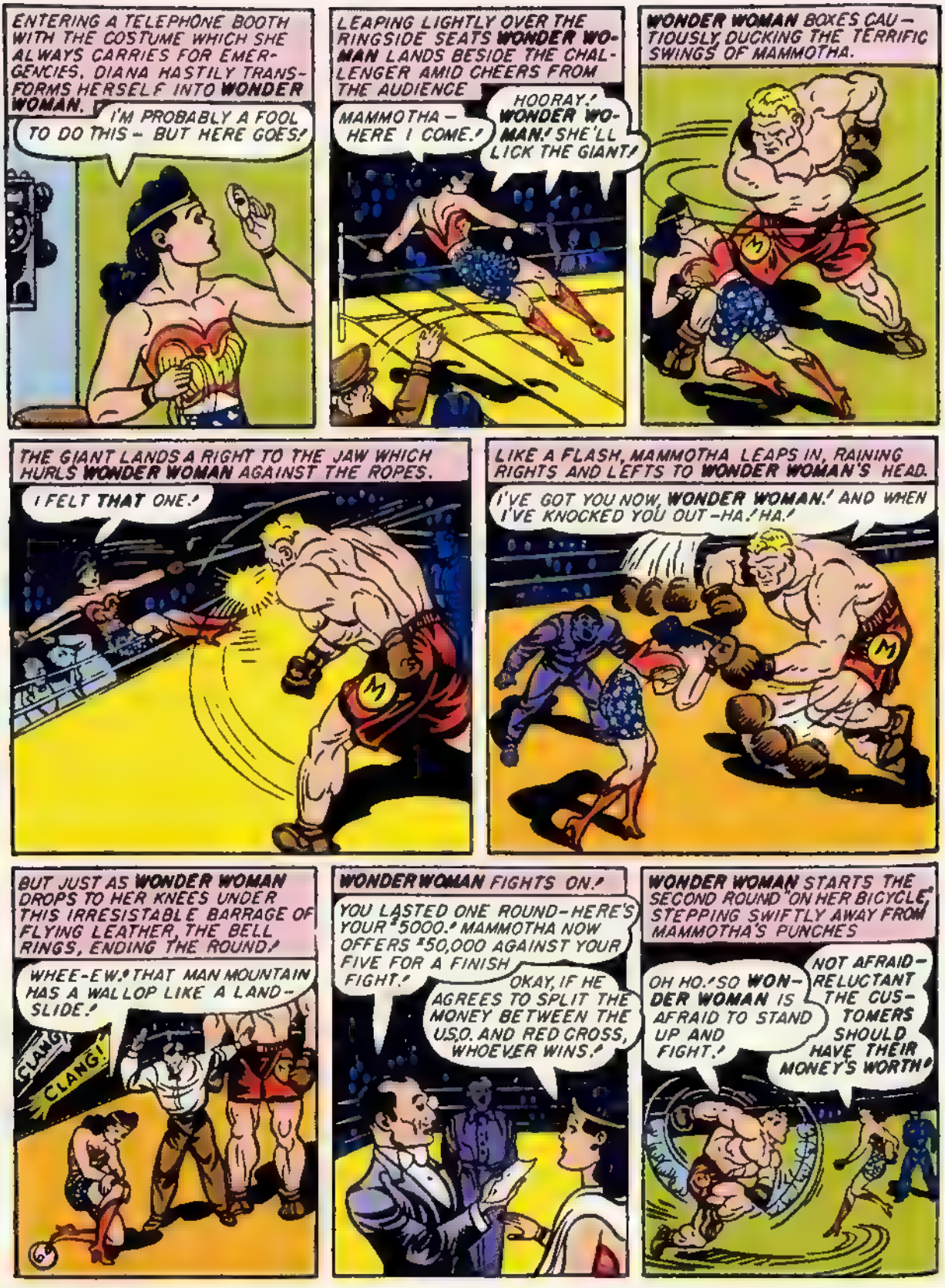

Wonder Woman
By Charles Moulton
AT LAST THE CRISIS! MARS' RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF WONDER WOMAN FORCES HER LOVELY PERSON INTO DIRE JEOPARDY! THE COUNT OF CONQUEST, THAT COLD AND CRUEL CONQUEROR WHO INSPIRED MUSSOLINI TO RESURRECT THE ROMAN EMPIRE BY ENSLAVING HELPLESS ETHIOPIANS, WHO URGED HITLER TO WELD HIS IRON YOKE ON THE BOWED NECKS OF EUROPE'S IMPRISONED PEOPLES AND WHO PERSUADED HIROHITO TO TORTURE INTO SUBMISSION THE UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF ASIA, CONCENTRATES HIS SUBTLE DEADLY POWER ON WONDER WOMAN!
HOPE
THE GOD OF WAR IMPATIENTLY SUMMONS HIS INFORMATION SLAVE FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME.
GADZUKO! WHERE IS THAT FOOL?
I HAVE RADIO-TELEPHONED ALL OUR EARTH STATIONS, MASTER! THEY'VE HEARD NOTHING FROM THE DUKE OF DECEPTION!
10

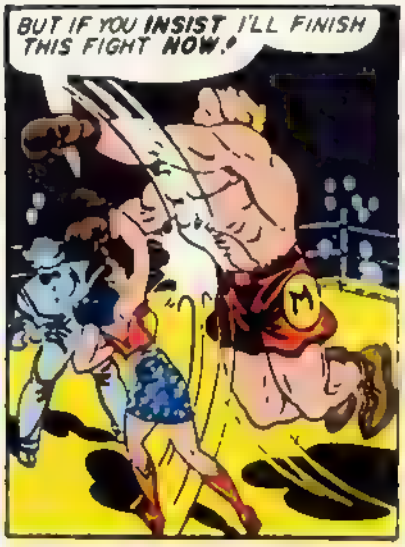
A CONVICT SHIP FULL OF WOMEN PRISONERS ARRIVED THIS MORNING, MASTER! IF THE DUKE HAS CAPTURED WONDER WOMAN.
SHE MAY BE ON THIS SHIP I'LL GO TO THE PRISON AND WATCH THE CAPTIVES BROUGHT IN!
A PRETTY PRISONER FAINTS AT SIGHT OF MARS
ZEUS HURL THIS WEAKLING TO HADES! IS MY FACE SO TERRIFYING THAT A GIRL CAN'T ENDURE LOOKING AT ME?
EE-EEK! OH! AWWK!
OH MY COLLAR IT'S CHOKING ME!
AS MARS LIFTS THE PRISONER'S DROOPING FORM DECEPTION HIMSELF EMERGES!
SO THIS IS ONE OF YOUR PHANTASMS YOU HOPED TO SNEAK BY ME BUT FAINTED FROM FRIGHT!
Y-YES, L-LORD! I C-C-COULD NOT C-CATCH WONDER WOMAN!
HAMMERS OF HEPHAESTUS! ONE LITTLE EARTH GIRL DEFEATS THE MIGHTIEST WAR LORDS OF MARS! TO PRISON WITH THIS KNAVE— THROW HIM INTO THE SAME DUNGEON WITH GREED!
MERCY, ALL HIGHEST! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!
ON EARTH THE IMPRISONMENT OF DECEPTION IS FELT IMMEDIATELY-EMPEROR HIROHITO ABANDONS HIS METHOD OF TREACHEROUS DECEIT AND TALKS FRANKLY WITH THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR
JAPAN'S FRIENDSHIP FOR ITALY---
MEANS NOTHING! AT PRESENT WE DESPISE ITALIANS!
20
BUT LISTEN! HITLER IS MAKING ITALY A VASSAL STATE. JAPAN WILL INTERVENE IF YOU CAN REMOVE WONDER WOMAN FROM AMERICA! SHE CAPTURES OUR SPIES, DEFEATS OUR PLANS YOU ITALIANS MIGHT CATCH HER UNAWARE!
A WOMAN?
AH! IL DUCE'S MEN WILL SURELY CAPTURE HER!

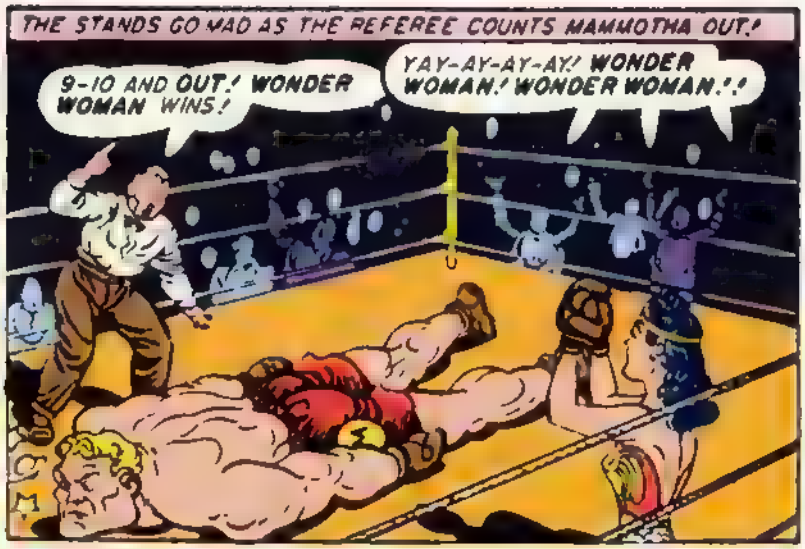

MEANWHILE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE INNER WORLD UNDER MOUNT OLYMPUS, LORD CONQUEST DIRECTS MARS'S EARTH HEADQUARTERS:
MARS IS CALLING YOU, MY LORD.
MARS, EH? GIVE ME THAT RADIO PHONE!
YES, YES, ALL-HIGHEST. YOU COMMAND ME TO CAPTURE WONDER WOMAN AND TREVOR. DECEPTION FAILED, EH? WELL, HE'S A RABBIT-I'LL DO THE JOB FOR YOU.
YOU ARE A WOMAN-TELL ME. WHO ARE THE BEST HUMAN TOOLS TO USE IN CAPTURING A GIRL-THE NAZIS, JAPS OR ITALIANS?
OH, THE ITALIANS, MASTER. GIRLS GO CRAZY OVER DARK, HANDSOME MEN WITH TITLES!
LORD CONQUEST VISITS MUSSOLINI JUST AS THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR ARRIVES FROM TOKYO
HAIL, DUCE! I BRING A PROPOSAL FROM HIROHITO. HE WILL FREE US FROM HITLER IF WE FREE HIM FROM WONDER WOMAN!
YOU'RE JOKING.
AHA! THIS IS MY OPPORTUNITY!
I AM SERIOUS.
BUT I CANNOT GO TO AMERICA TO CAPTURE THIS GLORIOUS CREATURE WONDER WOMAN-ER-WAIT A MOMENT
SEND YOUR STRONGEST BRUTE AND YOUR HANDSOMEST NOBLEMAN. LISTEN-
UNDER THE ASTRAL PROMPTINGS OF CONQUEST, MUSSOLINI SELECTS COUNT CRAFTI AND MAMMOTHA, AN 8 FOOT GIANT, TO CAPTURE WONDER WOMAN.
I AM TRUSTING YOU, COUNT CRAFTI, TO TAKE MY PLACE AS BEST YOU CAN IN ALLURING WONDER WOMAN-
LORD CONQUEST IMMEDIATELY ENTERS THE BODY OF MAMMOTHA, CONTROLLING THE GIANT'S STUPID BRAIN AND ENERGIZING HIS TREMENDOUS MUSCLES
COME ON, BOY, MOVE FASTER! OBEY ME-I CONTROL YOU!
CONQUEST COMPELS MAMMOTHA'S BODY TO WRESTLE WITH A LION.
NOT BAD! THIS BODY HAS THE STRENGTH OF 20 MEN!
30


ENTERING AMERICA UNDER A FAKED SPANISH PASSPORT, MAMMOTHA QUICKLY WINS FAME AS A PRIZE FIGHTER
YAY-AY MAMMOTHA ! HOORAY FOR THE NEXT CHAMP!
WHILE THE "SPANISH" NOBLE MAN "DON UNALDI," BORN COUNT CRAFTI, BECOMES EXTREMELY POPULAR AMONG AMERICAN SOCIETY GIRLS.
TO AMERICA, HOME OF ZE WORLD'S MOS' BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.!
ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!
SO GALLANT AND DISTINGUISHED!
HE'S HANDSOME!
DON UNALDI MEETS WONDER WOMAN WHO IS SELLING WAR BONDS AT A FASHIONABLE CLUB.
ZE MOS' LOVELY OF ALL! APHRODITE HERSELF WAS NEVER SO BEAUTIFUL!
WHAT IS THIS A MOVIE ACT?
YOU ARE ZE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVE! MARRY ME AND COME TO MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.
SPAIN IS A LOT FARTHER THAN I'LL EVER GO WITH YOU, GLAMOUR BOY!
COME TO ZIS ARMY BENEFIT- SEE MY GR-RREAT FIGHTER, MAMMOTHA, ZE STR-RRONGEST PERSON IN ZE WHOLE WORLD.
HMM! I SENSE DANGER- BUT I WANT TO SEE IF MAMMOTHA IS STRONGER THAN I AM!
THANKS, I'LL COME!
WONDER WOMAN ATTENDS THE ATHLETIC CARNIVAL AS DIANA PRINCE, ACCOMPANIED BY MAJOR STEVE TREVOR
MAMMOTHA IS PACKING THEM IN! THEY SAY HE'S 8 FEET TALL AND STRONGER EVEN THAN WONDER WOMAN!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
MAMMOTHA
THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT SENSATION FROM SPAIN
40
MAMMOTHA "WARMS UP" FOR THE FIGHT OF THE EVENING BY JUGGLING FIVE 500LB. BALLS OF IRON
YAY MAMMOTHA! WHAT A MAN!
500 LBS.
500 LBS.
500 LBS.
500 LBS.
500 LBS.

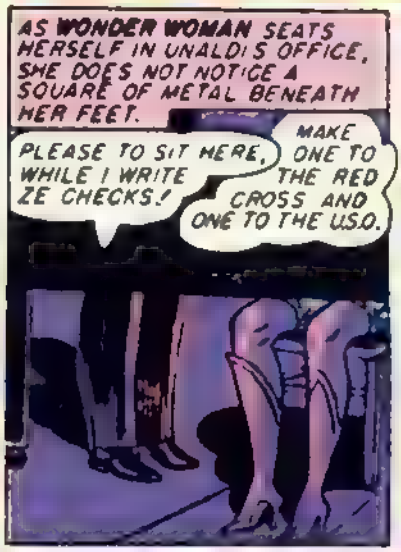
THE GIANT "LIMBERS HIS MUSCLES" BY HAVING A TUG O' WAR WITH AN ELEPHANT.
LOOK AT THAT! MAMMOTHA IS PULLING THE ELEPHANT!
POOH! THAT'S NOTHING - I CAN - I MEAN WONDER WOMAN CAN DO THAT WITH ONE HAND!
THE FIGHT IS ANNOUNCED.
LA-DEES AND GENTLEMEN! TONIGHT MAMMOTHA WILL FIGHT SAILOR MAHAN, CHAMPE-EEN OF THE NAVY AND LEADING CONTENDER FOR THE WORLD'S CHAMPEEN-SHIP!
SAILOR MAHAN OUTBOXES HIS GIANT OPPONENT, POUNDING HIM WITH RIGHTS AND LEFTS BUT MAMMOTHA ONLY LAUGHS.
HO! HO! LITTLE MAN, I CAN-NOT FEEL ZOSE LOVE TAPS!
THE FIRST BLOW MAMMOTHA LANDS, BLASTS THE SAILOR CLEAR OUT OF THE RING.
YAY-AY! WOW! WHATTA SOCK! YAY-AY MAMMOTHA! THE COMING CHAMP!
MAMMOTHA WINS BY A KNOCKOUT IN 1 MINUTE, 20 SECONDS OF THE FIRST ROUND! HE OFFERS $5000. TO ANY FIGHTER WHO CAN STAY WITH HIM A FULL ROUND!
M
MAMMOTHA AND DON UNALDI EXPECT WONDER WOMAN TO APPEAR.
WONDER WOMAN CANNOT RESIST MY CHALLENGE - SHE LONGS TO CONQUER EVERYONE AT GAMES!
SHE PROMISED TO BE HERE - BUT THE TICKET TAKERS HAVEN'T SEEN HER!
50
DIANA, IN THE STANDS, REACTS TO MAMMOTHA'S CHALLENGE AS HE PREDICTS.
NOBODY CAN BEAT THAT GIANT!
I CAN BEAT HIM - I'LL SHOW MAMMOTHA WHAT AN AMAZON GIRL CAN DO!
EXCUSE ME A FEW MINUTES, STEVE -

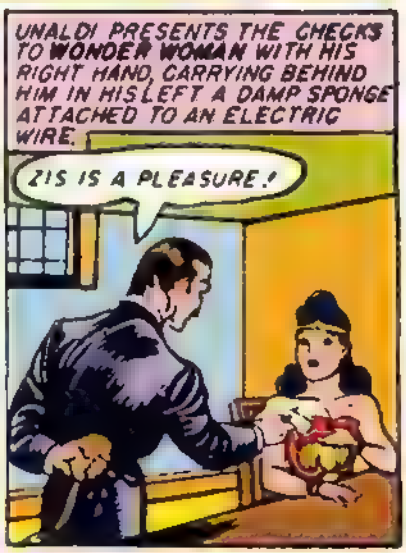

ENTERING A TELEPHONE BOOTH WITH THE COSTUME WHICH SHE ALWAYS CARRIES FOR EMERGENCIES, DIANA HASTILY TRANSFORMS HERSELF INTO WONDER WOMAN.
I'M PROBABLY A FOOL TO DO THIS - BUT HERE GOES!
LEAPING LIGHTLY OVER THE RINGSIDE SEATS WONDER WOMAN LANDS BESIDE THE CHALLENGER AMID CHEERS FROM THE AUDIENCE
MAMMOTHA - HERE I COME!
HOORAY! WONDER WOMAN! SHE'LL LICK THE GIANT!
WONDER WOMAN BOXES CAUTIOUSLY DUCKING THE TERRIFIC SWINGS OF MAMMOTHA.
THE GIANT LANDS A RIGHT TO THE JAW WHICH HURLS WONDER WOMAN AGAINST THE ROPES.
I FELT THAT ONE!
LIKE A FLASH, MAMMOTHA LEAPS IN, RAINING RIGHTS AND LEFTS TO WONDER WOMAN'S HEAD.
I'VE GOT YOU NOW, WONDER WOMAN! AND WHEN I'VE KNOCKED YOU OUT - HA! HA!
BUT JUST AS WONDER WOMAN DROPS TO HER KNEES UNDER THIS IRRESISTABLE BARRAGE OF FLYING LEATHER, THE BELL RINGS, ENDING THE ROUND!
WHEE-EW! THAT MAN MOUNTAIN HAS A WALLOP LIKE A LANDSLIDE!
CLANG!
CLANG!
WONDER WOMAN FIGHTS ON!
YOU LASTED ONE ROUND - HERE'S YOUR $5000! MAMMOTHA NOW OFFERS $50,000 AGAINST YOUR FIVE FOR A FINISH FIGHT!
OKAY, IF HE AGREES TO SPLIT THE MONEY BETWEEN THE U.S.O. AND RED CROSS, WHOEVER WINS!
WONDER WOMAN STARTS THE SECOND ROUND ON HER BICYCLE, STEPPING SWIFTLY AWAY FROM MAMMOTHA'S PUNCHES
OH HO! SO WONDER WOMAN IS AFRAID TO STAND UP AND FIGHT!
NOT AFRAID - RELUCTANT THE CUSTOMERS SHOULD HAVE THEIR MONEY'S WORTH!

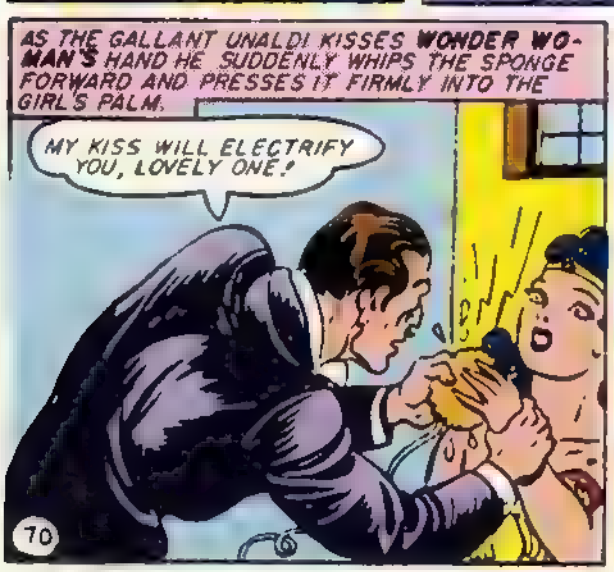

BUT IF YOU INSIST I'LL FINISH THIS FIGHT NOW!

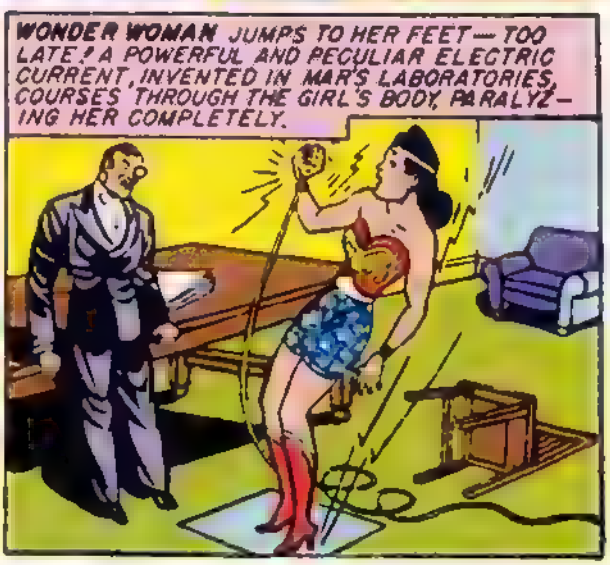

THE STANDS GO MAD AS THE REFEREE COUNTS MAMMOTHA OUT!
9-10 AND OUT! WONDER WOMAN WINS!
YAY-AY-AY-AY! WONDER WOMAN! WONDER WOMAN!!

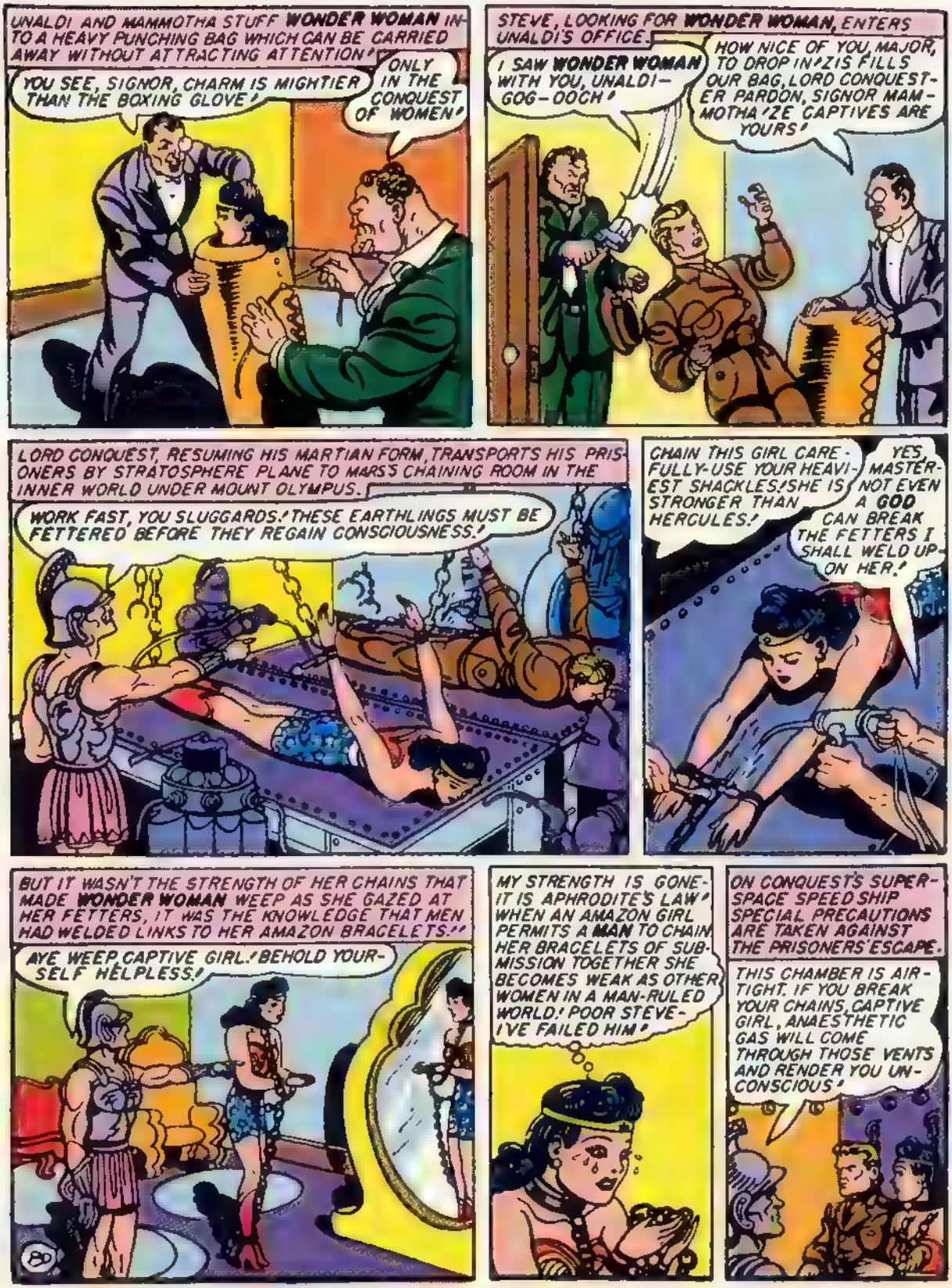
DON UNALDI SMILINGLY CONGRATULATES THE WINNER.
HOW WELL YOU ARE NAMED, WONDER WOMAN! YOU ARE MAGNIFICO! IF YOU WILL COME TO MY OFFICE DOWNSTAIRS, I WILL GIVE YOU ZE $50,000.
THANK YOU-I'LL COME

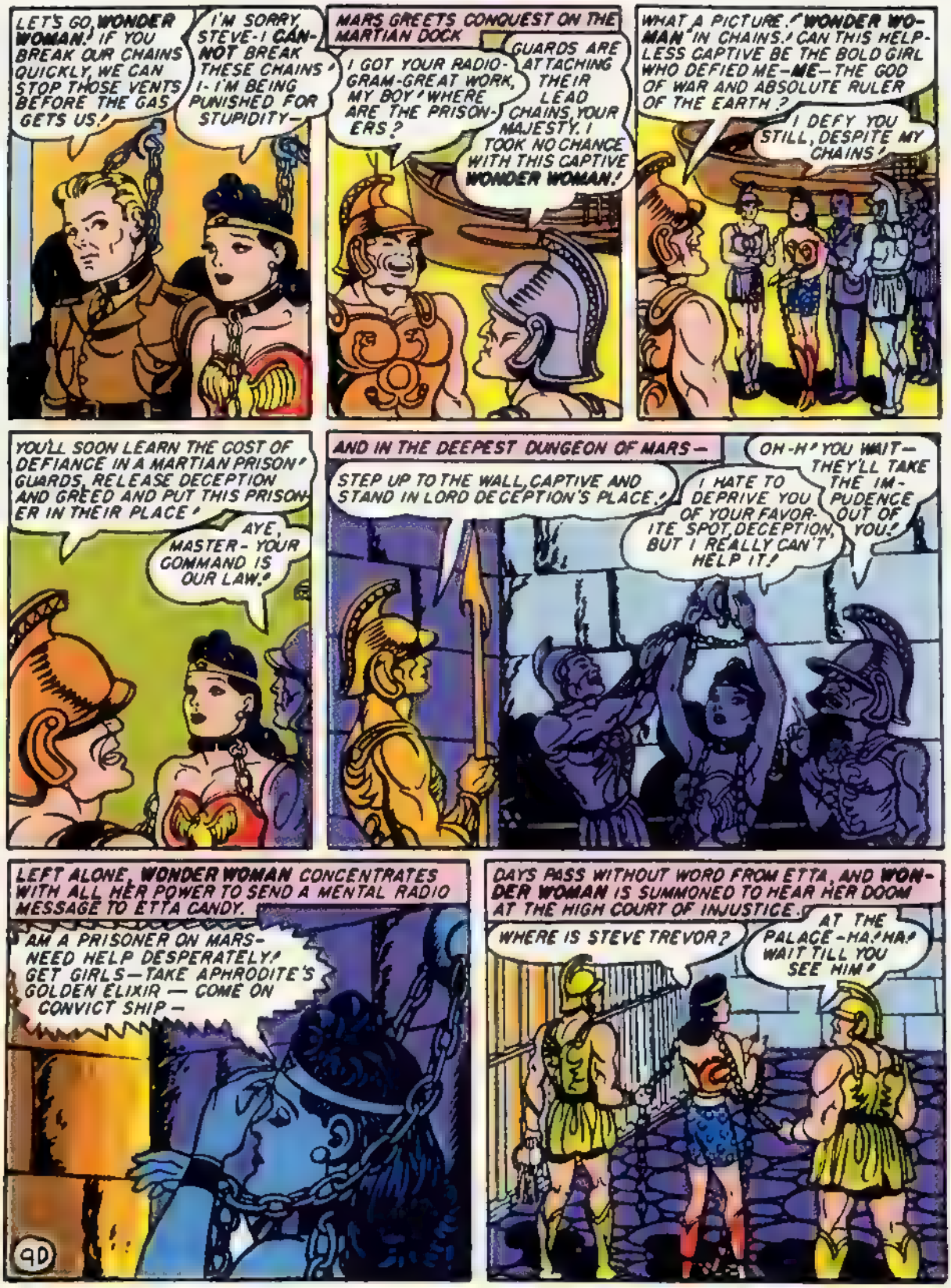

AS WONDER WOMAN SEATS HERSELF IN UNALDI'S OFFICE, SHE DOES NOT NOTICE A SQUARE OF METAL BENEATH HER FEET.
PLEASE TO SIT HERE, WHILE I WRITE ZE CHECKS!
MAKE ONE TO THE RED CROSS AND ONE TO THE U.S.O.


UNALDI PRESENTS THE CHECKS TO WONDER WOMAN WITH HIS RIGHT HAND, CARRYING BEHIND HIM IN HIS LEFT A DAMP SPONGE ATTACHED TO AN ELECTRIC WIRE.
ZIS IS A PLEASURE!

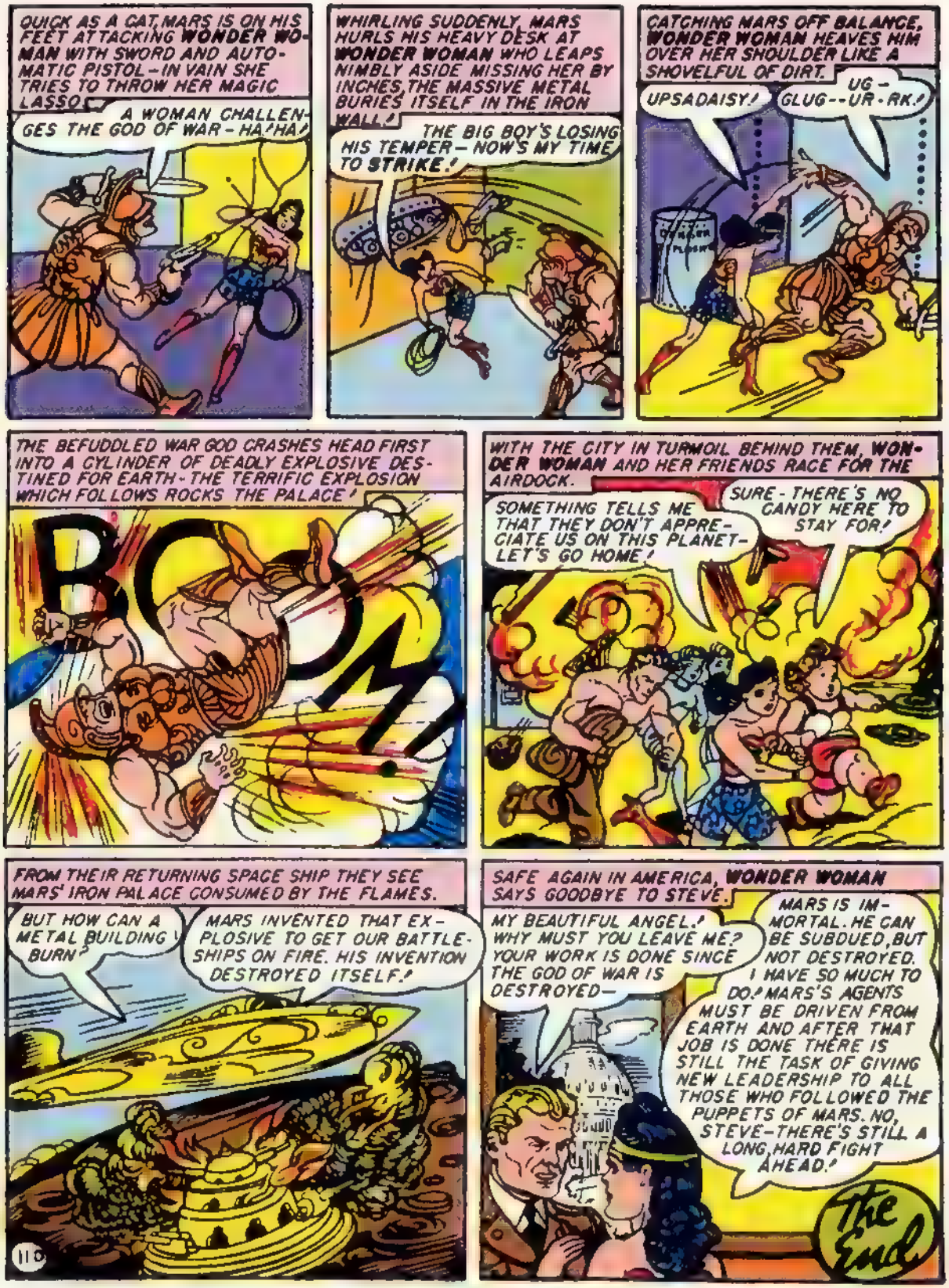

AS THE GALLANT UNALDI KISSES WONDER WOMAN'S HAND HE SUDDENLY WHIPS THE SPONGE FORWARD AND PRESSES IT FIRMLY INTO THE GIRL'S PALM.
MY KISS WILL ELECTRIFY YOU, LOVELY ONE!


WONDER WOMAN JUMPS TO HER FEET — TOO LATE! A POWERFUL AND PECULIAR ELECTRIC CURRENT, INVENTED IN MAR'S LABORATORIES, COURSES THROUGH THE GIRL'S BODY, PARALYZING HER COMPLETELY.

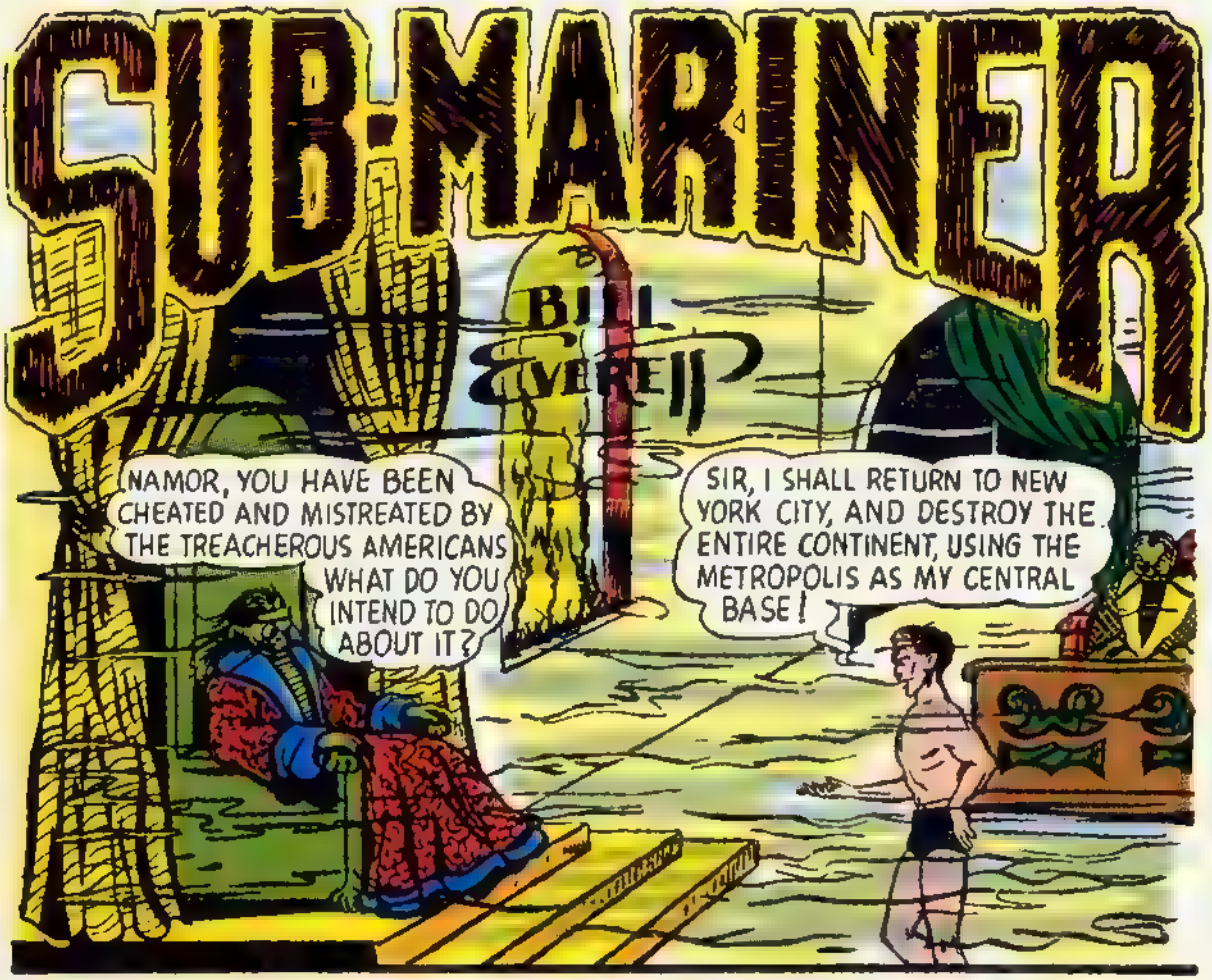

UNALDI AND MAMMOTHA STUFF WONDER WOMAN INTO A HEAVY PUNCHING BAG WHICH CAN BE CARRIED AWAY WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION!
YOU SEE, SIGNOR, CHARM IS MIGHTIER THAN THE BOXING GLOVE!
ONLY IN THE CONQUEST OF WOMEN!
STEVE, LOOKING FOR WONDER WOMAN, ENTERS UNALDI'S OFFICE.
I SAW WONDER WOMAN WITH YOU, UNALDI— GOG—OOCH!
HOW NICE OF YOU, MAJOR, TO DROP IN! ZIS FILLS OUR BAG, LORD CONQUEST- ER PARDON, SIGNOR MAM- MOTHA! ZE CAPTIVES ARE YOURS!
LORD CONQUEST, RESUMING HIS MARTIAN FORM, TRANSPORTS HIS PRIS- ONERS BY STRATOSPHERE PLANE TO MARS'S CHAINING ROOM IN THE INNER WORLD UNDER MOUNT OLYMPUS.
WORK FAST, YOU SLUGGARDS! THESE EARTHLINGS MUST BE FETTERED BEFORE THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS!
CHAIN THIS GIRL CARE- FULLY-USE YOUR HEAVI- EST SHACKLES! SHE IS STRONGER THAN HERCULES!
YES, MASTER- NOT EVEN A GOD CAN BREAK THE FETTERS I SHALL WELD UP- ON HER!
BUT IT WASN'T THE STRENGTH OF HER CHAINS THAT MADE WONDER WOMAN WEEP AS SHE GAZED AT HER FETTERS, IT WAS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT MEN HAD WELDED LINKS TO HER AMAZON BRACELETS!!
AYE WEEP, CAPTIVE GIRL! BEHOLD YOUR- SELF HELPLESS!
MY STRENGTH IS GONE- IT IS APHRODITE'S LAW! WHEN AN AMAZON GIRL PERMITS A MAN TO CHAIN HER BRACELETS OF SUB- MISSION TOGETHER SHE BECOMES WEAK AS OTHER WOMEN IN A MAN-RULED WORLD! POOR STEVE- I'VE FAILED HIM!
ON CONQUEST'S SUPER- SPACE SPEED SHIP SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS ARE TAKEN AGAINST THE PRISONERS' ESCAPE.
THIS CHAMBER IS AIR- TIGHT. IF YOU BREAK YOUR CHAINS, CAPTIVE GIRL, ANAESTHETIC GAS WILL COME THROUGH THOSE VENTS AND RENDER YOU UN- CONSCIOUS!
BD

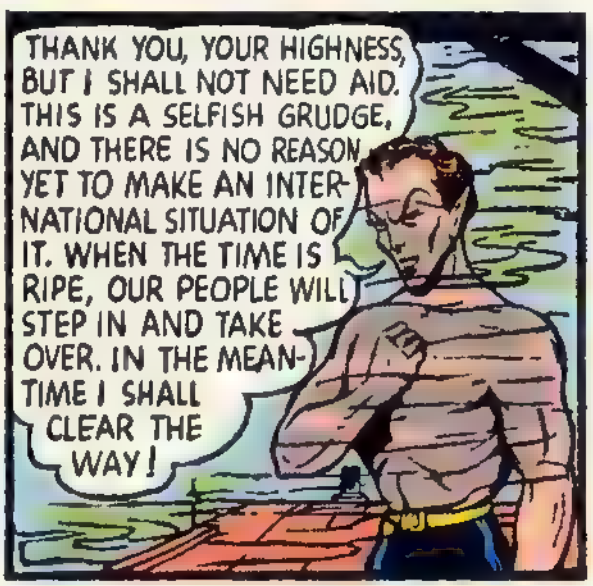

LET'S GO, WONDER WOMAN! IF YOU BREAK OUR CHAINS QUICKLY, WE CAN STOP THOSE VENTS BEFORE THE GAS GETS US!
I'M SORRY, STEVE-I CAN-NOT BREAK THESE CHAINS! I-I'M BEING PUNISHED FOR STUPIDITY—
MARS GREETS CONQUEST ON THE MARTIAN DOCK
I GOT YOUR RADIO-GRAM-GREAT WORK, MY BOY! WHERE ARE THE PRISON-ERS?
GUARDS ARE ATTACHING THEIR LEAD CHAINS, YOUR MAJESTY. I TOOK NO CHANCE WITH THIS CAPTIVE WONDER WOMAN!
WHAT A PICTURE! WONDER WOMAN IN CHAINS! CAN THIS HELP-LESS CAPTIVE BE THE BOLD GIRL WHO DEFIED ME—ME—THE GOD OF WAR AND ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE EARTH?
I DEFY YOU STILL, DESPITE MY CHAINS!
YOU'LL SOON LEARN THE COST OF DEFIANCE IN A MARTIAN PRISON! GUARDS, RELEASE DECEPTION AND GREED AND PUT THIS PRISON-ER IN THEIR PLACE!
AYE, MASTER—YOUR COMMAND IS OUR LAW!
AND IN THE DEEPEST DUNGEON OF MARS—
STEP UP TO THE WALL, CAPTIVE AND STAND IN LORD DECEPTION'S PLACE!
I HATE TO DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR FAVOR-ITE SPOT, DECEPTION, BUT I REALLY CAN'T HELP IT!
OH-H! YOU WAIT—THEY'LL TAKE THE IM-PUDENCE OUT OF YOU!
LEFT ALONE, WONDER WOMAN CONCENTRATES WITH ALL HER POWER TO SEND A MENTAL RADIO MESSAGE TO ETTA CANDY.
AM A PRISONER ON MARS—NEED HELP DESPERATELY! GET GIRLS—TAKE APHRODITE'S GOLDEN ELIXIR — COME ON CONVICT SHIP—
9D
DAYS PASS WITHOUT WORD FROM ETTA, AND WONDER WOMAN IS SUMMONED TO HEAR HER DOOM AT THE HIGH COURT OF INJUSTICE.
WHERE IS STEVE TREVOR?
AT THE PALACE—HA! HA! WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM!

WONDER WOMAN STANDS BEFORE A MERCILESS JUDGE!
HEAR YE THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT! YOU, WONDER WOMAN, SHALL BECOME THE ABJECT SLAVE OF MARS, BODY AND SOUL, FOREVER!
AND IF I REFUSE TO SUBMIT TO SLAVERY?
FOR EVERY DAY YOU REFUSE TO SUBMIT, THE MAN FROM EARTH SHALL RECEIVE ADDITIONAL PUNISHMENT!
YOU FIEND - YOU MORAL MONSTROSITY! IF I HAD MY HANDS FREE FOR ONE MOMENT—
BUT YOUR HANDS ARE CHAINED AND ALWAYS WILL BE! HA-HA! MAKE YOUR CHOICE - SUBMIT TO SLAVERY, OR LET TREVOR SUFFER FOR YOUR STUBBORNNESS!
AT THIS POINT INJUSTICE COURT IS INTERRUPTED.
ALL HIGHEST ANOTHER SPACE SHIP FULL OF EARTH PRISONERS HAS ARRIVED!
GOOD! I'LL LOOK THEM OVER. COURT IS ADJOURNED UNTIL TOMORROW.
THAT NIGHT IN HER DUNGEON WONDER WOMAN IS WAKENED BY A FAMILIAR HAND SHAKING HER SHOULDER
ETTA! THANK APHRODITE!
WOO WOO! WHAT A PARTY! WE BROUGHT ACID LIKE YOU SAID THAT ATE OUR CHAINS OFF - HERE IT IS!
ETTA'S ACID FREES WONDER WOMAN'S BRACELETS FROM MAN MADE CHAINS.
WHY CAN'T YOU BREAK THOSE CHAINS YOURSELF, WONDER WOMAN!
WHY-ER-BECAUSE I'M BEING PUNISHED FOR LETTING A HANDSOME MAN DECEIVE ME-
HER MIGHTY STRENGTH RESTORED, WONDER WOMAN TEARS OFF THE PRISON DOORS AND SWEEPING ALL GUARDS FROM HER PATH LEADS HER GIRLS TO MARS' PALACE.
SHE FINDS MARS IN HIS OFFICE, QUESTIONING STEVE
WHOO-OOSH! WHAT WITCHERY IS THIS? THE CAPTIVE GIRL IS FREE!
NOW, YOU OVERGROWN BULLY, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN FIGHT!
GREAT STATUE OF LIBERTY! WONDER WOMAN'S HERSELF AGAIN!
10

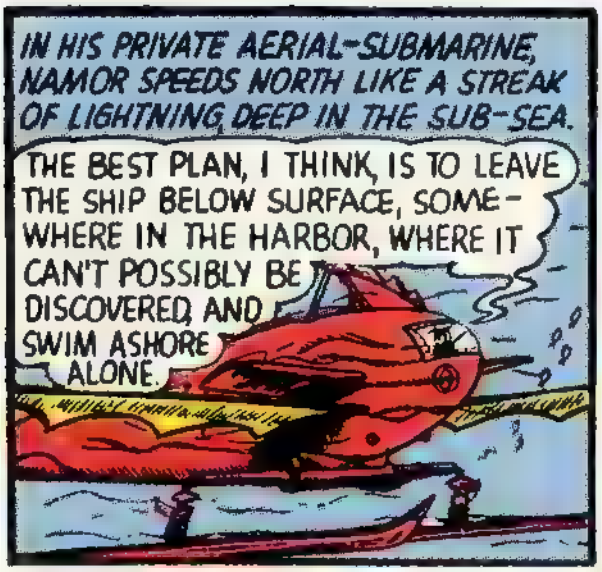

QUICK AS A CAT, MARS IS ON HIS FEET ATTACKING WONDER WOMAN WITH SWORD AND AUTOMATIC PISTOL—IN VAIN SHE TRIES TO THROW HER MAGIC LASSO.
A WOMAN CHALLENGES THE GOD OF WAR—HA! HA!
WHIRLING SUDDENLY, MARS HURLS HIS HEAVY DESK AT WONDER WOMAN WHO LEAPS NIMBLY ASIDE MISSING HER BY INCHES, THE MASSIVE METAL BURIES ITSELF IN THE IRON WALL!
THE BIG BOY'S LOSING HIS TEMPER—NOW'S MY TIME TO STRIKE!
CATCHING MARS OFF BALANCE, WONDER WOMAN HEAVES HIM OVER HER SHOULDER LIKE A SHOVELFUL OF DIRT.
UPSADAISY!
UG—GLUG--UR-RK!
THE BEFUDDLED WAR GOD CRASHES HEAD FIRST INTO A CYLINDER OF DEADLY EXPLOSIVE DESTINED FOR EARTH—THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION WHICH FOLLOWS ROCKS THE PALACE!
BOOM
WITH THE CITY IN TURMOIL BEHIND THEM, WONDER WOMAN AND HER FRIENDS RACE FOR THE AIRDOCK.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THEY DON'T APPRECIATE US ON THIS PLANET—LET'S GO HOME!
SURE—THERE'S NO CANDY HERE TO STAY FOR!
FROM THEIR RETURNING SPACE SHIP THEY SEE MARS' IRON PALACE CONSUMED BY THE FLAMES.
BUT HOW CAN A METAL BUILDING BURN?
MARS INVENTED THAT EXPLOSIVE TO GET OUR BATTLESHIPS ON FIRE. HIS INVENTION DESTROYED ITSELF!
SAFE AGAIN IN AMERICA, WONDER WOMAN SAYS GOODBYE TO STEVE.
MY BEAUTIFUL ANGEL! WHY MUST YOU LEAVE ME? YOUR WORK IS DONE SINCE THE GOD OF WAR IS DESTROYED—
MARS IS IMMORTAL. HE CAN BE SUBDUED, BUT NOT DESTROYED. I HAVE SO MUCH TO DO! MARS'S AGENTS MUST BE DRIVEN FROM EARTH AND AFTER THAT JOB IS DONE THERE IS STILL THE TASK OF GIVING NEW LEADERSHIP TO ALL THOSE WHO FOLLOWED THE PUPPETS OF MARS. NO, STEVE—THERE'S STILL A LONG, HARD FIGHT AHEAD!
The End
11

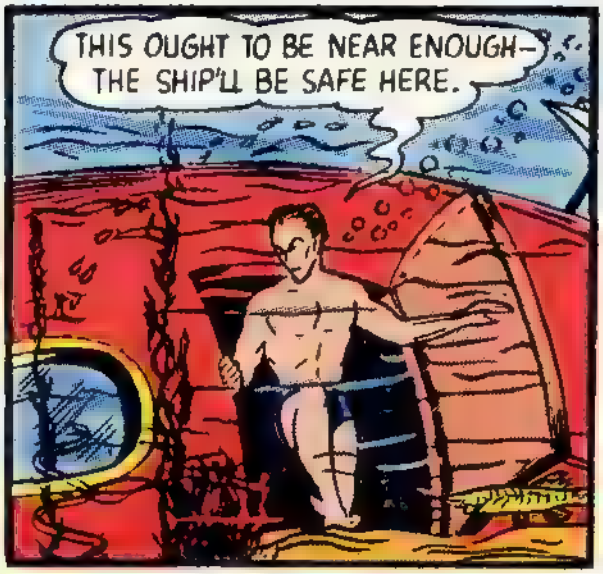
# PRINCE NAMOR, the SUB-MARINER*

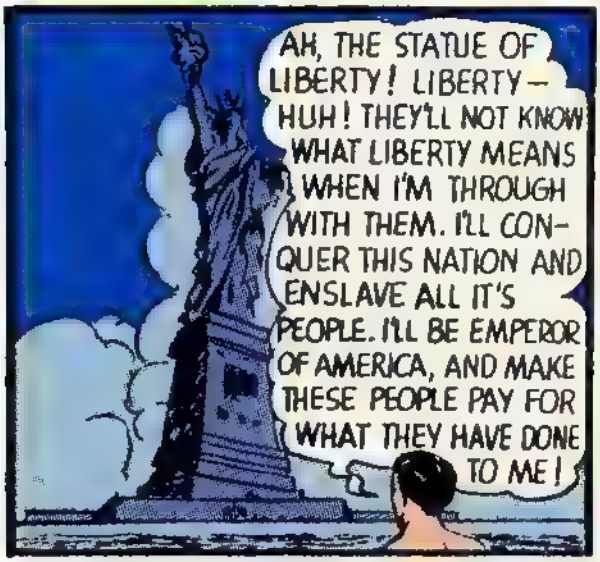





*If Wonder Woman hated men, The Sub Mariner went her one better. He hated everybody. He came from the lost continent of Atlantis, a place of under-sea-super-beings, some of whom looked like fish, some like you or I. Luckily the war came along, and he switched from beating up Americans to Nazis. Until then, he was well on his way to becoming the Black Muslim of comic books.

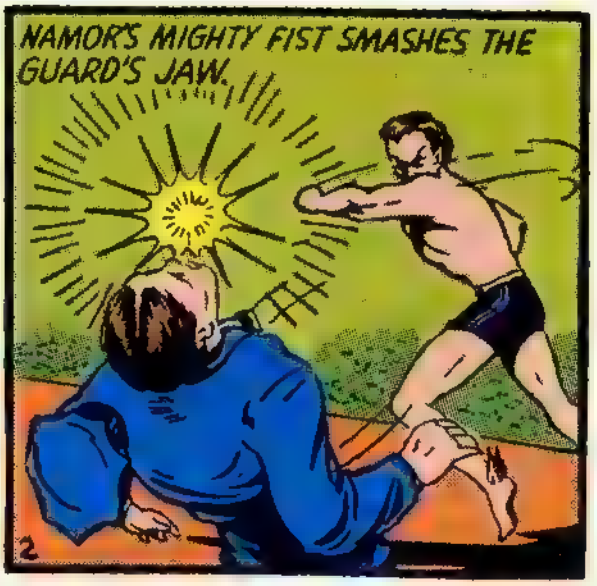

IN HIS PRIVATE AERIAL-SUBMARINE, NAMOR SPEEDS NORTH LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, DEEP IN THE SUB-SEA.
THE BEST PLAN, I THINK, IS TO LEAVE THE SHIP BELOW SURFACE, SOMEWHERE IN THE HARBOR, WHERE IT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE DISCOVERED, AND SWIM ASHORE ALONE.

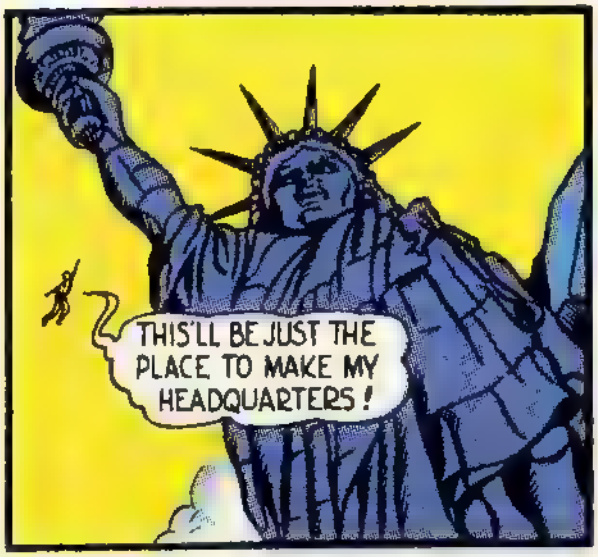

THIS OUGHT TO BE NEAR ENOUGH— THE SHIP'LL BE SAFE HERE.

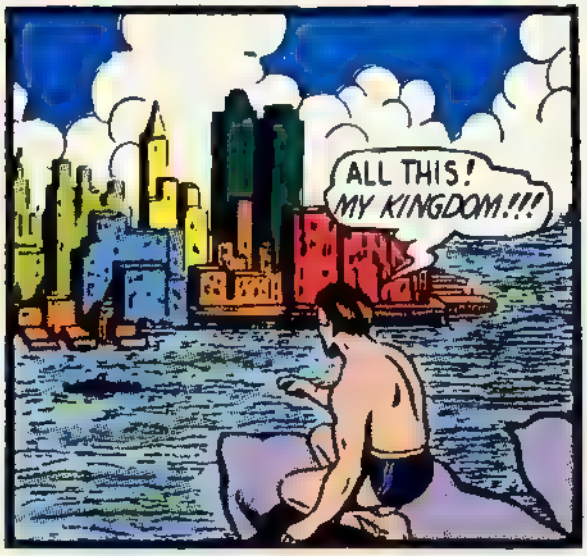

AH, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! LIBERTY— HUH! THEY'LL NOT KNOW WHAT LIBERTY MEANS WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH THEM. I'LL CONQUER THIS NATION AND ENSLAVE ALL IT'S PEOPLE. I'LL BE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, AND MAKE THESE PEOPLE PAY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO ME!

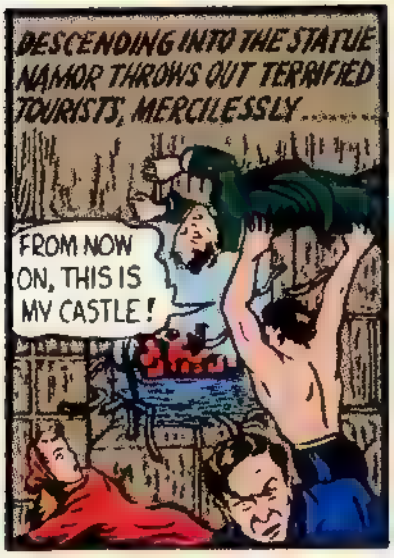
THIS'LL BE A GOOD PLACE TO START!

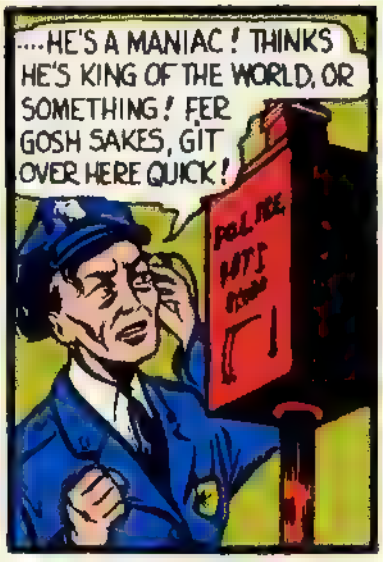
HEY YOU!— GIT OFFA THAT WALL! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, STUPID!


NAMOR'S MIGHTY FIST SMASHES THE GUARD'S JAW.
2

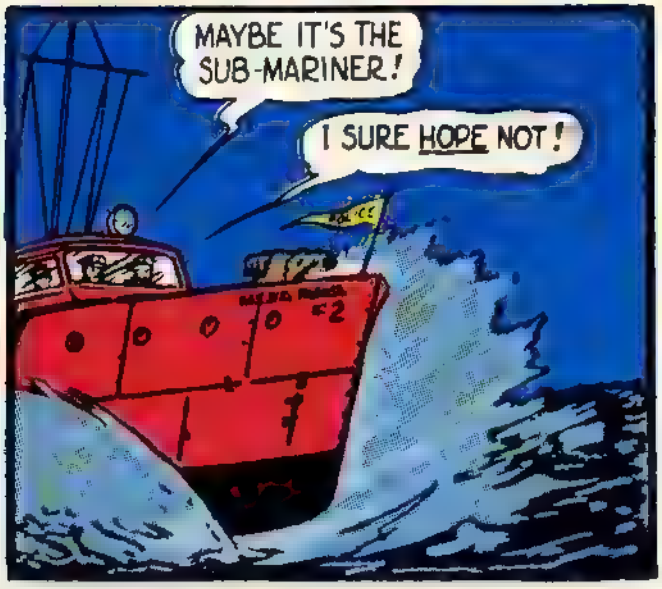

THIS'LL BE JUST THE PLACE TO MAKE MY HEADQUARTERS!


ALL THIS! MY KINGDOM!!!

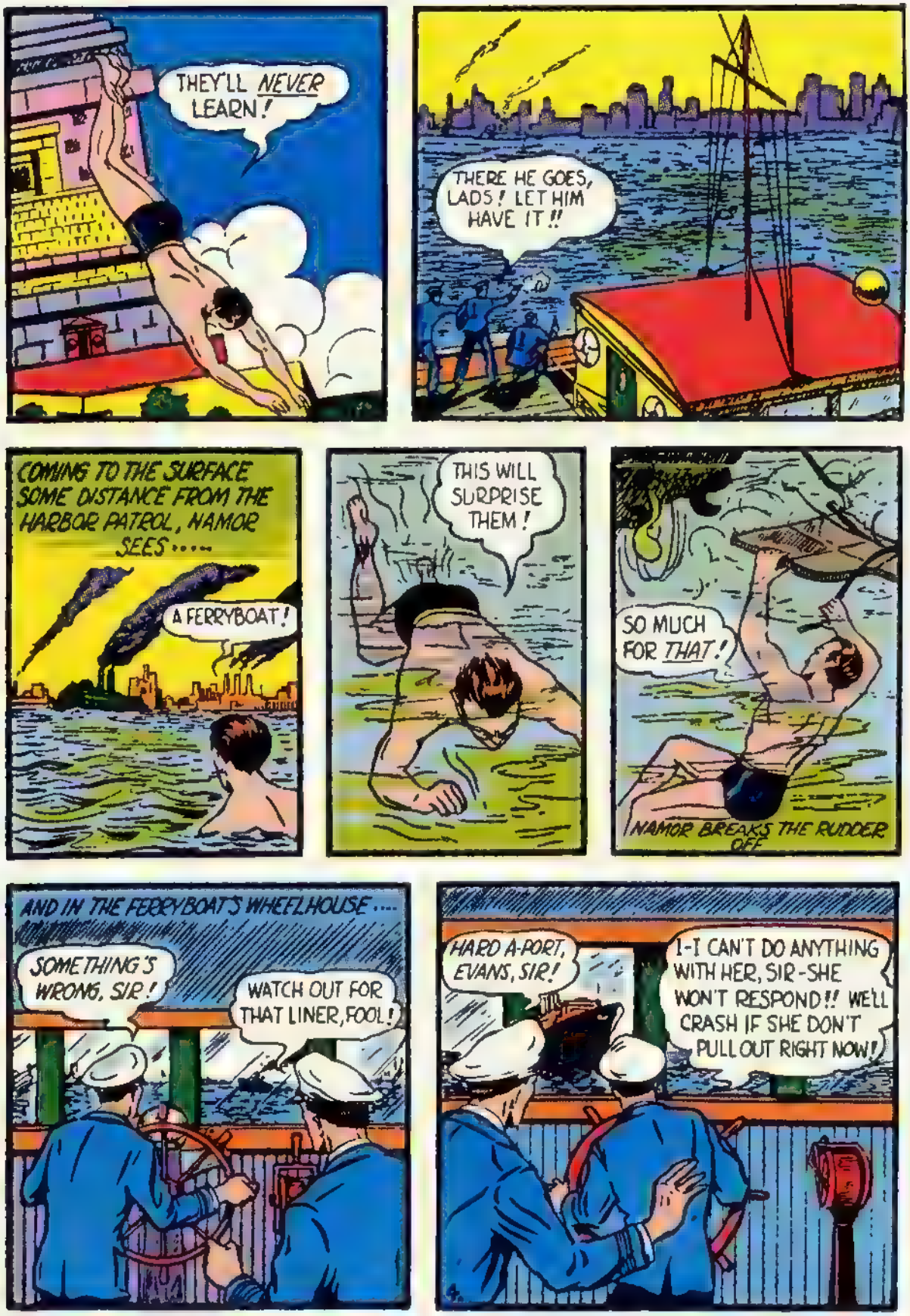

DESCENDING INTO THE STATUE NAMOR THROWS OUT TERRIFIED TOURISTS, MERCILESSLY.....
FROM NOW ON, THIS IS MY CASTLE!

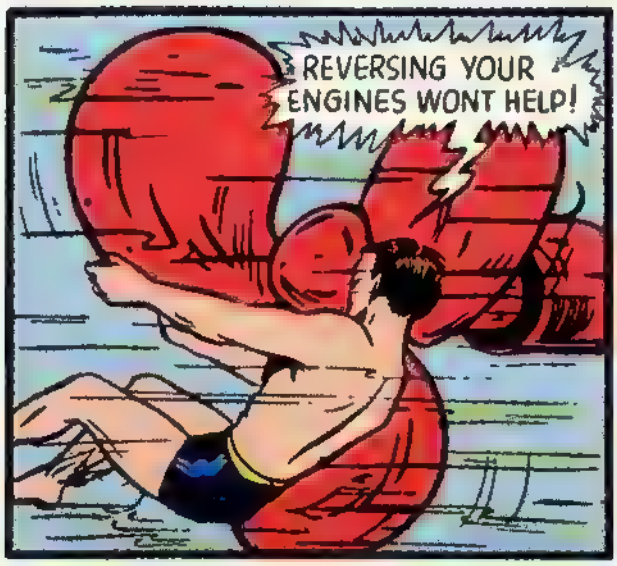

....HE'S A MANIAC! THINKS HE'S KING OF THE WORLD, OR SOMETHING! FER GOSH SAKES, GIT OVER HERE QUICK!
POLICE

I'LL SEND THE RIOT SQUAD AT ONCE ~KEEP HIM UP THERE!

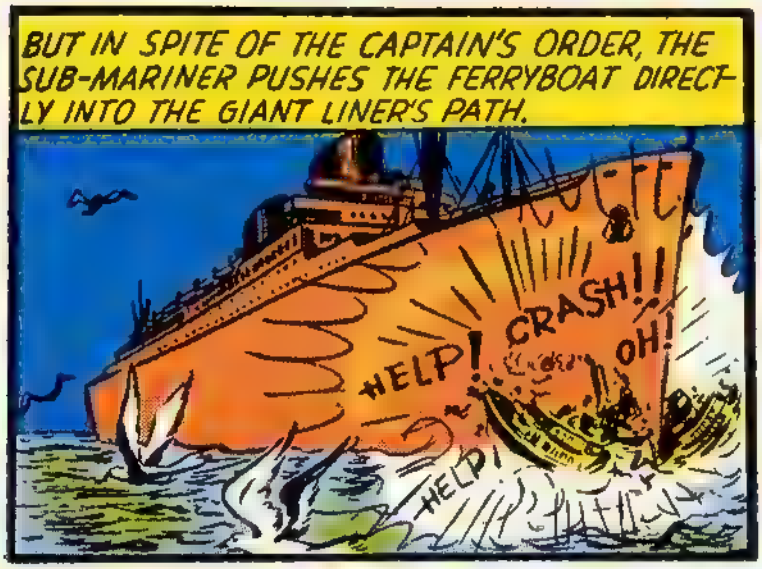

MAYBE IT'S THE SUB-MARINER!
I SURE HOPE NOT!

RETURNING TO HIS LOOK-OUT ATOP THE STATUE, NAMOR STANDS ON THE TORCH, AND SEES.....
I'VE HAD DEALINGS WITH THESE STUPID POLICEMEN BEFORE- -THEY AMUSE ME!
3.


THEY'LL NEVER LEARN!
THERE HE GOES, LADS! LET HIM HAVE IT!!
COMING TO THE SURFACE SOME DISTANCE FROM THE HARBOR PATROL, NAMOR SEES....
A FERRYBOAT!
THIS WILL SURPRISE THEM!
SO MUCH FOR THAT!
NAMOR BREAKS THE RUDDER OFF
AND IN THE FERRYBOAT'S WHEELHOUSE....
SOMETHING'S WRONG, SIR!
WATCH OUT FOR THAT LINER, FOOL!
HARD A-PORT, EVANS, SIR!
I-I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HER, SIR-SHE WON'T RESPOND!! WE'LL CRASH IF SHE DON'T PULL OUT RIGHT NOW!


REVERSING YOUR ENGINES WONT HELP!

AND ON THE LINER—
FULL SPEED ASTERN!!!
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!


BUT IN SPITE OF THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER, THE SUB-MARINER PUSHES THE FERRYBOAT DIRECTLY INTO THE GIANT LINER'S PATH.
CRASH!!
HELP!
OH!
HELP!

MAYBE THEY'LL SOON LEARN TO RESPECT ME!

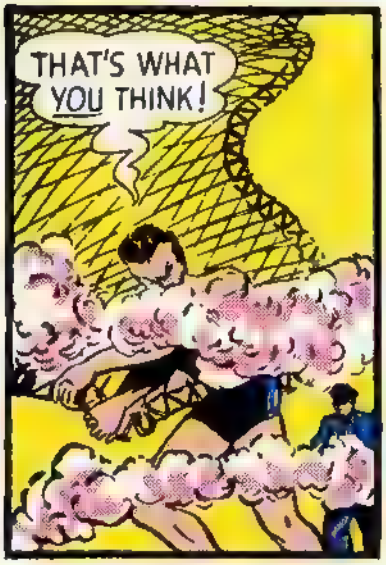
NOW TO LOOK THE CITY OVER—

UNSEEN BY NAMOR, POLICE SQUAD CARS, EQUIPPED WITH THE STEEL ANIMAL NET AND TEAR GAS BOMBS, RUSH TO CAPTURE HIM.
PERHAPS THE MAYOR WILL LISTEN TO REASON.

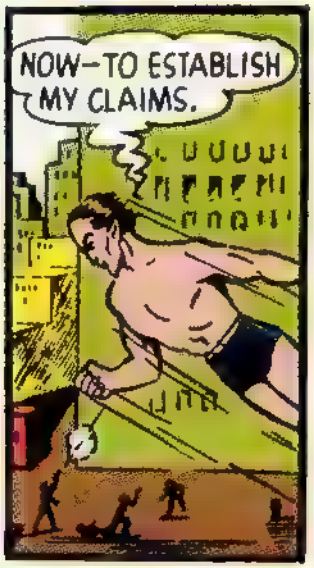
SO—THEY THINK THEY CAN TRAP ME!—HA!
5

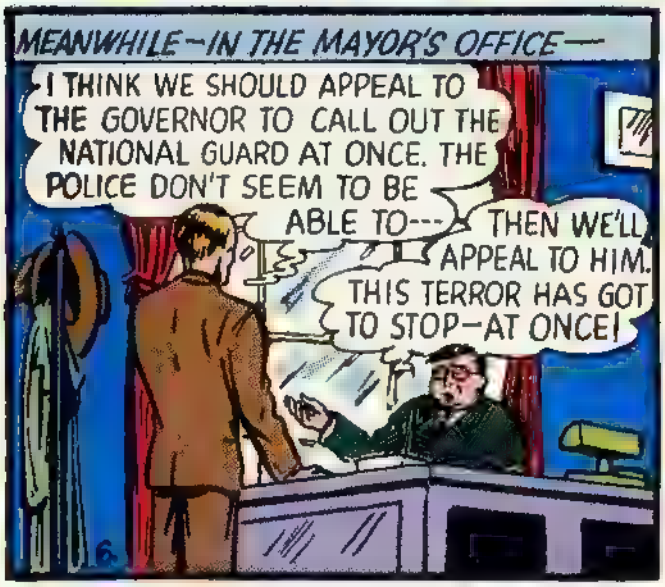
OUT OF MY WAY, NITWITS!

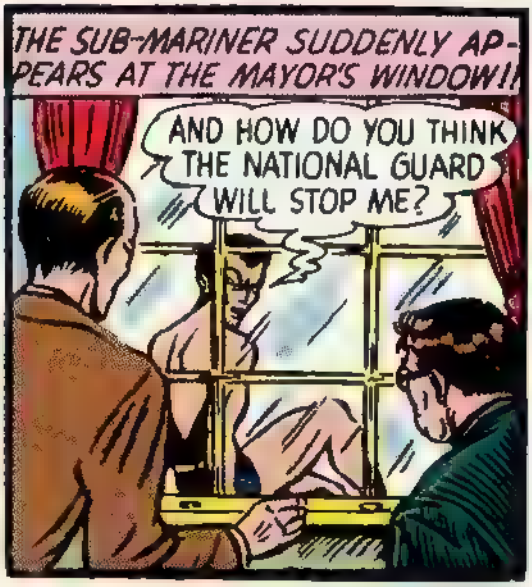
WE'RE GETTIN' HIM! THAT TEAR-GAS DOES THE JOB!


THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

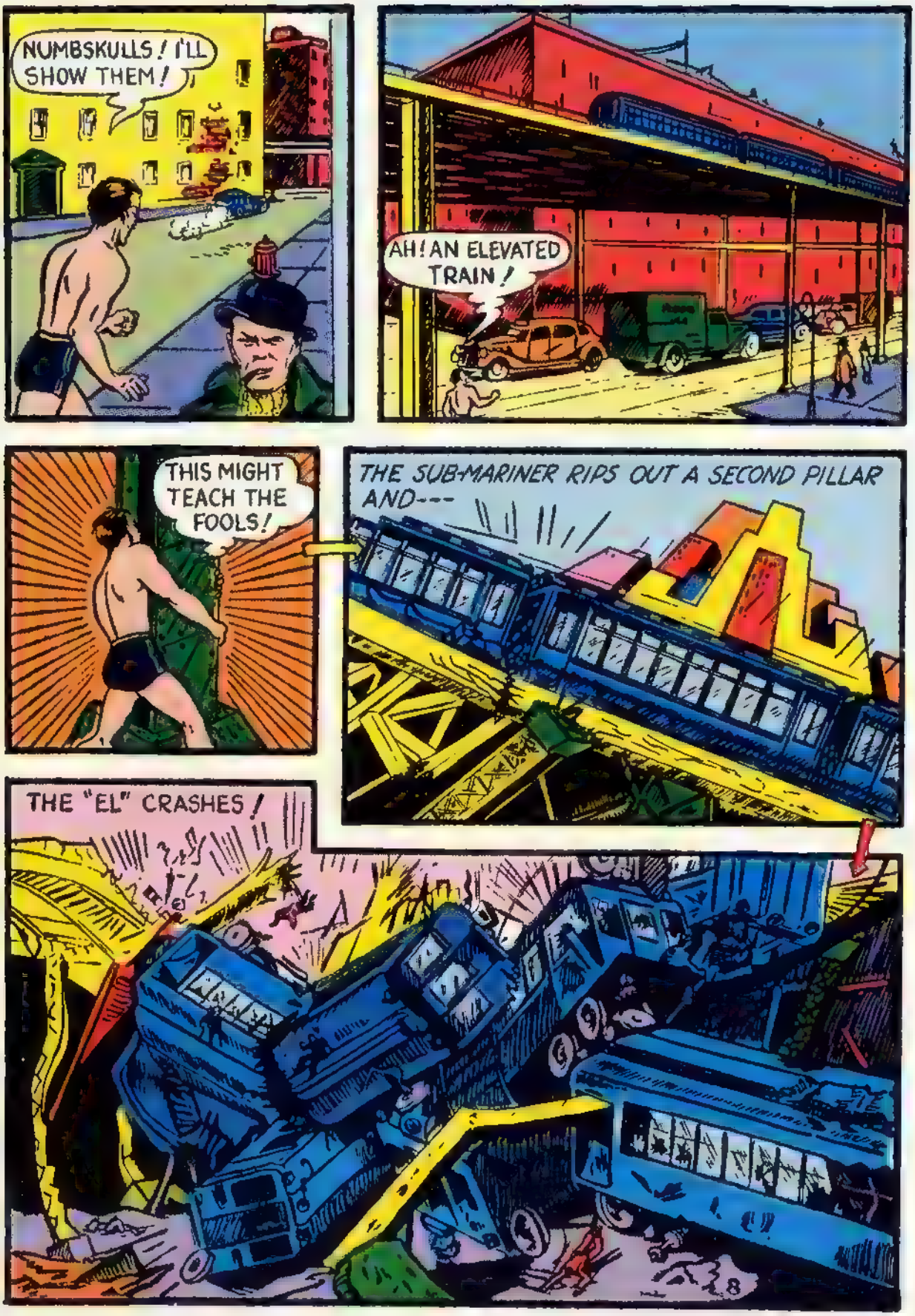
GO AHEAD—BLOW YOUR WHISTLE! FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO YOU!


NOW—TO ESTABLISH MY CLAIMS.


MEANWHILE—IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE—
I THINK WE SHOULD APPEAL TO THE GOVERNOR TO CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD AT ONCE. THE POLICE DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO---
THEN WE'LL APPEAL TO HIM. THIS TERROR HAS GOT TO STOP—AT ONCE!
6

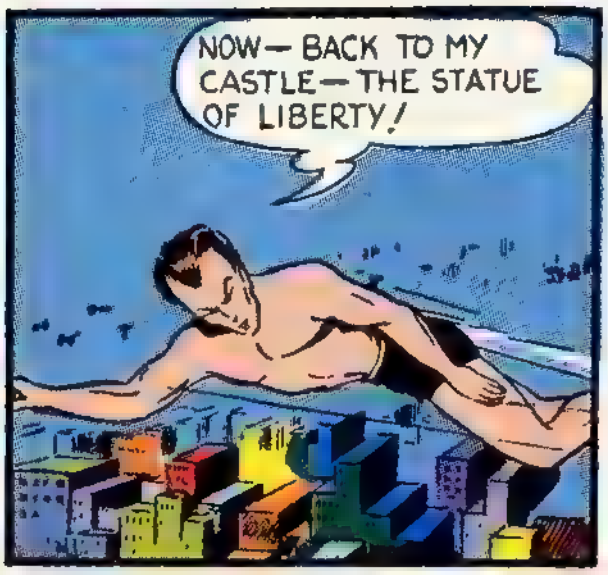

THE SUB-MARINER SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE MAYOR'S WINDOW!!
AND HOW DO YOU THINK THE NATIONAL GUARD WILL STOP ME?

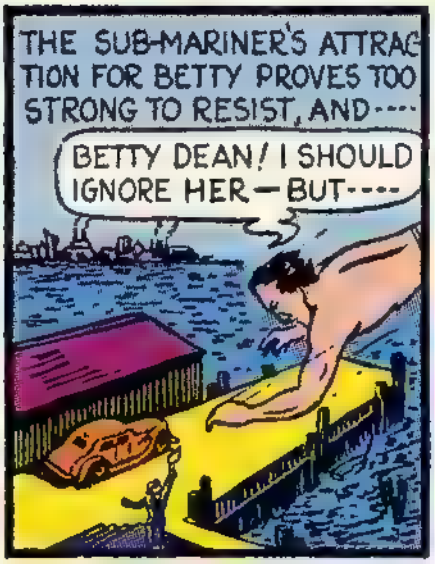
GET OUT OF HERE YOU CROOK! YOU BUM!
HAH! I COULD BREAK YOU IN HALF IF I WANTED BUT YOU'LL BE MORE USEFUL TO ME ALIVE!
USEFUL TO YOU? I'LL---
HEY—STOP! HE'LL KILL YOU!
--SHOW YOU HOW I'LL BE USEFUL!!
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL LISTEN!
I'M GOING TO RULE THIS COUNTRY BEFORE I'M THROUGH, AND NEITHER YOU NOR THE NATIONAL GUARD NOR YOUR ARMY CAN DO A THING ABOUT IT! SO-IF YOU VALUE THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF YOUR CITIZENS YOU'LL NOT TRY TO STOP ME!!
ALL RIGHT—I'VE LISTENED TO YOU. NOW—LISTEN TO ME! HELLO—GET ME THE GOVERNOR! I'M GOING TO CALL OUT THE NATIONAL GUARD!
SO THAT'S YOUR ANSWER, EH? WELL, YOU'VE ASKED----
--FOR TROUBLE AND—YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!


NUMBSKULLS! I'LL SHOW THEM!
AH! AN ELEVATED TRAIN!
THIS MIGHT TEACH THE FOOLS!
THE SUB-MARINER RIPS OUT A SECOND PILLAR AND---
THE "EL" CRASHES!

NOW WHAT?
AH! THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
SO—THEY'RE PROUD OF THIS, ARE THEY?
THEN MAYBE--
---THIS---
---WILL IMPRESS THEM!!
CRASH
9

MEANWHILE-IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!
MISS DEAN-SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE. YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON WHO MIGHT INFLUENCE THIS MADMAN
I DON'T KNOW, COMMISSIONER AFTER THE WAY WE LET HIM DOWN. BUT I'LL TRY


NOW- BACK TO MY CASTLE- THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!


THE SUB-MARINER'S ATTRACTION FOR BETTY PROVES TOO STRONG TO RESIST, AND····
BETTY DEAN! I SHOULD IGNORE HER- BUT····

OH-NAMOR! WHY MUST YOU DO THIS?
HAH! YOU SHOULD ASK THAT!

PLEASE-PLEASE GO HOME LET US LIVE IN PEACE! I'M AFRAID-FOR YOU, NAMOR!
AFRAID! FOR ME?

YES. THE HUMAN TORCH IS NOW A MEMBER OF OUR POLICE FORCE!
I'VE HEARD OF HIM. SO YOU THINK THAT LITTLE FLAME OF HIS CAN HURT ME? HAH!

OH-OH NAMOR!
TELL YOUR PEOPLE I'M NOT THROUGH- AND AS FOR THE TORCH LET HIM COME!

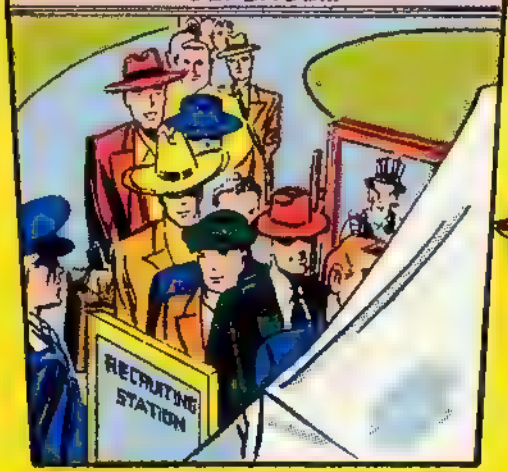
# CAPTAIN AMERICA

CASE No.1.

Meet CAPTAIN AMERICA

## U.S.A. ··· 1941

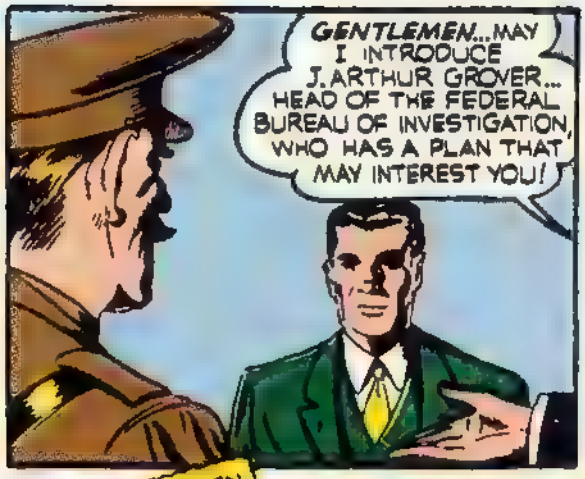
AS THE RUTHLESS WAR-MONGERS OF EUROPE FOCUS THEIR EYES ON A PEACE-LOVING AMERICA... THE YOUTH OF OUR COUNTRY HEED THE CALL TO ARM FOR DEFENSE...

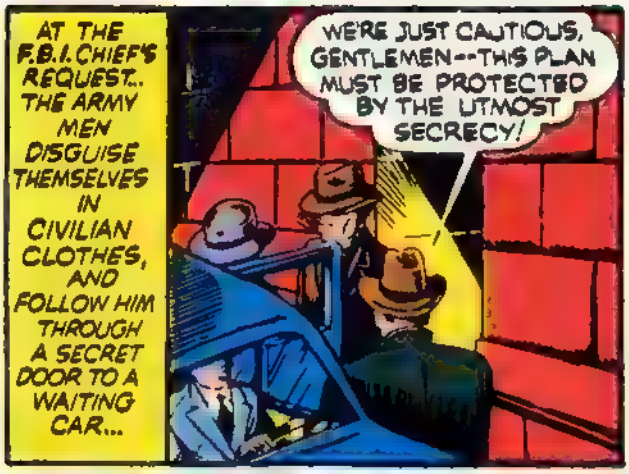


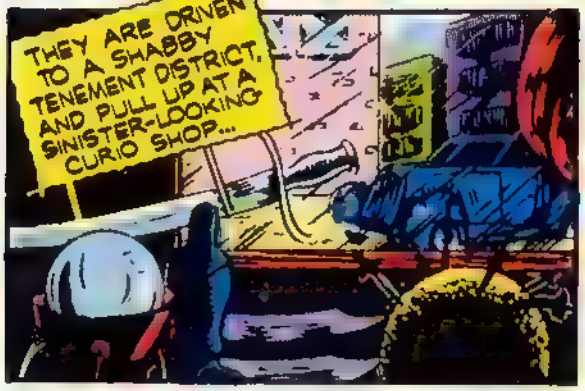

BUT GREAT AS THE DANGER OF FOREIGN ATTACK .IS THE THREAT OF INVASION FROM WITHIN...THE DREADED FIFTH COLUMN....

by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

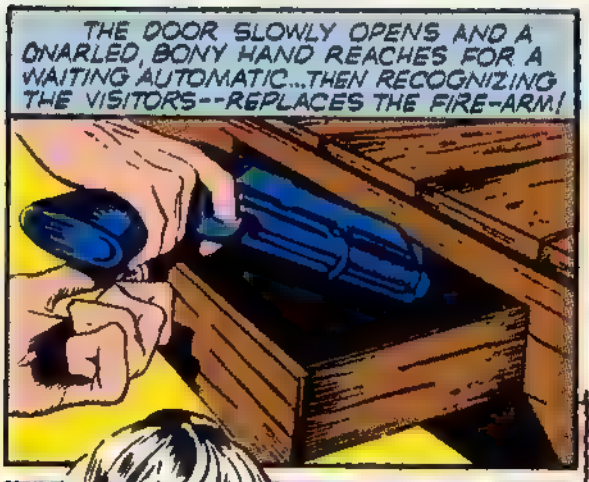
THE RESULTING WAVE OF SABOTAGE AND TREASON PARALYZES THE VITAL DEFENSE INDUSTRIES!
WHILE IN WASHINGTON...
BUT I TELL YOU, MISTER PRESIDENT-- THERE'S NO STOPPING THESE VERMIN... THEY'RE SO FIRMLY ENTRENCHED IN OUR RANKS THAT I HESITATE TO GIVE A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT TO EVEN MY MOST TRUSTED AIDE...
AN ARMY SPOTTED WITH SPIES -- IT'S -- IT'S USELESS!
WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST, GENTLEMEN? A CHARACTER OUT OF THE COMIC BOOKS? PERHAPS THE HUMAN TORCH IN THE ARMY WOULD SOLVE OUR PROBLEM!
BUT SERIOUSLY, GENTLEMEN -- SOMETHING IS BEING DONE! I NEGLECTED TO TELL YOU, BECAUSE -- WELL... I WASN'T SURE! BUT NOW--
PLEASE SEND IN MISTER GROVER!

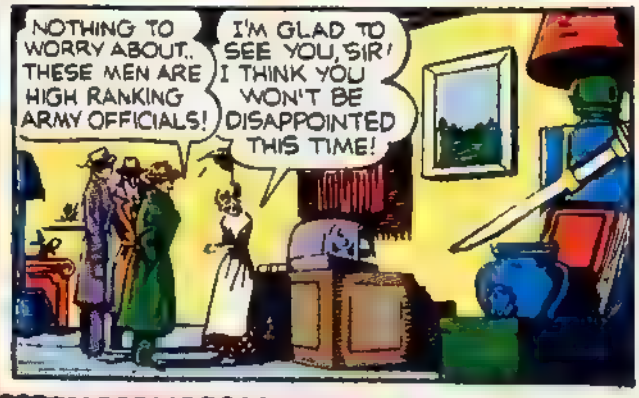

GENTLEMEN...MAY I INTRODUCE J. ARTHUR GROVER... HEAD OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, WHO HAS A PLAN THAT MAY INTEREST YOU!


AT THE F.B.I. CHIEF'S REQUEST.. THE ARMY MEN DISGUISE THEMSELVES IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, AND FOLLOW HIM THROUGH A SECRET DOOR TO A WAITING CAR...
WE'RE JUST CAUTIOUS, GENTLEMEN--THIS PLAN MUST BE PROTECTED BY THE UTMOST SECRECY!

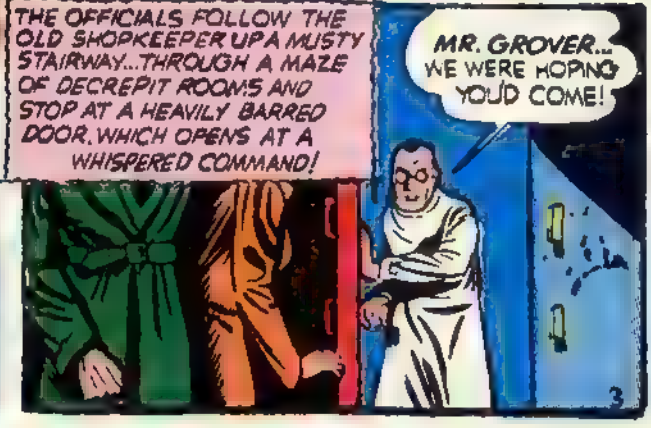

THEY ARE DRIVEN TO A SHABBY TENEMENT DISTRICT, AND PULL UP AT A SINISTER-LOOKING CURIO SHOP...

THIS SHOP IS MERELY A BLIND BEHIND WHICH OUR SECRET IS BEING PERFECTED!
CURIOS

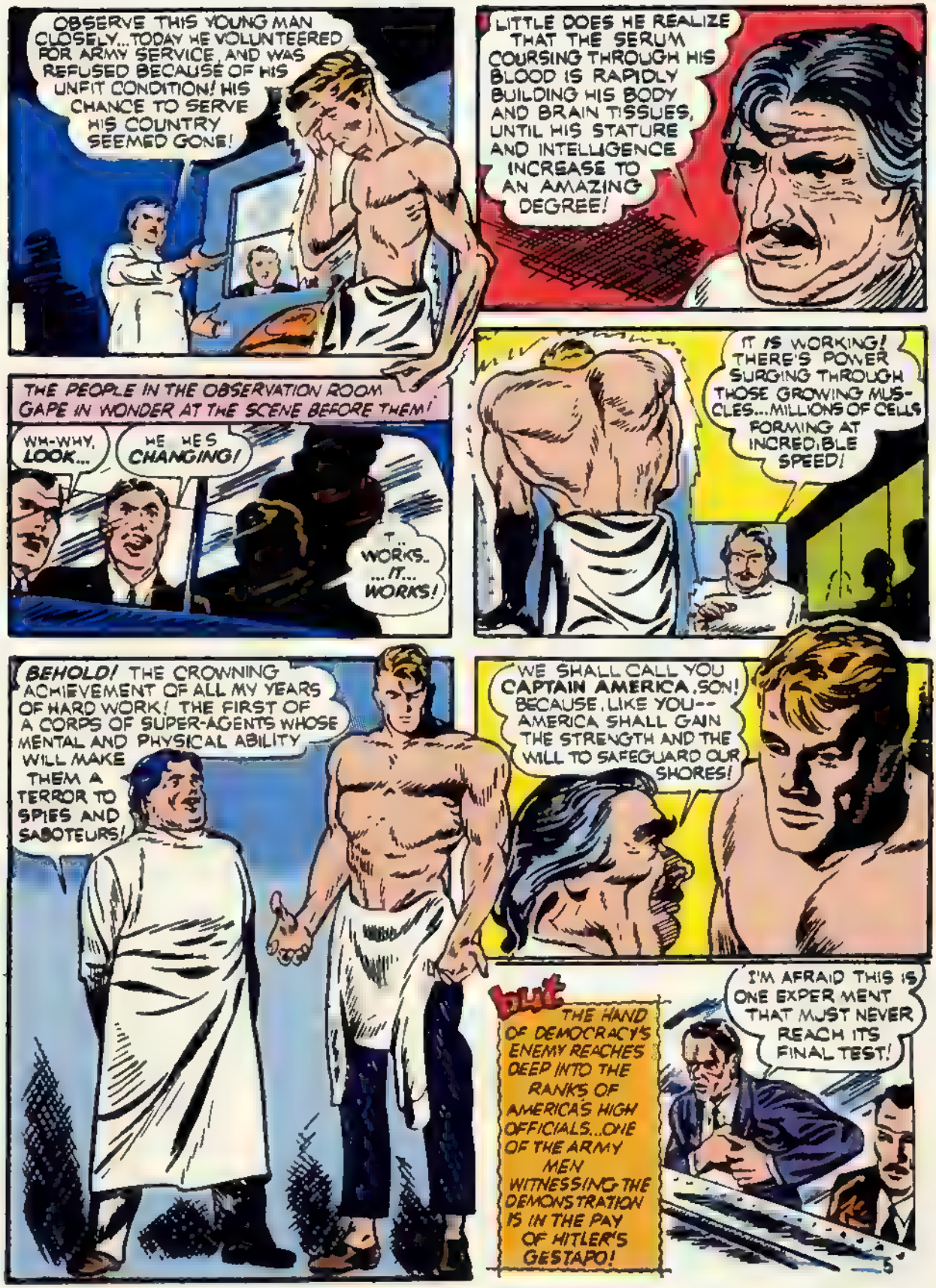

THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS AND A GNARLED, BONY HAND REACHES FOR A WAITING AUTOMATIC...THEN RECOGNIZING THE VISITORS--REPLACES THE FIRE-ARM!


NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.. THESE MEN ARE HIGH RANKING ARMY OFFICIALS!
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, SIR! I THINK YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED THIS TIME!

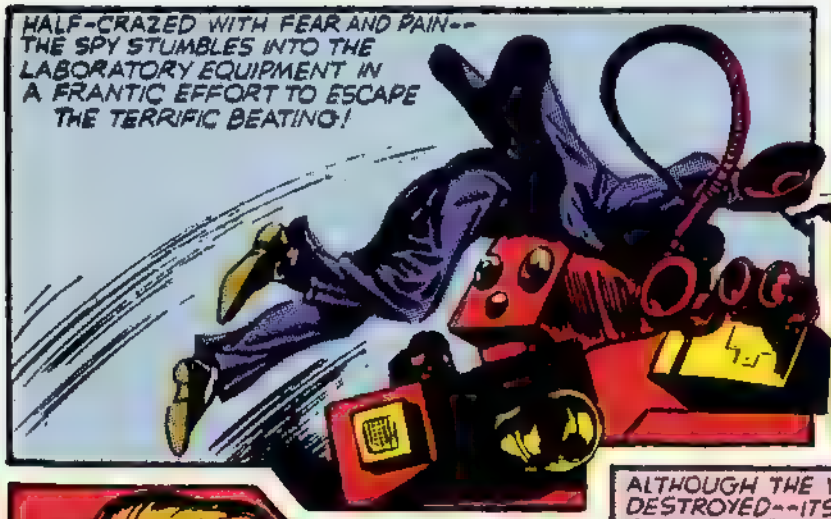
THE FORMULA HAS BEEN FOUND... THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOU NOW!

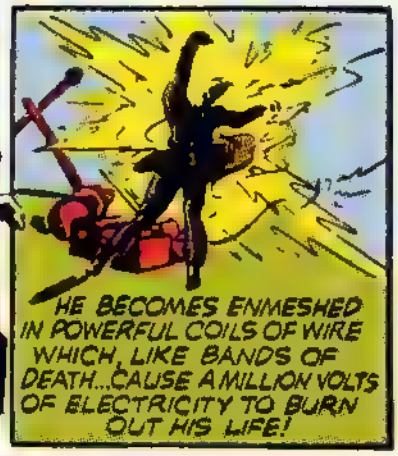

THE OFFICIALS FOLLOW THE OLD SHOPKEEPER UP A MUSTY STAIRWAY...THROUGH A MAZE OF DECREPIT ROOMS AND STOP AT A HEAVILY BARRED DOOR, WHICH OPENS AT A WHISPERED COMMAND!
MR. GROVER... WE WERE HOPING YOU'D COME!
3

THE ASTONISHED MEN ENTER TO FIND A SURPRISINGLY MODERN LABORATORY---
THE ARMY OFFICIALS GASP IN STARTLED AMAZEMENT AS THE WRINKLED OLD SHOPKEEPER SHEDS HER WIZENED FEATURES TO BECOME AN ASTOUNDINGLY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN...
THE YOUNG LADY BEHIND THE RUBBER MASK IS X-13, ONE OF OUR MOST TRUSTED AGENTS!
GROVER AND HIS PRETTY AGENT SILENTLY MOTION THE ARMY MEN TO SEATS IN A SMALL OBSERVATION ROOM, AS THE SCIENTISTS REVEAL THE FRUITS OF THEIR EXPERIMENT---
SIDE DOOR OPENS...AND A FRAIL YOUNG MAN STEPS INTO THE LABORATORY...
DON'T BE AFRAID, SON... YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME ONE OF AMERICA'S SAVIORS!
CALMLY THE YOUNG MAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE INNOCULATED WITH THE STRANGE SEETHING LIQUID...
THERE... IT IS DONE! NOW TO WATCH THE REACTION---
4

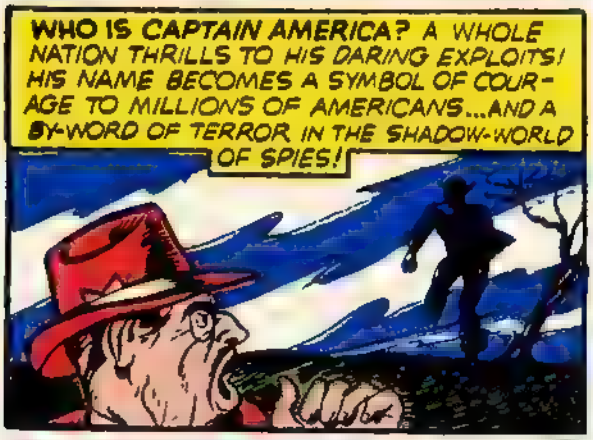

OBSERVE THIS YOUNG MAN CLOSELY...TODAY HE VOLUNTEERED FOR ARMY SERVICE, AND WAS REFUSED BECAUSE OF HIS UNFIT CONDITION! HIS CHANCE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY SEEMED GONE!
LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE THAT THE SERUM COURSING THROUGH HIS BLOOD IS RAPIDLY BUILDING HIS BODY AND BRAIN TISSUES, UNTIL HIS STATURE AND INTELLIGENCE INCREASE TO AN AMAZING DEGREE!
IT IS WORKING! THERE'S POWER SURGING THROUGH THOSE GROWING MUSCLES...MILLIONS OF CELLS FORMING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!
THE PEOPLE IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM GAPE IN WONDER AT THE SCENE BEFORE THEM!
WH-WHY, LOOK...
HE HE'S CHANGING!
IT WORKS... ...IT... WORKS!
BEHOLD! THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF ALL MY YEARS OF HARD WORK! THE FIRST OF A CORPS OF SUPER-AGENTS WHOSE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ABILITY WILL MAKE THEM A TERROR TO SPIES AND SABOTEURS!
WE SHALL CALL YOU CAPTAIN AMERICA, SON! BECAUSE, LIKE YOU-- AMERICA SHALL GAIN THE STRENGTH AND THE WILL TO SAFEGUARD OUR SHORES!
BUT THE HAND OF DEMOCRACY'S ENEMY REACHES DEEP INTO THE RANKS OF AMERICA'S HIGH OFFICIALS...ONE OF THE ARMY MEN WITNESSING THE DEMONSTRATION IS IN THE PAY OF HITLER'S GESTAPO!
I'M AFRAID THIS IS ONE EXPERIMENT THAT MUST NEVER REACH ITS FINAL TEST!

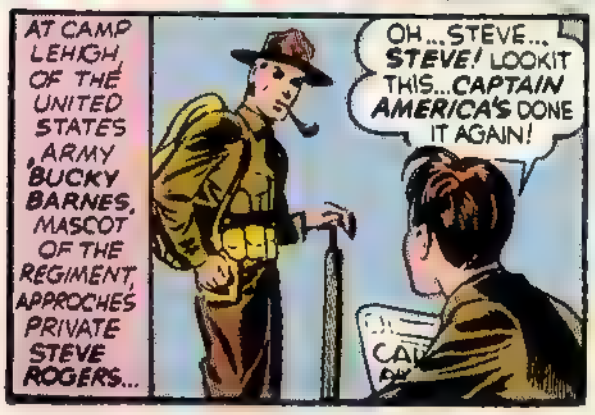
DEATH TO THE DOGS OF DEMOCRACY!
UGH!
PROFESSOR REINSTEIN! WHAT--
BAM!
THE SPY'S MUFFLED GUN SPEAKS AGAIN BEFORE THE GROUP CAN RECOVER FROM ITS SURPRISE--THE VIAL CONTAINING THE VALUABLE SERUM SHATTERS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!
CRASH!
HIS TREACHERY DISCOVERED--THE SPY TURNS HIS FIRE ON THE INFURIATED GROUP IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM--
LOOK OUT, MISTER GROVER!
BAM
SUDDENLY THE ENEMY AGENT'S EYES WIDEN IN HORROR AS A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE IN THE FORM OF CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAPS TOWARD HIM!
COME ON OUT, YOU SKUNK!
SOC!
WHAM!


HALF-CRAZED WITH FEAR AND PAIN--
THE SPY STUMBLES INTO THE LABORATORY EQUIPMENT IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE TERRIFIC BEATING!

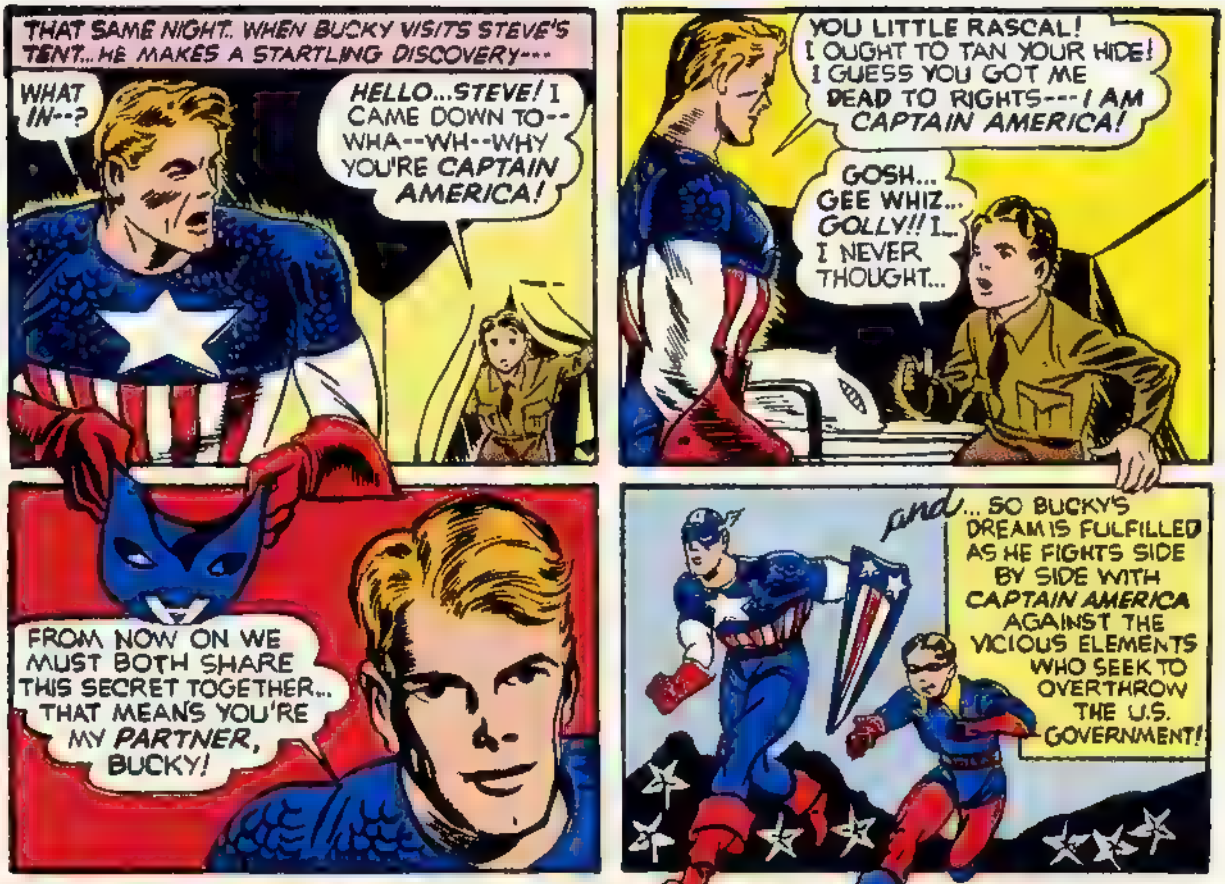

HE BECOMES ENMESHED IN POWERFUL COILS OF WIRE WHICH, LIKE BANDS OF DEATH...CAUSE A MILLION VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY TO BURN OUT HIS LIFE!

NOTHING LEFT OF HIM BUT CHARRED ASHES...A FATE HE WELL DESERVED!


WHO IS CAPTAIN AMERICA? A WHOLE NATION THRILLS TO HIS DARING EXPLOITS! HIS NAME BECOMES A SYMBOL OF COURAGE TO MILLIONS OF AMERICANS...AND A BY-WORD OF TERROR IN THE SHADOW-WORLD OF SPIES!


AT CAMP LEHIGH, OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, BUCKY BARNES, MASCOT OF THE REGIMENT, APPROACHES PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS...
OH...STEVE... STEVE! LOOKIT THIS...CAPTAIN AMERICA'S DONE IT AGAIN!

ALTHOUGH THE WONDER SERUM HAS BEEN DESTROYED--ITS FIRST CREATION...CAPTAIN AMERICA, BECOMES A POWERFUL FORCE IN THE BATTLE AGAINST SPIES AND SABOTEURS!
CAPTAIN AMERICA CAPTURES SPY RING!
CAPTAIN AMERICA NABS SPY!
CAPTAIN AMERICA PREVENTS DAM EXPLOSION
CAPTAIN AMERICA... NATION'S NO. 1 SPY BUSTER!
WHO IS CAPTAIN AMERICA?
BOY-- HOW I'D LIKE TO MEET THAT GUY! I WISH I COULD BE LIKE HIM!
MAYBE YOU CAN, BUCKY...MAYBE YOU CAN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA NABS SPY
7





HERE IS HOW YOU CAN BECOME A MEMBER OF..

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY

and JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA IN HIS WAR AGAINST THE SPIES AND ENEMIES IN OUR MIDST WHO THREATEN OUR VERY INDEPENDENCE....

SEND 10¢ to TIMELY PUBLICATIONS... 330 WEST 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. TO COVER COST OF MAILING... AND RECEIVE A REAL OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD!

Member SENTINELS of LIBERTY

I SOLEMNLY PLEDGE TO UPHOLD THE PRINCIPLES OF THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AND ASSIST CAPTAIN AMERICA IN HIS WAR AGAINST SPIES IN THE U.S.A.

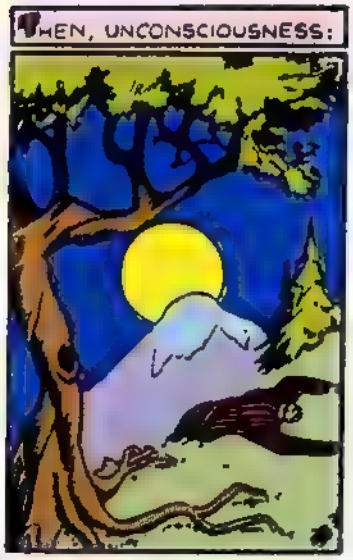
SIGNED_____

PLASTIC MAN
FROM TIME TO TIME THE COMIC WORLD WELCOMES A NEW SENSATION! SUCH IS PLASTIC MAN!! THE MOST FANTASTIC MAN ALIVE! VERMIN OF THE UNDER WORLD SHUDDER AT THE MENTION OF HIS NAME! AND YET HE WAS ONCE ONE OF THEM!!
NOW, READ OF HOW THIS INCREDIBLE CHARACTER CAME TO BE!
EEYOW! IT'S PLASTIC MAN!
LEGGO!
Jack Cole
LATE ONE NIGHT AT THE CRAWFORD CHEMICAL WORKS:
HERE'S THE SWAG! A HUNDRED GRAND!!
HURRY UP! THE GUARD'S COMING!
HOT DIG!
HALT!
UGH!!
ACID
HE GOT TH EEL!
SO WHAT? C'MON!
VAT OF ACID SPILLS ON THE EEL
HEY, YA PUTRID PUNKS! WAIT UP!!
ADIOS EEL!

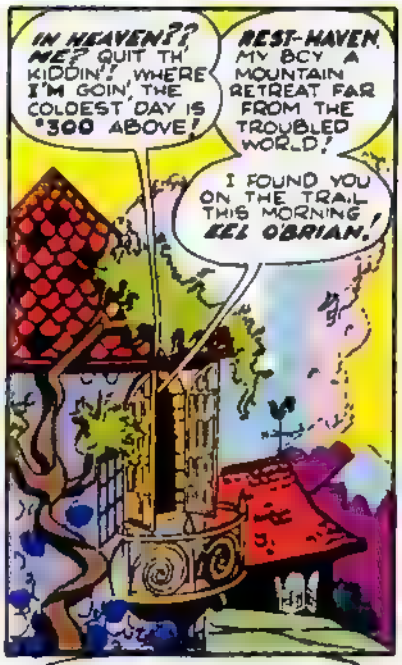
TH' YELLOW 46-6!! GOTTA GET AWAY.. SOMEHOW. SOME PLACE!! CURSE THIS ACID! IT'S IN THE WOUND AND STINGIN' LIKE BLAZES!!!

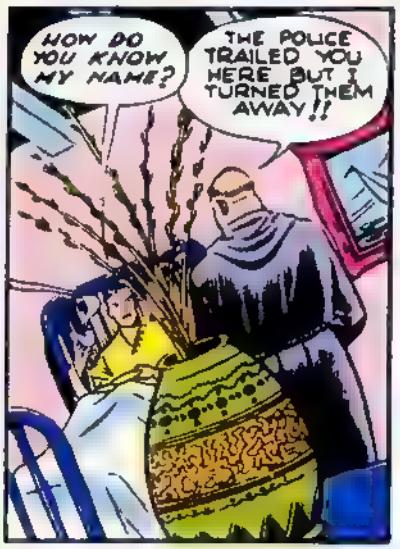
LATER IN A DAZE THE EEL WANDERS THROUGH SWAMPS:
MUST KEEP GO NG!! COPS COMING!!

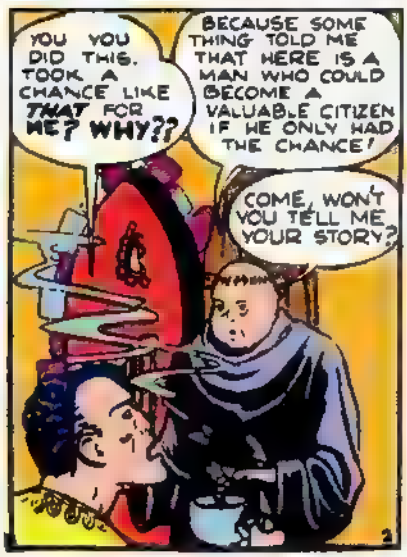
THEN UP A MOUNTAIN SIDE:
LEGS WON'T WORK.... HEAD REELING!! CAN'T GO ON!

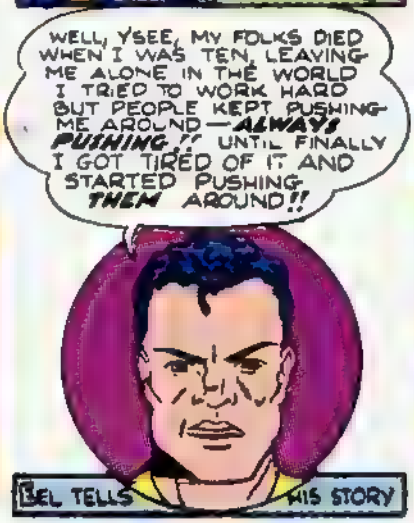

THEN, UNCONSCIOUSNESS:

SOME TIME LATER HE AWAKENS·
OH MY HEAD! WHERE AM I? WHO ARE—??
YOU ARE IN REST-HAVEN, SON!

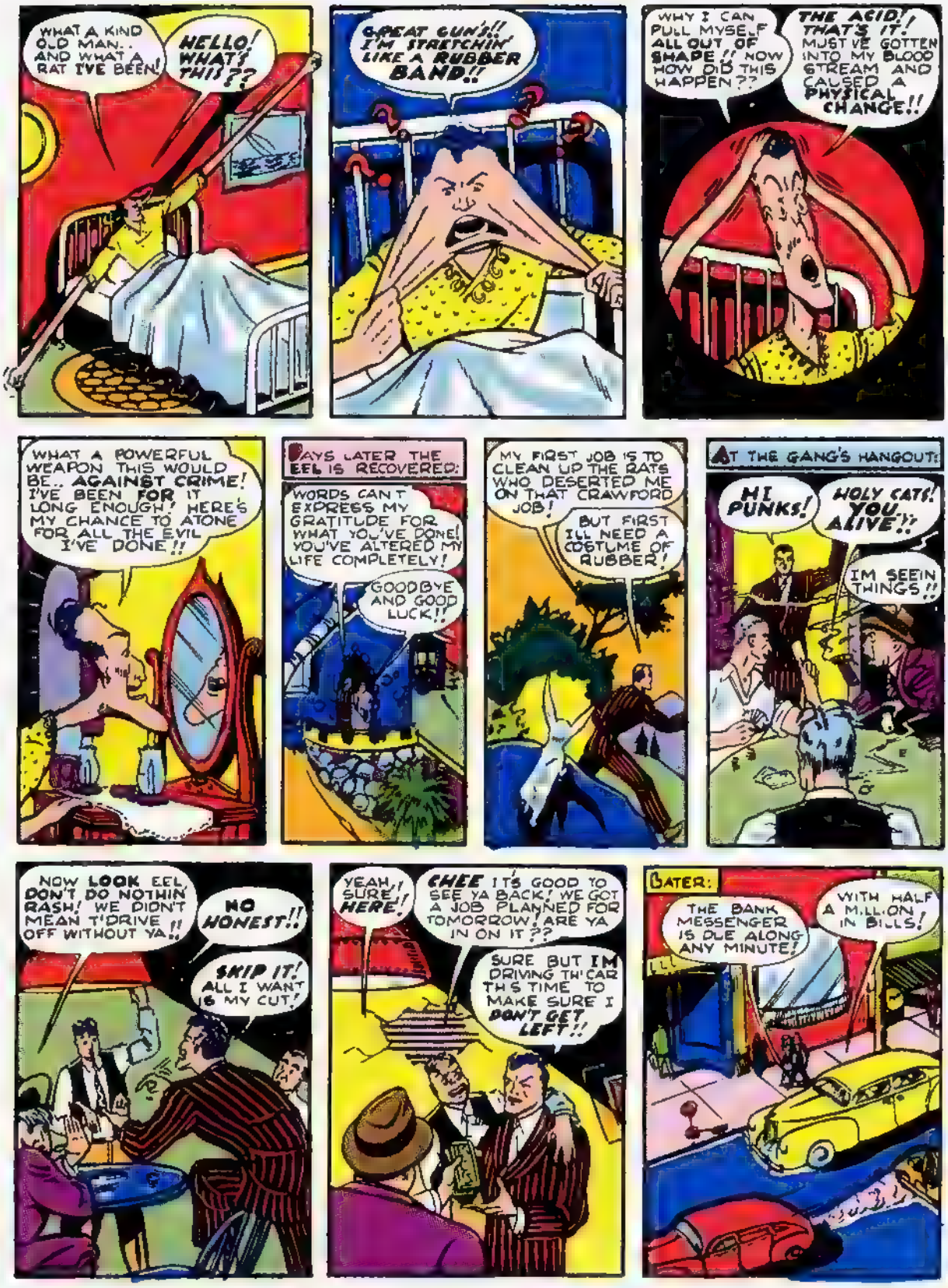

IN HEAVEN?? ME? QUIT TH' KIDDIN'! WHERE I'M GOIN', THE COLDEST DAY IS °300 ABOVE!
REST-HAVEN, MY BOY A MOUNTAIN RETREAT FAR FROM THE TROUBLED WORLD!
I FOUND YOU ON THE TRAIL THIS MORNING! EEL O'BRIAN!


HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
THE POLICE TRAILED YOU HERE BUT I TURNED THEM AWAY!!


YOU YOU DID THIS. TOOK A CHANCE LIKE THAT FOR ME? WHY??
BECAUSE SOME THING TOLD ME THAT HERE IS A MAN WHO COULD BECOME A VALUABLE CITIZEN IF HE ONLY HAD THE CHANCE!
COME, WON'T YOU TELL ME YOUR STORY?


WELL, YSEE, MY FOLKS DIED WHEN I WAS TEN, LEAVING ME ALONE IN THE WORLD I TRIED TO WORK HARD BUT PEOPLE KEPT PUSHING ME AROUND—ALWAYS PUSHING!! UNTIL FINALLY I GOT TIRED OF IT AND STARTED PUSHING THEM AROUND!!
EEL TELLS HIS STORY

I'D COMPLETELY LOST FAITH IN MANKIND, UNTIL... WELL, YOU'VE GIVEN ME A NEW SLANT ON THINGS!
BUT THE IMPORTANT THING RIGHT NOW IS TO REST AND GET WELL!


WHAT A KIND OLD MAN.. AND WHAT A RAT I'VE BEEN!
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS??
GREAT GUN'S!! I'M STRETCHIN' LIKE A RUBBER BAND!!
WHY I CAN PULL MYSELF ALL OUT OF SHAPE!! NOW HOW DID THIS HAPPEN??
THE ACID! THAT'S IT! MUST'VE GOTTEN INTO MY BLOOD STREAM AND CAUSED A PHYSICAL CHANGE!!
WHAT A POWERFUL WEAPON THIS WOULD BE.. AGAINST CRIME! I'VE BEEN FOR IT LONG ENOUGH! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO ATONE FOR ALL THE EVIL I'VE DONE!!
DAYS LATER THE EEL IS RECOVERED:
WORDS CAN'T EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'VE ALTERED MY LIFE COMPLETELY!
GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!!
MY FIRST JOB IS TO CLEAN UP THE RATS WHO DESERTED ME ON THAT CRAWFORD JOB!
BUT FIRST I'LL NEED A COSTUME OF RUBBER!
AT THE GANG'S HANGOUT:
HI PUNKS!
HOLY CATS! YOU ALIVE!?
I'M SEEIN THINGS!!
NOW LOOK EEL, DON'T DO NOTHIN RASH! WE DIDN'T MEAN T'DRIVE OFF WITHOUT YA!!
NO HONEST!!
SKIP IT! ALL I WANT IS MY CUT!
YEAH, SURE, HERE!
CHEE IT'S GOOD TO SEE YA BACK! WE GOT A JOB PLANNED FOR TOMORROW! ARE YA IN ON IT??
SURE BUT I'M DRIVING TH' CAR TH'S TIME TO MAKE SURE I DON'T GET LEFT!!
LATER:
THE BANK MESSENGER IS DUE ALONG ANY MINUTE!
WITH HALF A M.I.L.LION IN BILLS!

THERE HE GOES... INTO THE BUILDING!
WAIT HERE EEL, AND KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING!
THEY'VE GONE! NOW TO STRIP TO MY NEW COSTUME AND CHANGE MY FACE!!
TWO THUGS ENTER THE ELEVATOR WITH THE MESSENGER:
FLOOR PLEASE!
TEN.
FIFTEEN
THEN BETWEEN THE 12TH AND 13TH FLOORS:
ALRIGHT, STOP TH' CAR!!
EH?
AN' FORK OVER THE BAG!
WE'RE LEAVIN' BY THIS EMERGENCY TRAP DOOR, AND NO FALSE MOVES OR—!!
I WRECKED TH' CONTROLS! THEY CAN'T GO UP OR DOWN!
OH DEAR!
QUICK! UP THE SIDE LADDER!
OKE!
SLAM!
JUST THEN
WHERE YA GOIN' WITH THAT DOUCH?
L-LOOK!! A F-F-F-FREAK!
GAD!
SUDDENLY BULLETS RAIN DOWN PAST PLASTIC MAN!
PANG! PANG! PANG
OH OH! THEY'RE ABOVE ME TOO!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
DARE YA TO STICK YOUR MITTS OUT THRU THAT BARRAGE WISE GUY!
I'LL GET YOU YET!
THEY'LL BE COMING DOWN IN A MINUTE! I'LL FLATTEN OUT LIKE A RUG!!

WHERE IS HE-OR IT?
DUNNO! HE WUZ ON THIS FLOOR!
EEK!
GOTCHA!
IT'S A TRAP!
BAM!
HOLY !!!
BUT TWO ESCAPE DURING THE HEAT OF BATTLE . .
DOG!
TH' ROOF! GET TO TH' ROOF!!
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?
HOLD THESE CROOKS, POP! THEY'RE HELPLESS! I'M GOING AFTER MORE ON THE ROOF!!
TH' FREAK'S LOOSE AGIN!
DOWN TH' ROPE SAP!
OW! MY MITTS!
HUH? WE AIN'T GOIN' DOWN AN INCH!
WHA?
HE'S PULLIN UP ON TH' ROPE!
AND WE'VE REACHED TH' END!
UP YOU COME!
AND DOWN YOU GO, CHUM!!
?
TWENTY STORIES IS ENOUGH TO KILL ANY MAN! EVEN HIM!! C'MON!
HOPE WE CAN GIT TO THAT CAR BEFORE THE DICKS GET HERE!

BUT PLASTIC MAN DOUBLES UP BOUNCING LIKE A RUBBER BALL:
GOTTA GET BACK INTO MY STREET CLOTHES!
GREAT DAY!
THUD!
SHOVE OFF, EEL!
BUT FAST!
GOT TH' DOUGH?
YEAH!
YOU SHOULDA BEEN WITH US! WE RUN SMACK INTO A MONSTER!
TH' GUY COULD STRETCH LIKE A SLINGSHOT!
AND COULD HE FIGHT.. BUT WE COOKED HIS GOOSE!!
IF YOU ASK ME, YOU DOPES BEEN HITTIN' TH' PIPE!!
IT'S THE TRUTH EEL .. SO, HELP US!
AS THEY PASS POLICE HEADQUARTERS THE EEL REACHES HIS ARM OUT AND AROUND THE CAR, AND.....
YOIK!!
HE'S IN AGIN!!
WE'RE DOOMED!
RUN FOR IT, EEL, WHILE YOU CAN!!
C-CAN'T BREATHE!
ZIP
POLI
B'GORRA! SKIZZLE SHANKS AN' HIS MOB!
THAT ARM!.. LIKE A TENTACLE!!
CRASH!
OUT WITH IT! WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE?
W-W-WE DON'T KNOW! HE WAS A-A MAN OF RUBBER!.. A PLASTIC!! MAN..
PLASTIC MAN?? YOU'RE NUTS! TAKE THEM AWAY, CLANCY!
NOW TO RETURN THE MONEY. I NEVER KNEW FIGHTING FOR THE LAW COULD BE SO MUCH FUN!
AND SO PLASTIC MAN, CARRYING ON IN HIS ROLE OF THE EEL, CONTINUES TO LIVE AS A THIEF, TO GET INSIDE INFORMATION THAT WILL AID HIM AS PLASTIC MAN!!

COMIC BOOK SECTION

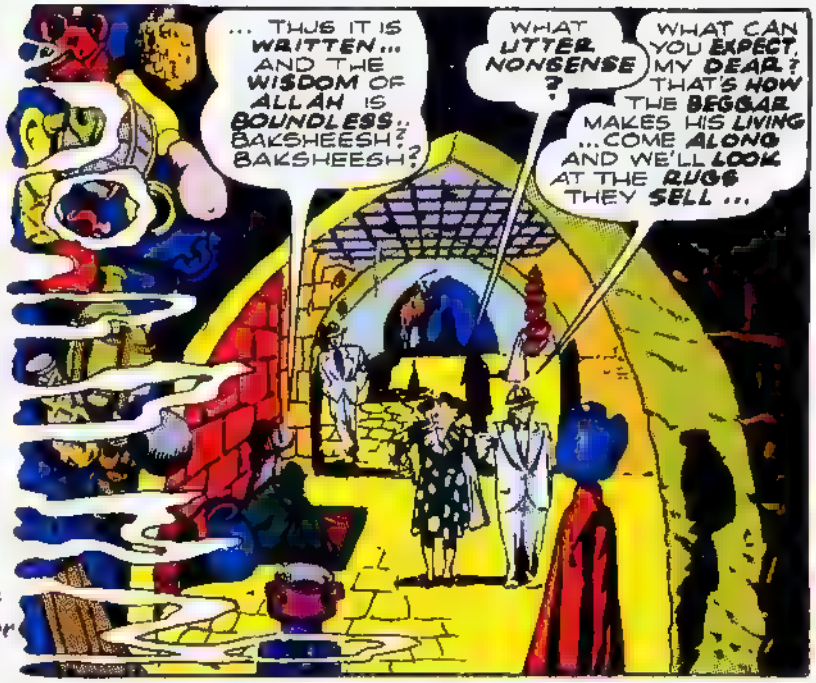
RECORD PHILADELPHIA

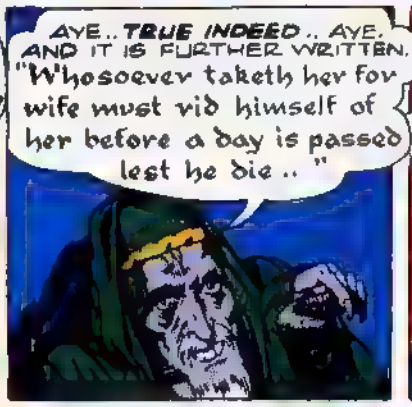
SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1941

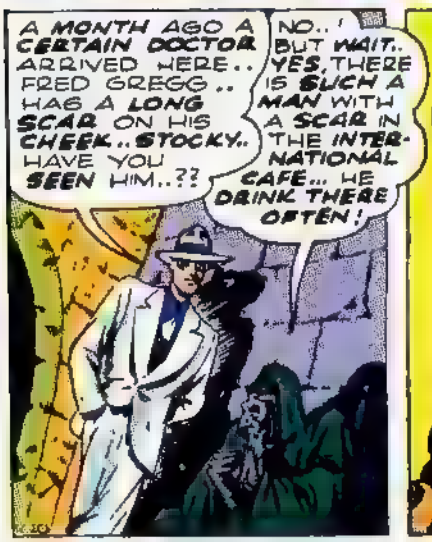
ACTION Mystery ADVENTURE

This is a story of the East, where mere wars cannot penetrate into the shadowy world that exists beneath the sun-baked bazaars ~~~ Where truth laughs at fiction and death is not the end ~~~

And 'twas written that upon the seventh moon a daughter shall be born unto Sheik Ali Bey, lord of a thousand camels... And the smile of Allah shall be as a frown and a time of bleakness shall descend upon his tents... for his she-child shall have upon her forehead the jewel of death... And she shall bring death to those who meet her until one of a hidden face shall come from the sky to stem her crimes and the time shall be of the quarter moon...

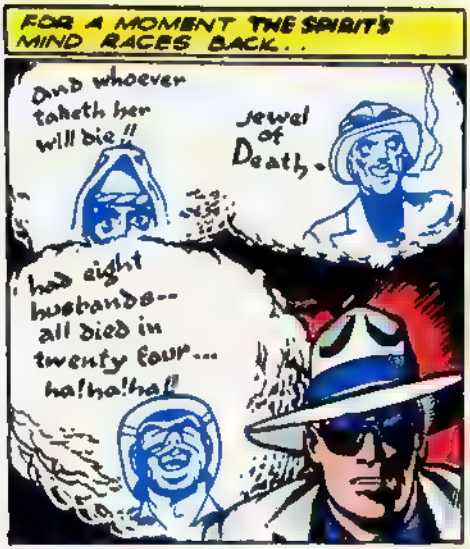






HELLO, DOCTOR GREGG..
GO AWAY!!
BY MY BEARD SHE WIGGLES LIKE A SNAKE!
...SO I SEZ "LOOK ERE, MATEY.. I DON'T WANT NO."
HEY WAITER!!
HAH HAW.. HAH HAH..
COUGH COUGH COUGH
HEH, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?! WHO ARE YOU?!! WHY ARE YOU HERE..??
I'M LOOKING FOR THE MAN WHO CAN SAVE A CITY... YOU!!
ME??. HAH HAH HAH I'M DOC GREGG, THE QUACK!!
STILL BITTER, EH?! I KNOW YOUR IDEAS WERE LAUGHED AT!! BUT NOW THEY NEED YOU IN CENTRAL CITY A THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE DYING OF THE VERY DISEASE YOU WARNED OF.. ONLY YOU HAVE THE ANTI-DOTE!!
NOW THEY NEED ME! .. HA..HA..WHAT A LAUGH.. THEY'RE TOO LATE.. I'M IN EXILE!!... SAY.. WHO ARE YOU??
I AM THE SPIRIT!!
SPIRIT?!.. I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU.. YOU'VE MY RESPECT BUT I'M SORRY, OLD MAN.. I'M HERE TO STAY!!
AH.. SHELLAH.. SPIRIT, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY NEW WIFE... WE WERE JUST MARRIED.. SHE WAS MARRIED 8 TIMES BEFORE.. BUT EACH MAN DIED WITHIN ONE DAY.. I HOPE TO BEAT THE RECORD.. HAH.. HAH.. HAH..
LOOK HERE, GREGG.. I'M IN EARNEST.. 1000 LIVES ARE AT STAKE!!!
IF YOU DON'T COME VOLUNTARILY, I'LL DRAG YOU BACK" REMEMBER, I'M NO POLICEMAN BOUND BY REGULATIONS!
DON'T TRY ANY ROUGH STUFF HERE! THIS IS THE EAST! I'VE FRIENDS!
AND EEF YOU TAKE MY HOSBAND AWAY, I SLEET YOUR THROAT!!
HA HA.. HA HA..
!
HA..HA.. HA.. HA..
8

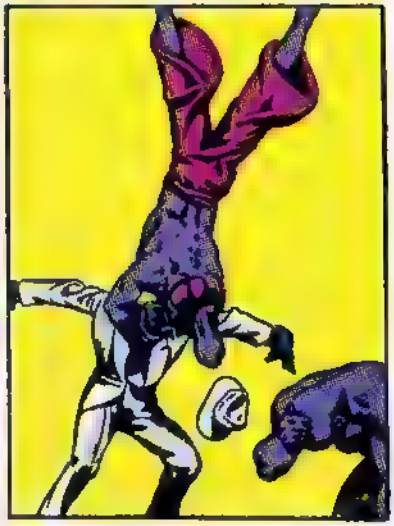
THIS IS ONE TIME I AM STUMPED... GOT TO FIGURE THINGS OUT... OH, WAITER, A NICE TALL GLASS OF COOL MILK...
M..MILK!! DO MY EARS BETRAY ME? MILK IN THIS PLACE?!
MILK? HA..HA.. HA.. HA HA..
MILK HE SAYS.. HA.HA. HA..
M...:GULP:
I SAID MILK!!!
Y..YES, EFFENDI, MILK..TO BE SURE..AT ONCE, OH EXALTED MASTER!!
YOU ARE BRAVE TO ORDER MILK HERE.. THEY ONCE BEAT UP A MAN FOR ORDERING WATER!!
?
PERMIT ME, I AM BELABARUK..ER..JEWEL DEALER.. I SAW YOU TALKING TO SHELLAH, THE DANCER...SHE HAS IN HER POSSESSION THE JEWEL OF DEATH.. I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY IT.. OR..
..OR STEAL IT.. I KNOW YOU... HERE... HAVE A LOOK.. I BROKE UP YOUR SMUGGLING RING ONCE!!
THE SPIRIT!! :GULP: ... I..ER.. HEH..HEH.. NICE TO HAVE MET YOU.. I...
I MUST BE GOING!!
LATER THAT NIGHT, THE SPIRIT MOVES THROUGH THE DARKNESS...
I'VE FIGURED AND FIGURED.. ONLY ONE SOLUTION...I'LL HAVE TO KIDNAP GREGG AND RETURN TO AMERICA BY PLANE.. LUCKY I CHARTERED A RETURN TRIP FOR TWO WHEN I ARRIVED!!
AH..GREGG'S ROOMS... PERHAPS HE KEEPS RECORDS OF THE FORMULA...THEN I CAN... HELLO!!
I TOLD YOU WHAT I DO EEF YOU COME FOR MY MAN!! HA..HA..HA.. YOU OCCIDENTALS ARE STUBBORN FOOLS!!
GOOD GRAVY!! YOU'VE THE JEWEL OF DEATH ON YOUR FOREHEAD!!

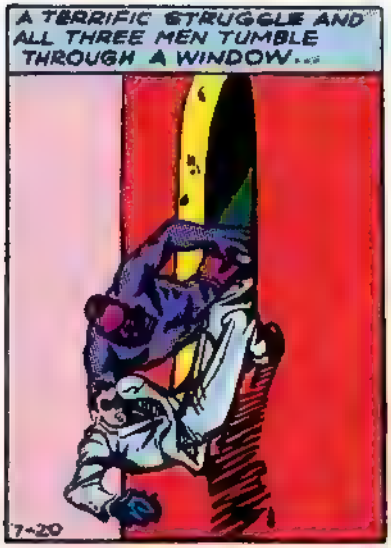

FOR A MOMENT THE SPIRIT'S MIND RACES BACK..
And whoever taketh her will die!!
Jewel of Death,-
had eight husbands-- all died in twenty four... ha!ha!ha!!

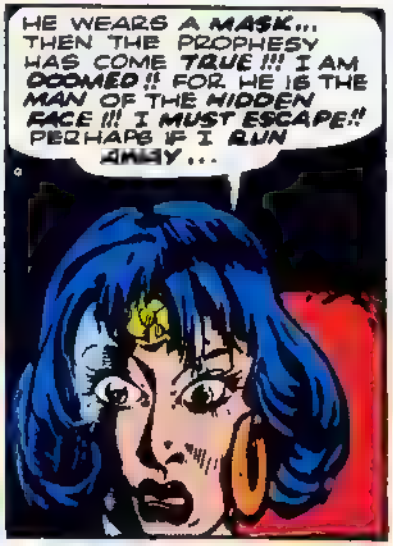
...THEN YOU ARE Sheik Ali Bey's DAUGHTER!! GREAT HEAVENS! NOW I MUST TAKE GREGG AWAY LEST HE DIE LIKE THE OTHERS!!

WHERE IS GREGG?! ANSWER ME!!!
HE IS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN..HE IS ON HIS WAY HERE... BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM!! Orlan!! Beka!!

AT HER SIGNAL THE GUARDS LUNGE...

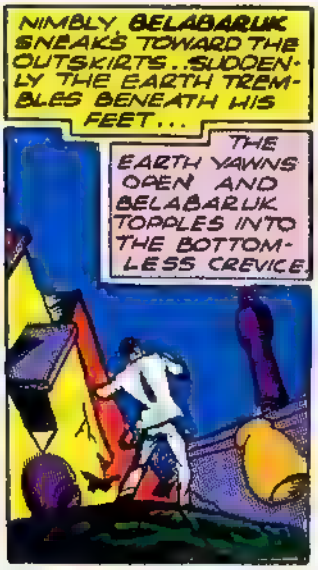


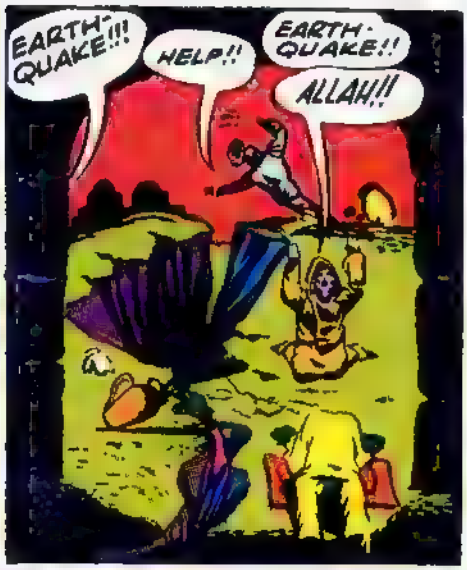

A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE AND ALL THREE MEN TUMBLE THROUGH A WINDOW...
7-20

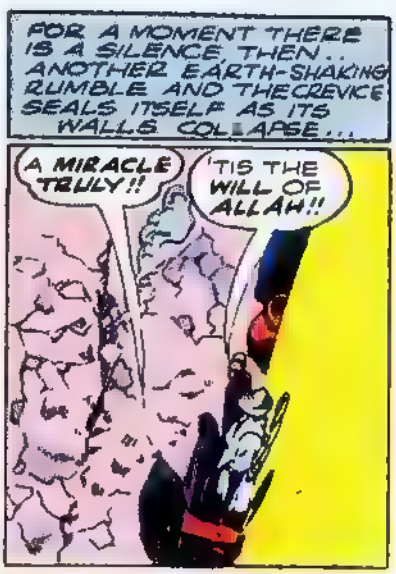

HE WEARS A MASK... THEN THE PROPHESY HAS COME TRUE!!! I AM DOOMED!! FOR HE IS THE MAN OF THE HIDDEN FACE!!! I MUST ESCAPE!! PERHAPS IF I RUN AWAY...

IN THE WINDING NARROW STREETS THE SPIRIT RUNS MADLY TO SAVE DR.GREGG.
IN AMERICA I WOULD LAUGH AT THAT PROPHESY... BUT SOMEHOW, HERE IT SEEMS REAL!!
AT THE END OF TOWN, DR. GREGG STAGGERS OUT OF A CAFE...
HA..HA..HA.. YES, BOY, I'M CELEBRATING MY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. BY MIDNIGHT I WILL BE MARRIED ONE DAY!!
OOOPS!
CRASH
TAKE THIS YOU RAT!!
HA! MISSED!!!
WOW!! THAT WAS CLOSE!!
BANG
DR. GREGG!! DR. GREGG!!
HEY? WHO'S CALLING ME??
DR. GREGG! WHERE ARE YOU??
HEH SPIRIT'S VOICE... FUNNY.. CAME NEAR BEING KILLED THREE..
AH..THERE YOU ARE.. H'YA SPIRIT... I HEARD YA A MILE OFF...
DR. GREGG! LOOK OUT!! LOOK OUT... THAT WALL.. IT'S...
CRASH

INSTANTLY THE SPIRIT DIVES INTO THE CASCADE OF MASONRY...
TOO LATE, SPIRIT... I'M DONE FOR... GET ME TO THE APARTMENT AND I WILL DICTATE MY NOTES... ANY CHEMIST CAN MIX THE ANTIDOTE WITH MY FORMULA...
THANKS, GREGG, THANKS..
AT THE APARTMENT... LATER...
THE MASKED ONE DOES GET THE SECRET.. NEXT HE WILL DESTROY ME !!
... I'LL GO OUT INTO THE DESERT... HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME THERE!! I'LL THWART THE PROPHESY YET !!!
AH... ONE MOMENT, MY PRETTY...
?
WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
THE JEWEL OF DEATH!
NO NO... EEEEEEEEEEKK
HA-HA! WHAT A BEAUTY!! THIS'LL FETCH A FORTUNE!!
I CAN THANK THE SPIRIT FOR THIS LUCKY BREAK!! IF I HADN'T MET AND TRAILED HIM I'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THIS JEWEL...



...And she shall bring death to those who meet her until one of a hidden face shall come from the sky to stem her crimes and the time shall be of the quarter moon ...

# AFTERWORD

## 1.

*Respect for parents, the moral code, and for honorable behavior, shall be fostered.*
*"Policemen, judges, government officials and respected institutions shall never be presented in such a way as to create disrespect for established authority.*
*"In every instance good shall triumph over evil and the criminal punished for his misdeeds.*

FROM THE CODE OF THE COMICS MAGAZINE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

In the years since Dr. Wertham and his supporters launched their attacks, comic books have toned down considerably, almost antiseptically. Publishers in fear of their lives wrote a code, set up a review board, and volunteered themselves into censorship rather than have it imposed from the outside. Dr. Wertham scorns self-regulation as misleading. Old-time fans scorn it as having brought on the death of comic books as they once knew and loved them: for, surprisingly, there *are* old comic book fans. A small army of them. Men in their thirties and early forties wearing school ties and tweeds, teaching in universities, writing ad copy, writing for chic magazines, writing novels—who continue to be addicts, who save old comic books, buy them, trade them, and will, many of them, pay up to fifty dollars for the first issues of *Superman* or *Batman*; who publish and mail to each other mimeographed "fanzines"—strange little publications deifying what is looked back on as "the golden age of comic books." Ruined by Wertham. Ruined by growing up.

So Dr. Wertham is wrong in his contention, quoted earlier, that no one matures remembering the things.

His other charges against comic books—that they were participating factors in juvenile delinquency and, in some cases, juvenile suicide, that they inspired experiments, a la Superman, in free-fall flight which could only end badly, that they were, in general, a corrupting influence, glorifying crime and depravity—can only, in all fairness, be answered: "But of course. Why else read them?"

Comic books, first of all, are junk.* To accuse them of being what they are is to make no accusation at all: there is no such thing as *uncorrupt* junk or *moral* junk or *educational* junk—though attempts at the latter have, from time to time, been foisted on us. But education is not the purpose of junk (which is one reason why *True Comics* and *Classic Comics* and other half-hearted attempts to bring reality or literature into the field invariably looked embarrassing). Junk is there to entertain on the basest, most compromised of levels. It finds the lowest fantasmal common denominator and proceeds from there. Its choice of tone is dependent on its choice of audience, so that women's magazines will make a pretense at veneer scorned by movie-fan magazines, but both are, unarguably, junk. If not to their publishers, certainly to a good many of their readers who, when challenged, will say defiantly: "I know it's junk, but I like it." Which is the whole point about junk. It is there to be nothing else but liked. Junk is a second-class citizen of the arts; a status of which we and it are constantly aware. There are certain inherent privileges in second-class citizenship. Irresponsibility is one. Not being taken seriously is another. Junk, like the drunk at the wedding, can get away with doing or saying anything because, by its very appearance, it is already in disgrace. It has no one's respect to lose; no image to endanger. Its values are the least middle class of all the mass media. That's why it is needed so.

The success of the best junk lies in its ability to come close, but not too close; to titillate without touching us. To arouse without giving satisfaction. Junk is a tease; and in the years when the most we need is teasing we

*There are a few exceptions, but nonjunk comic books don't, as a rule, last very long.

cherish it—in later years when teasing no longer satisfies we graduate, hopefully, into better things or, haplessly, into pathetic and sometimes violent attempts to make the teasing come true.

It is this antisocial side of junk that Dr. Wertham scorns in his attack on comic books. What he dismisses—perhaps because the case was made badly—is the more positive side of junk. (The entire debate on comic books was, in my opinion, poorly handled. The attack was strident and spotty; the defense, smug and spotty—proving, perhaps, that even when grownups correctly verbalize a point about children, they manage to miss it: so that a child expert can talk about how important fantasies of aggression are for children, thereby destroying forever the value of fantasies of aggression. Once a child is told: "Go on, darling. I'm watching. Fantasize," he no longer has a reason.) Still, there is a positive side to comic books that more than makes up for their much publicized antisocial influence. That is: their *underground* antisocial influence.

**2.**

Adults have their defense against time: it is called "responsibility," and once one assumes it he can form his life into a set of routines which will account for all those hours when he is fresh, and justifies escape during all those hours when he is stale or tired. It is not size or age or childishness that separate children from adults. It is "responsibility." Adults come in all sizes, ages, and differing varieties of childishness, but as long as they have "responsibility" we recognize, often by the light gone out of their eyes, that they are what we call grownup. When grownups cope with "responsibility" for enough number of years they are retired from it. They are given, in exchange, a "leisure problem." They sit around with their "leisure problem" and try to figure out what to do with it. Sometimes they go crazy. Sometimes they get other jobs. Sometimes it gets too much for them and they die. They have been handed an undetermined future of nonresponsible time and they don't know what to do about it.

And that is precisely the way it is with children. Time is the ever-present factor in their lives. It passes slowly or fast, always against their best inter-

ests: good time is over in a minute; bad time takes forever. Short on "responsibility," they are confronted with a "leisure problem." That infamous question: "What am I going to do with myself?" correctly rephrased should read: "What am I going to do to get away from myself?"

And then, dear God, there's school! Nobody really knows why he's going to school. Even if one likes it, it is still, in the best light, an authoritarian restriction of freedom where one has to obey and be subservient to people not even his parents. Where one has to learn, concurrently, book rules and social rules, few of which are taught in a way to broaden horizons. So books become enemies and society becomes a hostile force that one had best put off encountering until the last moment possible.

Children, hungry for reasons, are seldom given convincing ones. They are bombarded with hard work, labelled education—not seen therefore as child labor. They rise for school at the same time or earlier than their fathers, start work without office chatter, go till noon without coffee breaks, have waxed milk for lunch instead of dry martinis, then back at the desk till three o'clock. Facing greater threats and riskier decisions than their fathers have had to meet since *their* day in school.

And always at someone else's convenience. Someone else dictates when to rise, what's to be good for breakfast, what's to be learned in school, what's to be good for lunch, what're to be play hours, what're to be homework hours, what's to be delicious for dinner and what's to be, suddenly, bedtime. This goes on until summer—when there is, once again, a "leisure problem." "What," the child asks, "am I going to do with myself?" Millions of things, as it turns out, but no sooner have they been discovered then it is time to go back to school.

It should come as no surprise, then, that within this shifting hodgepodge of external pressures, a child, simply to save his sanity, must go underground. Have a place to hide where he cannot be got at by grownups. A place that implies, if only obliquely, that *they're* not so much; that *they* don't know everything; that *they* can't fly the way some people can, or let bullets bounce harmlessly off their chests, or beat up whoever picks on them, or—oh, joy of joys!—even become invisible! A no-man's land. A relief

zone. And the basic sustenance for this relief was, in my day, comic books.

With them we were able to roam free, disguised in costume, committing the greatest of feats—and the worst of sins. And, in every instance, getting away with them. For a little while, at least, it was our show. For a little while, at least, we were the bosses. Psychically renewed, we could then return above ground and put up with another couple of days of victimization. Comic books were our booze.

Just as in earlier days for other children it was pulps, and *Nick Carter*, and penny dreadfuls—all junk in their own right, but less disapproved of latterly because they were less violent. But, predictably, as the ante on violence rose in the culture, so too did it rise in the junk.

### 3.

Comic books, which had few public (as opposed to professional) defenders in the days when Dr. Wertham was attacking them, are now looked back on by an increasing number of my generation as samples of our youthful innocence instead of our youthful corruption. A sign, perhaps, of the potency of that corruption. A corruption—a lie, really—that put us in charge, however temporarily, of the world in which we lived and gave us the means, however arbitrary, of defining right from wrong, good from bad, hero from villain. It is something for which old fans can understandably pine—almost as if having become overly conscious of the imposition of junk on our adult values: on our architecture, our highways, our advertising, our mass media, our politics—and even in the air we breathe, flying black chunks of it—we have staged a retreat to a better remembered brand of junk. A junk that knew its place was underground where it had no power and thus only titillated, rather than above ground where it truly has power —and thus, only depresses.